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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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TREMAINE
MISS MARIE
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THE FRONT PAGE

Just a Show of Hands

THE question whether the economic life of this Dominion should or should not continue to be increasingly paralyzed by the complete stoppage of steel production was settled (for the time being) by a show of hands at meetings of the strikers in Hamilton, the Sault and Sydney on Sunday and Monday. The decision was that the strike should continue. The press accounts of the meetings, some photographs which were taken of them, and the available information on the size of the halls, combine to suggest that only a small minority even of the men on strike, to say nothing of the whole working force in Hamilton, where a large number refused to strike, attended these meetings. It seems fairly certain either that the decision of each meeting was a foregone conclusion, or else that the majority of the strikers do not care whether the strike goes on or not. We hesitate to put forward a third possibility, namely that those opposed to the strike did not dare to attend the meetings; but perhaps it should not be altogether excluded.

It is significant that the Advisory Committee of the U.A.W., which has had the real management of the strike, did not officially make any recommendations to these meetings, and thus declined to accept any responsibility for the decision. One of the great difficulties of all dealings with labor organizations is that, unlike corporations and governments, the other parties to such dealings, they have no single authority which can, and does, accept responsibility in the name of the union; at one moment it is an international office, at another it is the local officers, at a third it is the membership of this or that local or of several locals taken together.

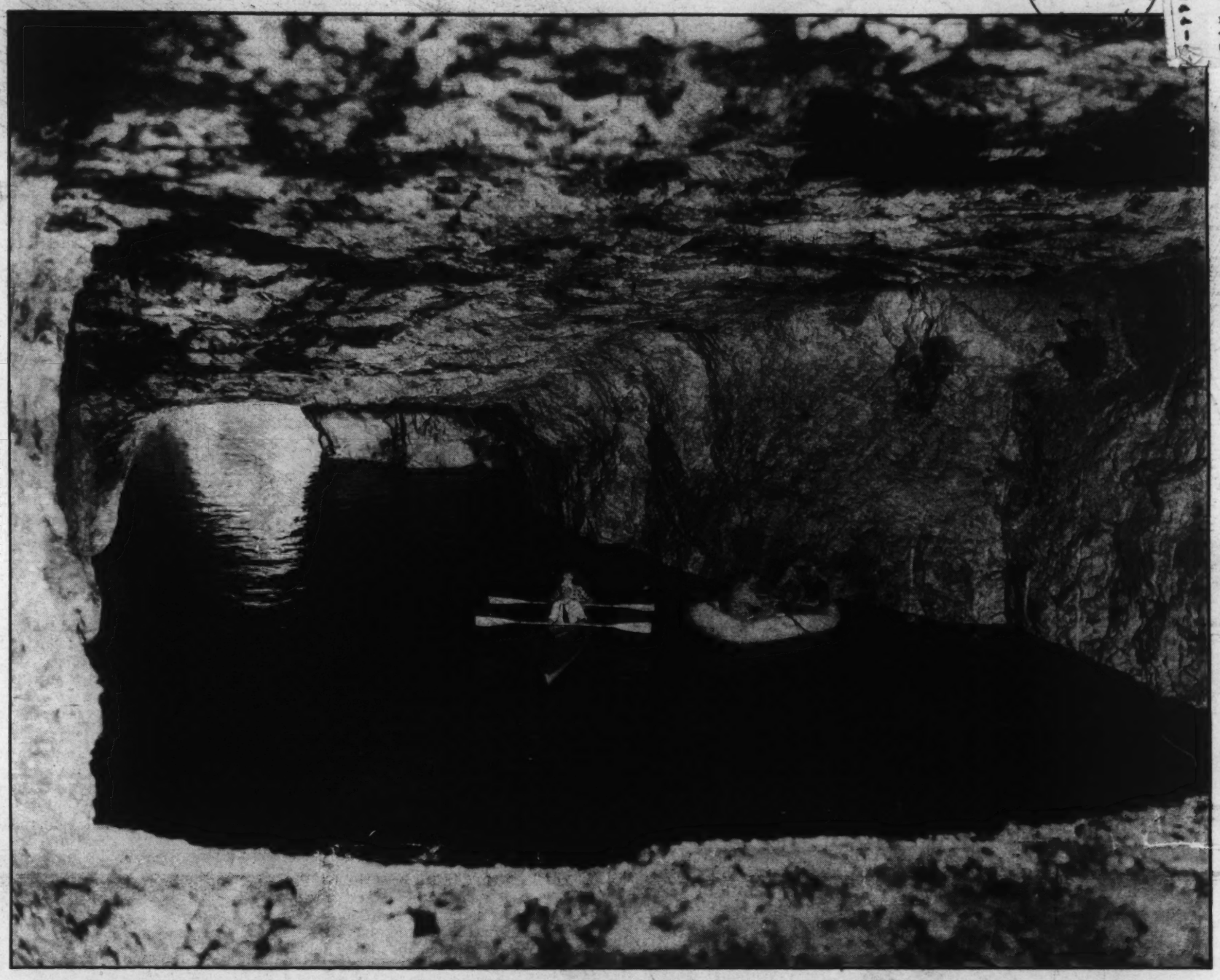
Unfortunately the behavior of the Dominion Government, in the absence of Mr. King, has introduced an equal element of uncertainty into the position of the opposite party to the negotiations. At the time of our going to press we cannot tell, and we doubt whether anybody can tell, whether the actual control of the employing concerns in the basic steel industry is in the hands of the owner companies or of the government. On the face of it, and under the terms of the order-in-council, it would appear that the government is in charge; but this involves the somewhat startling assumption that the government has been for several weeks violating its own laws by engaging men to work in the Hamilton plant by promises of a remuneration far in excess of that permitted by its own labor courts. There are indications that this state of things may have come to an end, by the abandonment of the attempt to operate the plant, a move which we should welcome as a step towards the restoration of order; but that will not affect the fact that somebody—either the company or the government—has been employing labor on unlawful terms for a long time and nothing has been done about it. The first step towards straightening out the tangle is obviously for the government to dissociate itself from everything that can possibly be interpreted as evasion of or disobedience to its own laws and regulations. It can then take steps to see that nobody else evades or disobeys them.

Government Moves

THE appointment of Mr. St. Laurent to the Department of External Affairs would be somewhat gratifying if there were any expectation of his remaining long in political life, and may possibly be an indication that his retirement is not quite so imminent as was supposed. The External Affairs portfolio in these hectic days would have charms, for a man of Mr. St. Laurent's qualities, far exceeding those of any other office except the Prime Ministership, and there he is no doubt making considerable financial sacrifice by remaining in the public service, he belongs to a race, and a class, to which money is not the supreme end of life. The suggestion, mooted when his new appointment was first announced, that he might succeed Mr. King as leader has not apparently been given much credence, chiefly because of a general belief that the new leader is likely to come from a younger generation; but the position of a veteran Secretary for External Affairs in a Cabinet headed by a young Prime Minister would be immensely powerful and have great attractions. If the appointment does not mean that Mr. St. Laurent has changed his mind about the future, it is less cause for gratulation, for in that event it means only that he will have two or three years of an interesting and conspicuous job while a younger man is being trained for the post.

We shall know more about all this when the Cabinet reconstruction which is apparently planned for next year comes off. But in the meantime all the frantic speculation about the future leadership of the Liberal party seems very futile. Mr. King is not in the least likely to commit himself, even in his own mind, to the advocacy of any particular individual for that post until a week before the decision has to be made. To commit himself in the slightest degree this year, when there may be three years before the decision goes into effect, would be the utmost folly. There are, and it is most desirable that there should be, several quite possible heirs apparent to Mr. King's mantle, and they and the party will get along much better if nobody knows which of them is going to get it, or whether the ultimate recipient is not somebody completely out of the present picture.

The inclusion of Mr. Pearson among the candidates is an idea which is more popular among the general public than among those who know him fairly intimately. These latter seem to doubt whether party politics holds much appeal for him as compared with administrative work. He is a much more colorful figure than any of the other individuals whom the public regards as in the running and this accounts for the periodic revival of what might almost be described as a Pearson boom. But it is quite some time since colorfulness was an outstanding characteristic of a successful leader in our national politics, and it is entirely possible that it may not be an asset.



Speleologists (more popularly "spelunkers" or just plain cave-lovers) have been asked by President Truman to find 50,000 square feet of cavern space for underground factories, shelters and storage to be used in the event of an atom bomb attack on this continent. Thus amateur spelunkers—bankers, scientists, school teachers, etc. — find their hobby assuming vital importance. Those above are exploring the damper sections of the Strickland Quarry Caverns outside Portland, Connecticut.

Rand Formula

WE ARE informed by the Regional Director of the U.A.W. that the demands of the union in the Windsor plant of Canadian Industries Limited, referred to in our issue of August 31, do not include the closed shop. The union is asking for the Rand formula as in force at the Ford Motor Co. and elsewhere. This is the system under which all the employees in the bargaining unit, whether members of the union or not, must pay dues to the union (on the ground that they benefit through its functioning) and have those dues checked off from their wages. The company refuses to accept this check-off, and we presume its reasons would be those usually given by companies taking this position, namely that it constitutes an undue invasion of the liberty of the worker to decide what shall be done with his money.

The C.C.F. and the Law

THE labor unions of Canada, or some of the largest of them (and supported by the general councils of labor unions of many Canadian cities), are demanding the right to prevent by force the entry of any and all persons into strike-bound premises. The *C.C.F. News*, an official organ of the C.C.F. party, supports

(Continued on Page Three)

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DEAR MR. EDITOR

Who Directs and Controls the Newspapers and Magazines?

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I WAS interested in the Front Page of SATURDAY NIGHT of Aug. 3, and particularly in the article entitled "Freedom of the Press."

An inquiry in the Old Country into the influences that shape the editorial policies of the different newspapers will not be considered by the laymen as a "major error" of the Labor Government as you suggest. In the United States for many years the press has been required to publish the names of the shareholders and directors in order to indicate where the control of the newspaper or periodical rests. It would be a good thing in this country and it was at one time advocated by Mr. T. L. Church, K.C., M.P., an experienced parliamentarian.

Such information would disclose the fact whether or not a newspaper that advocated no taxation upon mines was controlled by mine owners and if newspapers that advocated the free and easy use of alcohol were dominated by brewery and distillery owners, or if the press which advocated moderation in the taxation of millionaires' incomes was controlled by millionaires.

The investigation in England is for the purpose of bringing to light the ownership and control of those newspapers which advocated unpreparedness previous to the last war, and, I suppose, to see whether or not their owners were the ones who were shareholders and investors in German industries.

Freedom of the press means freedom of expression and it surely does not mean concealed ownership and control.

(Hon.) G. N. GORDON

Peterborough, Ont.

The Root of the Matter

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

REV. OWEN C. BARROW, who wrote "Can Protestant Church Union Be Achieved?" in your issue of August 3, finds the prospect dim because so many sectarians believe "that the unqualified acceptance of a member in another communion would be an act of dishonesty . . . that such an open-door policy will destroy the very fibre of the Christian faith, and truth will be what any man chooses to make it," and hence "reasonable men who value integrity will not support" the proposition. He sees some hope in an "approach through dogmatic theology to an agreed doctrine of the Church" and a second "approach through closer cooperation in the field of social reform and activities."

The Founder of our religion adjured us merely to love the Lord our God with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our mind, and our neighbor as ourself, and by example and teaching to encourage others to do likewise; and He promised that wherever a few of us gathered together in this endeavor, there He would be also. The Christan of honor and integrity keeps his eye on these precepts alone and is not confused, diverted nor hindered by dogmatic niceties, the form of baptism, or episcopal ordination or the lack of it.

The argument for Church Union is: Christians belong together, and the real heretics are those who would complicate and divide us on irrelevant issues.

Boston, Mass. ARCH L. CROSSLEY

Consumer Subsidies

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOUR correspondent, Cam Phyfe, seems to overlook the fact that subsidies on milk and cream are all in the long run assistance to the consumer rather than to the producer. The recently discontinued two cents a quart subsidy on milk was definitely a consumer subsidy, and actually saved the consumer two cents a quart during the time it was paid. The Dominion Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Gardiner, recently announced that the so-called "producer subsidy" of 55 cents per 100 pounds of fluid milk would be discontinued in the fall, and that the producer would have to seek its equivalent from the consumer. So this subsidy too would seem to be a consumer subsidy. Similarly, the Dominion government has preferred to pay a subsidy of ten cents a pound on butterfat rather than to allow the price of butter to the consumer to rise by that amount. The total price has been kept at a level barely sufficient to maintain desired butter supplies. The rationed supply of butter has been made possible by the subsidy and by a great deal of unpaid family labor on the farm. Your correspondent does not seem to realize that many farmers have no taxable incomes and that if farmers were allowed to deduct reasonable wages for members of their families few indeed would be taxable.

Waterloo, Ont. K. M. BETZNER
President, Ontario Federation of Agriculture

A Kind Word

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

PERMIT me to compliment you on the article "Commonwealth Flags" which appeared in your July 6 issue. It is unfortunate that this proposal was not made sooner. The articles "Too Many Orders" and "End of Vetoes" were also timely."

Vancouver, B.C. H. W. HUNTLEY

In Defence of Russia

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MANY reliable commentators state that had not Russia taken control of Finland, Moscow would have undoubtedly fallen to the Germans. Russia was, and is, anxious to have buffer states against the enemy. Germany was guilty of the rape of Poland, Russia was not. Russia's chief concern then was, apart from war, to keep the Germans away from her border, and wisely and effectively met the Germans about halfway in Poland—excellent strategy. In a struggle of life or death, effective control over the Baltic States and the Balkans was advantageous not alone to Russia, but to the democracies, until, at least, the termination of the war.

Influence over the Balkans is now transferred from Germany to Russia, a fact which should give us hope of peace for generations to come. Various statements regarding "Russian attacks on peaceful countries" give a false impression, for some were, and others about to come, under the German iron heel. To win, Russia or the democracies had to take control of those "peaceful countries".

London, Ont. W. A. SHANNON

A Housing Injustice

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR issue of Aug. 3 Jamieson Bone in an article entitled "Renting is a headache to Property Owners," claims that the treatment of landlords unable to gain possession year after year of their own property is nothing short of a national scandal.

I enlisted for the South African War and World War I, was wounded in 1915, lived through a depression and had to wait until another war broke out before I could get enough work at decent wages to save money for a home.

I had rental troubles from the start of the war, then purchased a home for myself in 1945, only to find that I couldn't live in it.

The Government had passed an order forcing me and my family to continue living in misery in a couple of rooms while a frozen tenant, who would not purchase this property when given the opportunity to do so, was allowed to live comfortably in the home that it had taken me a lifetime to purchase.

Owners of vacant houses should be made to list them with the rental authorities. Frozen tenants being also listed, the authorities could allot the vacancies to the frozen tenants in rotation, and thus the man who owns a home and desperately needs it for his own use might see some little ray of hope, at least in the distance.

New Glasgow, N. S. PERCY GRANT

New Classification

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

WE were waiting at a bus stop of the University Area in the Pacific West. Presently this mixed group was joined by some diggers from a trench for the extension of gas. As one of these approached he was heard to remark to a companion, "There ain't no Heaven, no Hell, no God. Nobody can show me there is." His fellows seemed inclined to agree, but an elderly chap, one of the white collared, took issue with this assertion. A friendly argument ensued but the worker was not impressed for he finally declared, "After all, we're just stupid. I'm stupid, you're stupid, we're all stupid," and waving his arms towards the University, he added, "the only difference between them there and us workers is a higher grade of stupidity."

Vancouver, B. C. POINT GREY

A Warmish Critic

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

ABOUT your editorial of August 24, "This is not 1919!" The amnesty granted to military dodgers and deserters was belated. Amnesty was granted the dodgers and deserters of Big Business shortly after the outbreak of war. Don't you recall Minister Howe's telling Parliament that these gentry wouldn't strike a tap if their profits were delimited? They pulled a gun, and in Canada's need, her hands went up. Your memory can't be that short. Or does the editorial sanctum sit in the shadow of the advertising department?

The rod-riders were expected to lay down their lives but something quite different was assigned Big Business in defense of the common household. A better response will come from men when equality of sacrifice is exacted in the face of common peril.

Toss Money and Materials as well as Men into the jackpot.

Aside from parents who lost sons and wives, husbands, Canada fought a "comfortable war," and until your thinking undergoes a change concerning the ethics and decencies involved in common sacrifice your weasel sophistries will find acceptance only among those who want to perpetuate the theory and practice that one kind of sacrifice be exacted of Men while something quite different is rendered to Money.

Quit cowering behind your craven hedges, face up man-fashion to real patriotism, and then you won't have to "bellyache" about amnesties.

Moncton, N.B. OWEN O'CLONTARF

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Passing Show

By S. P. TYLER

A DUBLIN paper believes that Eire is entering upon one of the most harmonious and constructive periods in its history. At the time this statement was made, of course, it was not known if Eire would become a member of the United Nations.

•

A group of stone heads dating from 500 A.D. has been found in the jungles of South America, but it is still a mystery how they got there. It may well be the evolutionary consequences of the peace conference which first introduced the veto idea.

•

History in the Making

From Marshal Stalin's order of the (V-J) day: "One year ago today, the Soviet people and their armed forces victoriously finished the war against imperialist Japan." And here's a tiger for General MacArthurovski and Admiral Nimitzov who happened to be in the vicinity at the time.

•

An Edmonton paper noted that widespread rains which temporarily halted harvesting operations in southern Alberta were duly forecast by the weather experts. Coincidences of this kind, however, are not always avoidable.

•

An Ottawa editorial says that you can build a home today for a thousand dollars per room. This sounds reasonable enough until you discover that, today, rooms come only in half sizes.

•

An automobile is advertised which, the manufacturer claims, can be turned into a double bed. This will be an added convenience to those sporting motorists who make a point of running down pedestrians in pairs.

We appreciate the courtesy of the correspondent who, asking how we were able to write these paragraphs week after week, refrained from asking why.

•

A current advertisement publicizes a mincing machine "that will turn a hand to anything." Sounds like the contrivance which for a long time has been so popular with our laundry.

•

From a Toronto paper: "Lost . . . a gold and blue enamelled gent's signet ring . . ." We have long had a secret ambition to meet a gold and blue enamelled gent.

•

Bank robbers in Quebec have so frequently repeated their exploits at the same branches that victimized managers are on the point of urging their headquarters to give publicity to the addresses of those branches which have so far escaped attention.

•

The news that a middle-aged gentleman of Montreal was kissed by a young lady after he had rescued her from drowning, will probably arouse the envy of other middle-aged gentlemen who have returned from their vacation with nothing to show but a tan.

•

At Last

A juke box in a Windsor restaurant burst into flames after the customer had inserted a nickel. Evidently an improved model.

•

A millinery note from Paris indicates the arrival of a lady's hat that looks like "a Picasso creation in the abstract." We still think there's a future for the designer who can turn out a lady's hat that looks like a lady's hat.

•

Another fashion note from Paris advises that Elsa Schiaparelli has introduced "a striking feature, the bustle — termed 'illusion' — a small curved cushion placed strategically in the middle of the back well below the waist." Our niece Ettie informs us that, strategically, Madame Schiaparelli has conformed strictly to tradition.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the discovery of Insulin is about to be celebrated in Toronto next week by a gathering of medical scientists from all over the world. Due honor will be paid to the memory of the chief discoverer, the late Sir Frederick Banting, shown above in a portrait bust executed from life by Frances Loring, A.R.C.A., S.S.C.

The Front Page

(*Continued from Page One*)

this demand. "Lawlessness," it says, "is an evil, but an intolerable law is a greater evil. Canada's anti-picketing law, in the hands of unscrupulous men, can be used to smash every strike and every striking union. In these critical times labor cannot sit back and wait until Parliament changes the law." Other Labor and Socialist periodicals are claiming that "bad laws are seldom altered until they have been defied on a large scale by those who are harmed by them.

This sounds very nice and plausible, until it is realized that what the labor unions are demanding is not the repeal of a law restricting their ordinary privileges, but the enactment of a law giving them privileges which no other person, society or corporation in the land has ever possessed or asked to possess. The labor unions are demanding the right to exercise some of the most fundamental rights of ownership in connection with property which they do not own, for which they have never paid, which they do not lease, and for which they pay no rent, no taxes, no insurance and no contribution to upkeep.

The existing law, which the *C.C.F. News* describes as "intolerable," deprives no union of anything that anybody else has. Nobody has the right to keep other people out of other people's property if the other people want to go in and the owners want them to come in. The unions are exercising that right unlawfully, and want it to be made lawful, but they do not want it made lawful for anybody and everybody, only for unions. And if they were asked to state clearly *what* union should possess that right in relation to any given piece of property, they would not agree on the answer; for some would maintain that only the "accredited bargaining agency" should be allowed to close the plant, while others, who do not happen to be the accredited bargaining agencies of their plants, would urge that any union which can muster a picket line should be permitted to do so, and to picket not only the premises in which its members customarily work but any other premises whose closing it thinks would be helpful towards the success of its strike. In the recent seamen's strike pickets undertook to prevent access not only to the ships on which the strikers had been employed, but to restaurants and lodging houses, and the canals which are the property of the Dominion Government.

One other point. The unions of course do not seriously expect to be granted the right to beat up persons who are engaged in a perfectly lawful activity—that of entering or leaving property which they have a perfect right to enter and leave and which the owner desires them to enter and leave. That would be a trifle too anarchic even for the C.I.O. What they do demand is really that the act of entering or leaving the property without their consent shall be made unlawful, so that in seeking to prevent it they will be merely helping to enforce the law. They are asking not merely for an increase of their own rights, but for a diminution of the rights of other people. And they are asking it on no other ground than that the exercise of these rights of other people may make it possible for a strike to be "smashed". They are asking, in effect, for a law that no strike shall ever be defeated, no matter what the terms demanded by the strikers may be. Society cannot function on any such conditions.

STRAWBERRY HILL

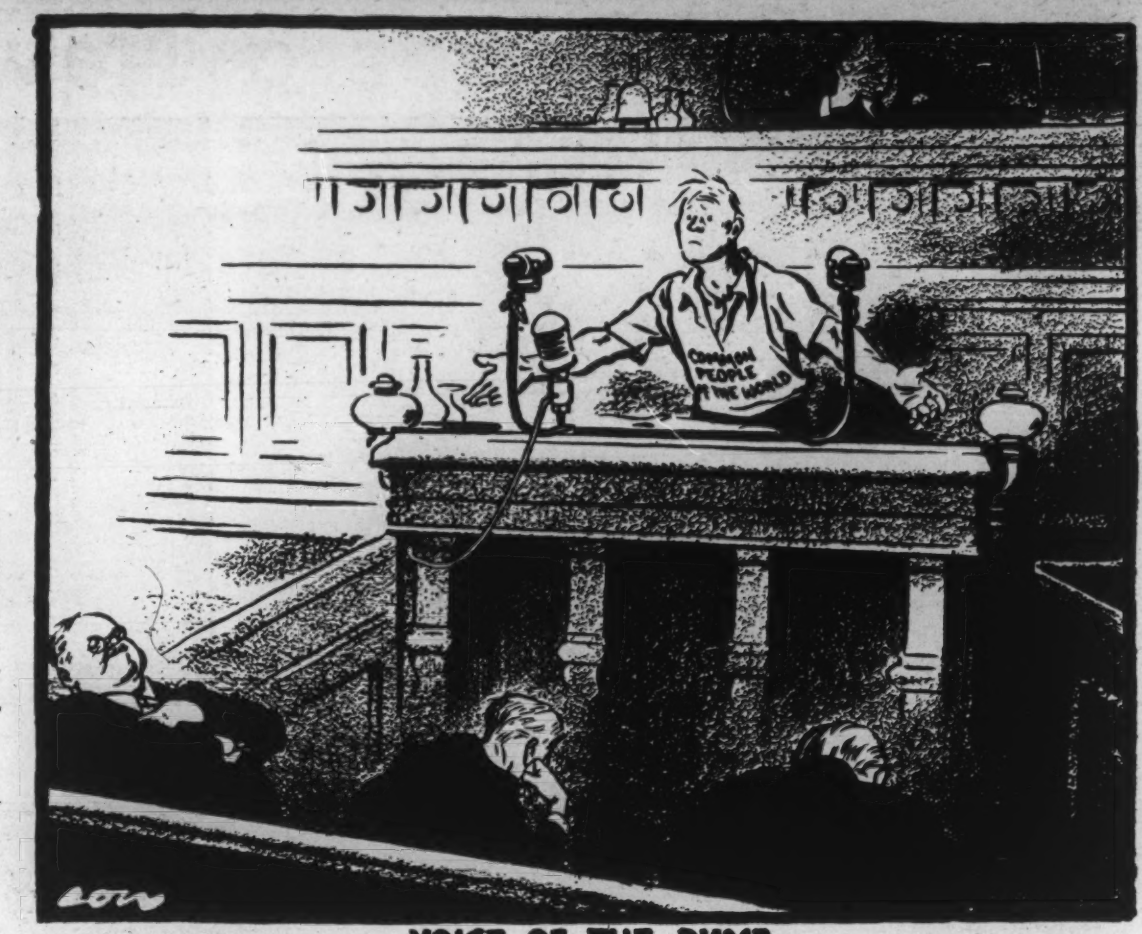
HERE through the ruin of a thousand harebells
Heaped on the new-cut swath, I follow
A trampled path across the meadow.
It is the hour of morning when the wind
Idles along the valley whispering
Of the wild fair sea, the sea's inconstancy;
It is the hour when earth's savor
Is of the sun and summer sea compounded.

Here invisible a stream flows deep in reeds
Wherein blue velvet bow-knots of late irises
Are caught. Upon the mountain side a drift
Lies in a cleft like a fallen feather,
And I could cool my wrists in melting snow
Had I a giant's stride and seven-league boots.

My hill is grown with orchids,
Lovely to contemplate, long-fringed and scented
With clinging muscat; in the grass strawberries dangle
On flushed stems their morsels of rose madder.
A dragon fly is louder than the plane above me
Throbbing its delicate shell of weight to Foynes.

Oh single hour of the summer, brief, brief, brief,
Whose essence is this sunny solitude
Of grass and sky, and mystery of cloud
Remote upon green summits of the hills.
I am content. I have no enemy,
Freedom and light are mine, this quiet bourne.
A shadow silvering the grain
Is the sweet grace of God.

LENORE A. PRATT



VOICE OF THE DUMB

Copyright in All Countries

New Radio Policies

THE Progressive Conservative party appears to have adopted a new policy regarding broadcasting in Canada, which involves a radical departure from the principles which have been accepted by Parliament as governing radio policy ever since Mr. Bennett established the original Broadcasting Commission. There is no ground for complaint in this, provided it is admitted that it is a new policy. The party leaders may feel, and they may of course be right in feeling, that the considerations which led to the limiting of the field of the private stations to local community service are no longer operative, or that the public has changed its opinion about them and wants private ownership to be a powerful factor in nation-wide broadcasting. The question will have to await decision at the next general election, for the present Parliament was certainly not elected with any mandate to broaden the powers of the private stations.

It needs to be made clear, however, that the present line of the P.C. party is not an attack on the C.B.C.; it is an attack on the past policies of Parliament. The C.B.C. could not possibly have done otherwise than it has done in administering the authority which Parliament has conferred upon it over the private stations, for the excellent reason that Parliament has expressly told it to use that authority in that precise manner. It could not, for example, have done otherwise than transfer that excellent and enterprising Toronto station, CFRB, to another wave-length when it became necessary to raise the power of the 840 channel to fifty kilowatts in order to hold that channel for Canadian use; for the Commons Committee on Broadcasting laid down in 1942 in the most express terms that "Any increase in power considered necessary and desirable to occupy the channels allowed under the Havana Agreement should be made in stations owned or taken over by the Corporation," and at the same time declared that "The private broadcasting stations have no vested interest in the sound-waves they are allowed to use."

Parliament has equally made clear on various occasions, and indeed the whole structure of radio as laid down by the Broadcasting Act implies, that the private stations are not regarded as competitors but as local supplements of the national system, or as this year's Committee has expressed it (against the opposition of the P.C. and Social Credit members), that "Network operation or coverage of whole regions of the country are not the normal functions of the private radio stations." The Opposition parties have in the past raised little or no protest against such declarations, but that may be in part because the private stations were raising little or no protest themselves. They have now realized the immense accretion of both power and revenue which would accrue from the two concessions which they are demanding, (1) recognition of a property right in a licensed wave-length, even when that wave-length carries the privilege of exceptionally high power, and (2) authority to join up in chain hook-ups free from C.B.C. control. The private stations now desire to be free to operate on terms of equal competition with the C.B.C., precisely as the C.P.R. (their favorite parallel) is free to operate on terms of equal competition with the publicly-owned C.N.R. This presumably is the radio structure which the P.C. and S.C. parties now endorse. It is a perfectly intelligible structure, and if the Canadian public prefer it they can have it; but they cannot have it until they have definitely shown that they disapprove of all the past decisions of their successive Parliaments on this subject from 1932 to the present time.

Compulsory Polling

THE howls of anguish from the labor leaders which have greeted the suggestion that there should be a compulsory poll, under government supervision, of the workers in the struck steel industries are a fairly good indication of their lack of confidence in their ability to secure a favorable majority vote in such circumstances. It is to be noted, however, that they do not base their protests on the theory that the workers should not be allowed to vote when once they have committed their cause to the hands of their leaders by authorizing a strike; they argue merely that the vote will not be an honest vote, and that ballots will be cast by many who are not properly a part of the bargaining unit. In support of this theory they cite the Kirkland Lake government-controlled ballot, in which they allege that company executives and even their personal servants were allowed to vote.

We doubt whether public opinion will be convinced that the government actually plans to pad the voters' lists in any such manner, though we can quite understand the possibility of a difference of opinion concerning the right to vote of quite a number of workers who are profoundly affected by the strike, but whom the union does not regard as eligible for membership in its ranks. But labor law has progressed a long way since Kirkland Lake, and there should now be little real difficulty about determining who are and who are not persons entitled to be recognized as part of the "bargaining unit" for which the union acts as "bargaining agency." These are now legal terms, having been made so at the urgent demand of the unions themselves, and being legal terms they must have a legal meaning. And the truth is that the union cannot be permitted to pick and choose among the workers affected by its actions, and declare that only such-and-such classes of them are entitled to say what its actions shall be. It appears to us that any man, and any woman, who is going to lose his or her employment as a *direct* result of a strike is entitled to vote as to whether that strike shall take place. We say a direct result, because obviously unemployment in another industry, or in another branch of the same industry, which results merely from the stoppage of supplies from the struck industry or branch cannot be held to confer the right of voting.

Union labor should bear in mind that an attempt to isolate the right to vote on strikes to too narrow a group among the workers affected is extremely dangerous to labor itself, since it exposes every worker to the possibility of being deprived of his job by the actions of a few people over whom he has no control. If any bargaining agency is to have a right to close the plant in which it declares a strike, even if it represents only fifty workers out of five thousand, the workers are going to have a very thin time, and so is the community.

To Celebrate Insulin

INSULIN was discovered twenty-five years ago in Toronto. The remarkable fact was not its discovery, but its isolation by a man completely unknown in the scientific world. Banting had done no post-graduate laboratory work, he had published no scientific papers, nor had he assisted anyone else in research. Other experienced physiologists had come heartbreakingly near isolation of the active principle of the pancreas. The French had been close as had the Americans, notably Murlin, then of Columbia, but they had been deterred by technical difficulties.

Banting read a text-book when he was recovering from battle wounds. He got an idea that stayed. He lacked time to follow it when he was interning in the postwar years, but had plenty of time for meditation while waiting for patients in his first practice. The idea grew. He came to Toronto where the professor of physiology, the late J. J. R. Macleod, was an authority on carbohydrate metabolism. Macleod gave him laboratory space, some experimental dogs, and an assistant, Charlie Best; then went to Scotland on his summer holidays.

It's all history now. Scientists from the Americas and Europe are coming to Toronto to celebrate on September 16 the twenty-fifth anniversary of insulin.

Research workers are far from complacent; in spite of twenty-five years' fruitful labor they still face numerous unsolved problems. How does insulin act? What causes diabetes? Can it be prevented? Can it be cured? Is there danger of a shortage of insulin? The laboratory people know what they need—so much space, so many workers, so many dollars.

The clinicians have just as many obstacles. They watch a mounting diabetic death rate in every country, they see their apparently well-treated patients develop unpleasant complications. They too know what they want—more cooperation and better team work. They are asking for the assistance of industrious, enthusiastic young doctors, observant nurses, resourceful dietitians, accurate laboratory technicians and understanding social service workers. They would like to bridge the gap between known scientific facts and universal clinical application. They plan to make an all-out frontal attack on a widespread but insidious ailment. Diabetes, like other diseases, is a problem concerning more people than those afflicted with it.

A MATTER OF DRESS

I AS a youth, perpetually went
To savor plays of high, artistic bent;
And wore dress shirts, to bulginess inclined,
White vests and tails, to match my lofty mind,
And I remember thinking (thus begeared)
How civilized the audience appeared.

Lately I sought the glories of the play
(*Gloucester* was sneering in his crookback way);
Saw girls in sweaters and in dusty shoon,
Men in sport-shirts and trousers out of tune,
And murmured to myself in senile doubt,
"Is this my Shakespeare, or a wrestling-bout?"

J. E. M.

Canadian Ballet Acquires a New Maturity

General view of members of Volkoff Canadian Ballet during rehearsals for classical dance number of repertoire.

Action shot of Janet Baldwin and John Marsha starring in an original Canadian ballet period creation "In the Park".

Old-fashioned world of pinafores and pantaloons is repeated in ballet "In the Park", based on Strauss music.

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By Paul Duval

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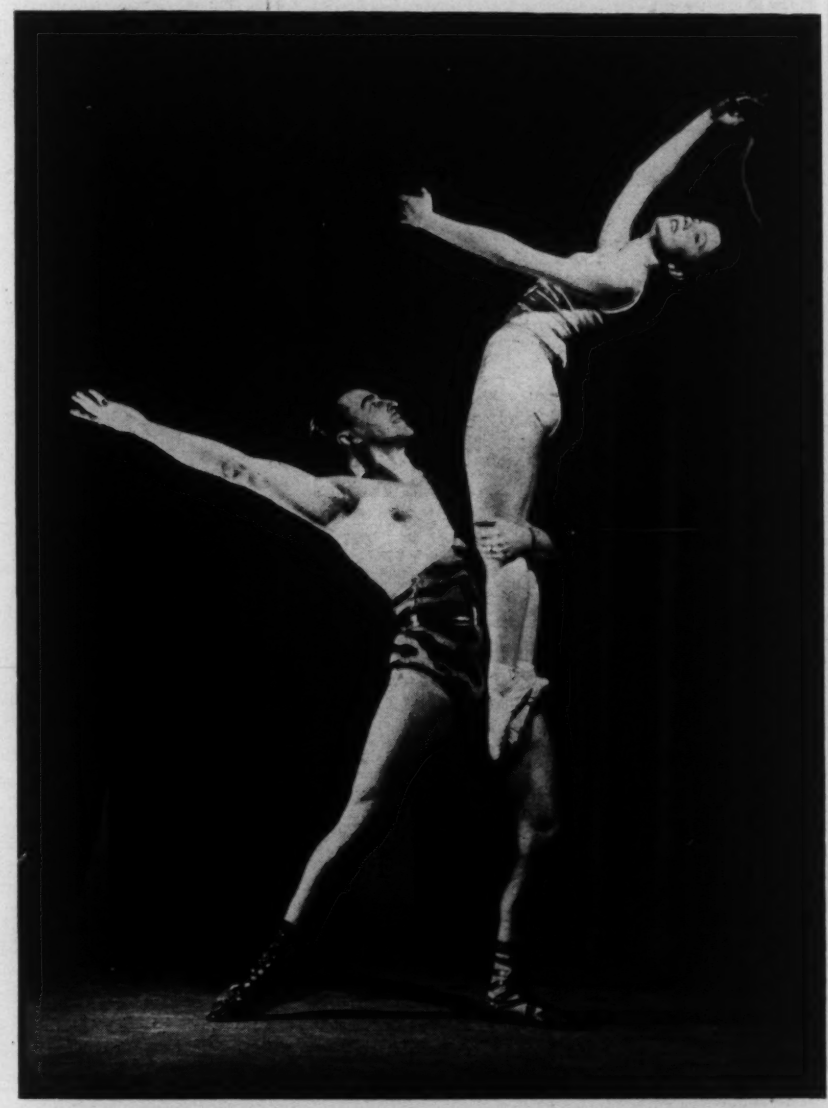
Certainly, whether it be soon or late, Canada will have a permanent National Ballet Company of its own eventually, and, regarding the present companies, whatever their flaws, in the light of that fact we feel they should be sustained in whatever way possible.

In the seven years of its existence, the Volkoff Company has appeared both in Toronto and Ottawa. In its native city, it has been established as an annual feature with the Toronto Philharmonic Orchestra's programs. In all, it has made well over a dozen major solo appearances, and from them has gained an experience, and a critical approach toward its own performances, which will undoubtedly prove of great value in the coming years of its growth towards a mature independence.



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Gaily-costumed dancers are seen in a tableau from "The Big Top" ballet.

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Canada Burns Five Million Dollars Every Week

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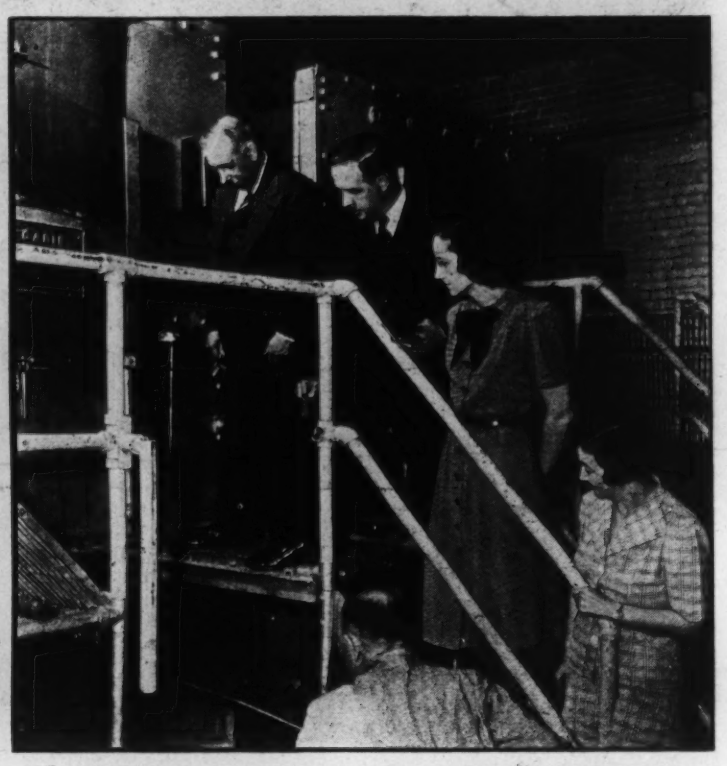

Officials return to watch workmen rake the ashes to make sure every note is completely destroyed.

By Gerald Hawkins

Photos by Malak, Ottawa

A MILLION dollars go up in smoke at the Bank of Canada in Ottawa five days a week and nobody cares. Chances are that members of Parliament, busily deploring the high costs of government in the Commons chamber only a few blocks away, never give a thought to the country's most costly conflagration.

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Reason for this "waste" of money is, of course, that bank notes wear out and have to be replaced. The average life of a one or two-dollar bill is a year. Then it has to be destroyed and a new bill issued to replace it.

The destruction of the worn-out notes takes place in a big incinerator deep in the locked, barred and closely guarded edifice on Ottawa's Wellington Street which, since 1938, has been the headquarters of the Bank of Canada.

FROM the time the bundles of worn, torn and dirty bills are received by registered mail from chartered banks all over Canada, until the cold ashes are raked over to see that destruction has been complete, there are multiple checks on the notes to ensure that every one is burned.

The notes, no matter almost in what condition they may be, are still legal tender until they are destroyed beyond recognition. For this reason the bank takes no chances of any of its employees being tempted to augment their civil service salaries from the huge quantities of notes ticketed for destruction.

How close this check is may be judged from the fact that there are two doors on the incinerator. Each door has four locks, and it takes four persons, each opening his or her own lock, to swing open one of the doors.

The chartered banks, in their daily handling of paper money, put aside to be sent to Ottawa all those bills which they find torn or otherwise no longer serviceable. On their arrival at the Bank of Canada, these notes are sorted and checked against chartered bank invoices before being sent to the main checking room.

GIRLS there sort the notes according to denomination and make separately wrapped bundles of 500 bills. After further checking to make sure every dollar is accounted for, they are put under lock and key to await destruction.

The burning of the bills usually takes place twice a day, Monday through Friday. The packages of 500 are loaded into canvas sacks like mail bags, put on hand trucks, and hauled away through time-locked doors to the incinerator. With them go men who do the actual work of burning them, and four bank officials.

Two of these officials—William Harding and Miss Betty Harper—are the custodians of the notes and are directly responsible for their destruction. The third official is one of the bank's auditors, and the fourth is a personal representative of C. Elmer Campbell, who has headed the bank's currency division since 1935.

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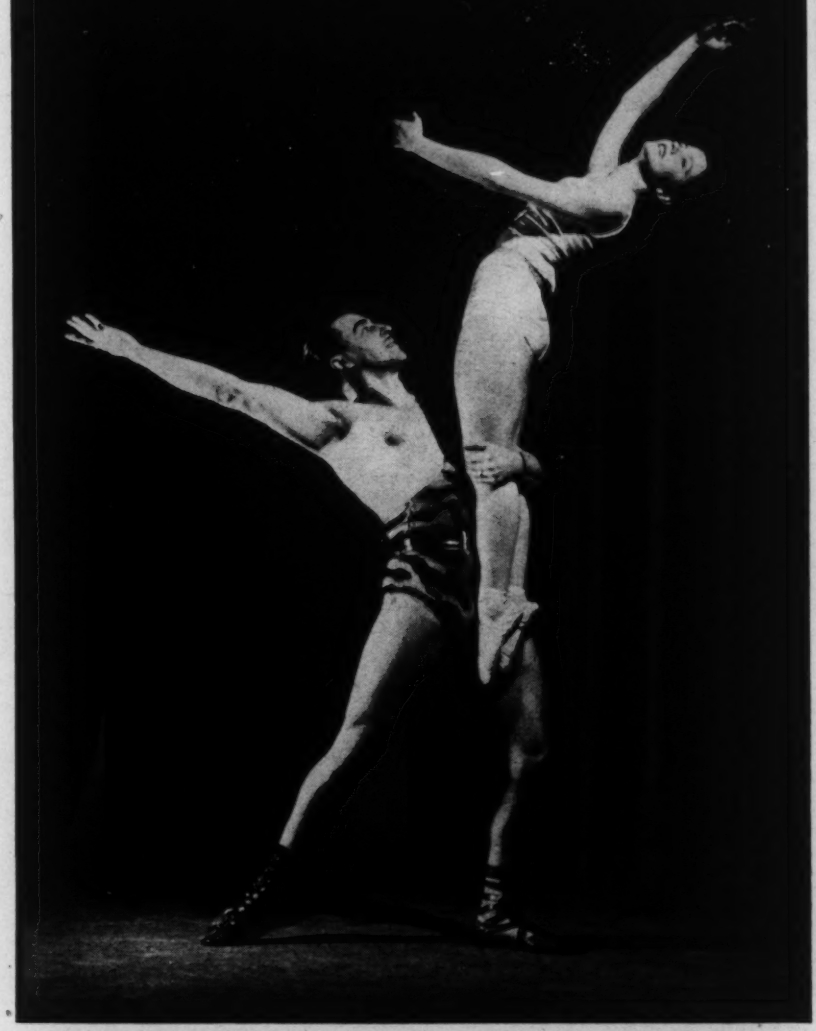

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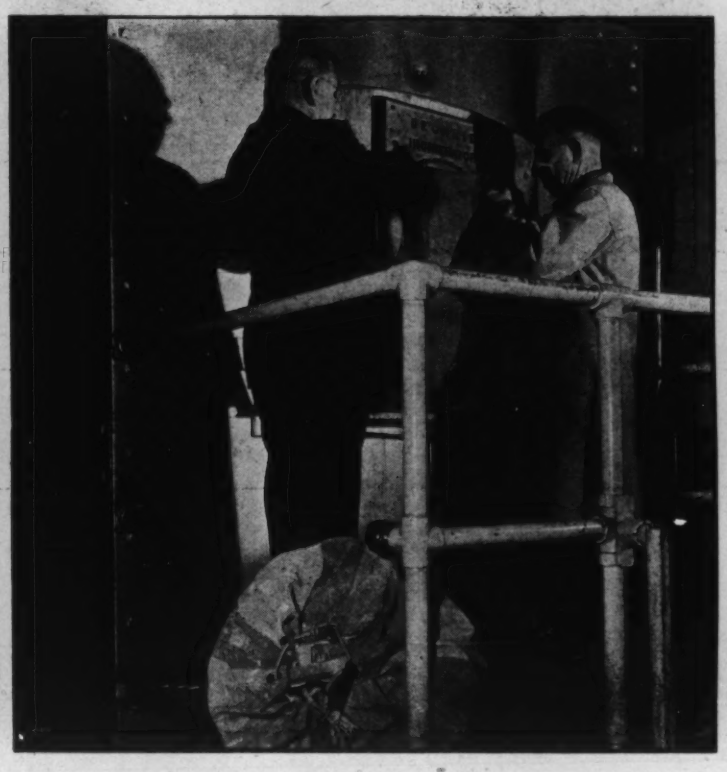

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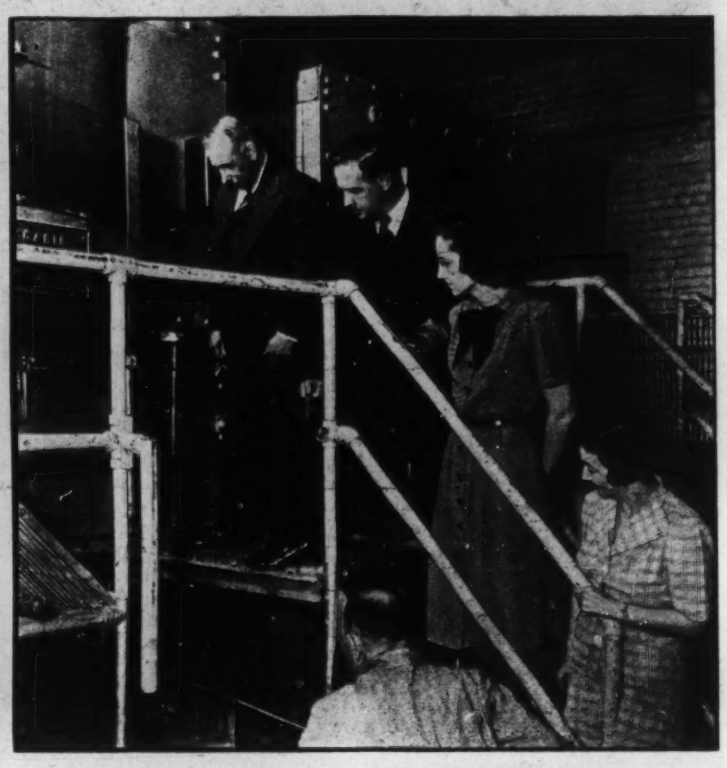

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Trieste — Front-Line City Should Trouble Start

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

Trieste is the hinge-point in the political and military front along which the Western powers and the Soviet bloc confront each other in Europe and the Eastern Mediterranean.

Here Saturday Night's Foreign Editor, who has just returned from Europe, describes the impressive show of Allied force there which backed up the stern American notes in the recent U.S.-Yugoslav crisis. The city itself he finds to be very much a going concern, with a surprisingly normal appearance. But the solution for Trieste patched up by the foreign ministers of the Big Four is derided locally as creating a "Mickey Mouse" state which will sooner or later be gobbled up.

TRIESTE is the pivotal point in the front running from the Baltic to the Persian Gulf along which Britain and the United States are trying to check the westward surge of Russian imperialism and Communist domination, and across which the Western nations and the Soviet bloc face each other in growing tension and hostility.

It is the point at which Britain and the United States have chosen to concentrate their defensive strength and display their determination to stabilize the reeling balance of power in Europe. Should the Soviets misread this strength and determination and, reckoning too much on our division and internal difficulties, decide to exploit their present tempting opportunity to dominate all of Central Europe, the Balkans and the Middle East, it is at Trieste that the shooting most likely would start.

It was therefore quite as interesting to go to Trieste to see our military set-up at first-hand as to study the racial and economic factors which are being largely ignored here as elsewhere in Europe in the proposed "peace" settlement. And it proved well worth while going, for our show of naval strength and first-class, well-armed and disciplined British and American troops there is probably the best insurance we have at the moment against another outbreak of war.

Troops, planes and ships displayed here when they can be seen, and where they can react instantly, are far more effective than potential strength thousands of miles overseas. This is especially true in the case of the American forces at Trieste, whose fine appearance helped to correct the poor impression given by the slouchy, home-sick youngsters in Frankfort and Nuremberg, and was a reminder of the great fighting force dissolved so precipitately, so madly, after the victory was won but before the peace was secured.

I suppose I should have known better what to expect in Trieste itself, after my experience in Berlin and numerous other occupied cities. But the news reports immediately preceding my arrival led me to anticipate something very different from what I found; a seemingly normal city, except for the troops all about, with more business activity, finer stores and more goods in them than I had seen in any other place since Brussels. It turned out that in Trieste one reads of incidents in local streets or in neighboring towns in the papers, just as you do back home.

People go about their shopping all day long, as in any other Italian city, and one evening I walked alone down endless, dark, winding stairs from the castle, perched high in the centre of the city, where an opera had been presented in the courtyard, without any notion that someone would jump out of a corner at me with a knife or hand grenade.

The first day I was in the area an Italian ceremony in nearby Gorizia, in celebration of a victory in the First World War, was broken up by two Yugoslav grenades. But some correspondents who went to Gorizia didn't see it, and there was only a ripple of reaction in Trieste. Unfortunately, I left just a few days before the more serious incidents which brought on the Yugoslav-American crisis.

No Opera Scene

Still, one couldn't present the peaceful, Ruritanian scene of the thousands in the castle courtyard listening to a handsomely-presented *Cavalleria Rusticana* as the true picture of Trieste, either. There are, after all, those two dozen large and small Allied warships docked along the waterfront. The city teems with British and American sailors and soldiers. And out on the Morgan line just beyond the city limits the Yugoslavs, at least, act as though they were at war. They are liable to shoot if anyone inadvertently steps over this ill-defined demarcation line.

Our people, of course, politely remind a transgressor that he must have mistaken his way, and shoo him back. They know perfectly well that the rather primitive Partisans — invariably referred to by our people as "the Jugs,"—misunderstand this civilized conduct, and our officers have given a good deal of thought as to how we should go about impressing them that we mean business.

It was seriously suggested at one time that we should bring up our full artillery, call up a big aerial armada, and invite the "Jugs" to come and see what modern military power was like —they having never really seen this in the second-class warfare which the Germans carried on in Yugoslavia. The idea fell through because, while the detachment of 2,000 Yugoslav troops which we permit to bivouac in Zone A already know our power—and doubtless give Tito constant intelligence—it was thought too "provocative" to carry out the aerial demonstration over Zone B, where the main Yugoslav force could see it.

In June, under the surface calm, things really seemed to the Allied command to be shaping up for a showdown. The Yugoslavs, who are estimated to have up to a dozen divisions, as against our two, within striking distance of Trieste, moved considerable forces up to forward positions from which they could have marched to the city overnight. This meant that our intelligence had lost the ability to give any warning of impending operations.

Fait Accompli?

It was considered quite possible that the Yugoslavs intended to infiltrate into Trieste in a sudden overnight move, and present us with a *fait accompli*, putting on us the onus of starting the shooting—that is of "going to war" to put the Yugoslavs out. Our answer was to concentrate our troops in tactical positions, ready for immediate action, to bring up artillery and move more warships into the port. Thus the June crisis passed, and Tito lost the opportunity of creating a *fait accompli* before the Paris Conference hammered out its decision to create a Free State.

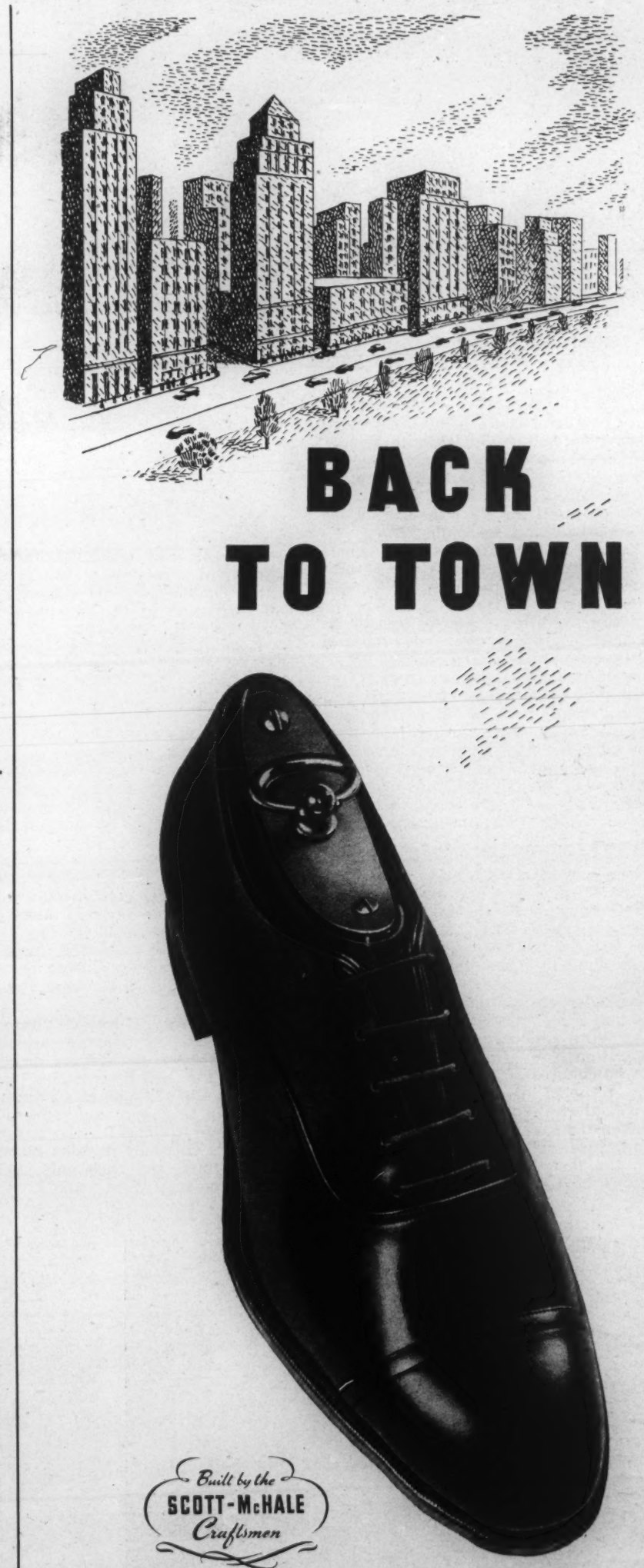
Now it is generally thought that, since we are supposed to withdraw our forces within 90 days of the signing of the treaty with Italy, fixing the status of Trieste, Tito's natural course will be to hold off direct action at least till we are gone. For with all our numerical inferiority, there is the greatest confidence among our commanders that we could hold the position, if not perhaps the precise Morgan Line.

Our gun and tank power is far superior to the Yugoslav, and is supported by first-class infantry, the famous British 56th Division, including some Guards, and the excellent American 88th, an impressive looking force. Our air power, based mainly in the Po Valley, would be expected to provide overwhelming support. It is stressed that we would only take defensive action, of course—one of the perennial weaknesses of the democracies when faced with threatened aggression.

Our men and officers have maintained the greatest restraint in face of constant pin-pricks, though nearly everyone is sure that this is misconstrued as weakness by the other side. And indeed, some officers wonder how long our men will endure the pin-pricks without lashing back.

The number of incidents is watched and tabulated by our people, as some indication of the intentions of the Yugoslavs—in the complete conviction that incidents are created according to command, and can be turned on or off by Tito like hot and cold water. Thus when June's two incidents increased to 30 in July, it was thought possible that Tito might be testing to see if our public opinion wouldn't raise the outcry that we were being drawn into an eventual war here, and demand the evacuation of our forces, and this was implicitly accepted as the meaning of the more serious August incidents.

Whatever the Yugoslav-Soviet plans



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TIME THE WORLD

may be, the Allied command is in no doubt but that, if we stay, we must stay with undiminished strength and determination. Since, however, it is taken for granted that we will be moving out at some not distant date, you hear quite generally the fatalistic forecast that Tito will get hold of Trieste in the end.

Before the recent publication in Paris of the Yugoslav-Soviet draft for the Trieste statute, proposing that the chief authority be vested in a popular assembly instead of in the U.N.O. governor; that Trieste be linked to Yugoslavia in a customs union; and that Yugoslavs, but not Italians, be allowed free immigration into the Free State, this general plan for the eventual taking over of the city was forecast to me quite accurately by an Allied official.

The Yugoslavs, he thought, would vigorously infiltrate all labor unions —where they have the full support of the local Italian Communists, while the central Communist leadership in Rome pretends to back the national interest — and other popular associations, and at a certain moment present U.N.O. with a "spontaneous" popular demand that Trieste be joined to Yugoslavia. "Just look out there" — the official pointed out of his window —"at the Italians sitting around the bathing beaches in thousands, and ask yourself whether this decadent city population or the vigorous hill people will win out."

Yet for all this fatalistic feeling that they are probably playing a losing game, the Allied authorities seemed to me to be doing a splendid job of military government. Local Italians criticize them for not being firm enough, and say that the Germans kept order in Trieste, after they took over, with only 200 police, while A.M.G. cannot keep as good order with 4,000 locally-recruited, Allied-uniformed Venezia Giulia police.

The difficulty is that our military government is trying to be scrupulously fair. The Senior Civil Affairs officer, the American Colonel Bowman, makes an excellent impression. As an instance of the complete lack of cooperation which he receives from the Italian Communists and local Yugoslavs, these were at the time running an angry campaign against him for "seizing food from the impoverished working class" by armed force.

The story, as I got it from a number of sources, was that the Yugoslavs had brought in considerable supplies of U.N.R.R.A. goods which we had sent for relief in Yugoslavia, into Trieste, and deposited them in the homes of local Communists, to support strikes against the Allied authorities (the strikers' rations being withheld). Every can of food seized in the raids was of American origin, though this fact was of course not mentioned in the Communist papers, crying out against this "theft of the poor people's food."

Newspapers' Circulation

Against such tactics from the Communist side, but also against the unscrupulous and sensational local Italian nationalist press, an admirably impartial Allied Information Service carries on a thankless task. It has at least the satisfaction that its own "Allied Journal" in its Italian edition, has by far the greatest circulation of any paper in the area. The Slovene edition also has a very respectable circulation, although banned from Zone B, controlled by the Yugoslavs (though all Zone B papers are allowed to circulate freely in Zone A).

Thus among the Trieste population there is a real appetite for straight news; and about the Slovene edition the A.I.S. feel proud that it is the *only* straight news paper published in the language of one of the countries behind the iron curtain. It is said to fetch a considerable black market price when smuggled across into Titoland.

The A.I.S. also makes available to all Trieste papers, friendly and inimical (they are all published in the same press-room!) newsprint and the main world news services. It withholds only reports which it knows to be definitely false concerning events taking place within the Trieste area. This reservation is waived, however, in regard to the monitored reports of Radio Belgrade, which are so ludicrously false that they often make the comic section of the local Italian nationalist press, and cause embarrassment to the Communists.

The director of A.I.S. told me that he was sure that he could double the circulation of the Allied Slovene paper by putting it out into the hills daily with two or three jeeps. But he just won't favor one paper over the others. Thus we fight with our hands tied.

It has naturally proven extremely difficult under the circumstances to keep up any feeling that Tito's Yugoslavs are our "allies." That they were, and that they were aided as such, one is constantly reminded by seeing the "Jug" detachment of 2,000 still permitted within the Allied Zone, roaring around in their Dodge trucks. Many of our troops, and especially the New Zealanders who came in first, arrived in Trieste with pro-Partisan leanings. You would look hard to find any with such illusions today.

A Stable Free State?

Summing up, one is forced to admit that the prospects for erecting in Trieste a stable Free State under U.N.O. control appear anything but bright. Actually there are some local Italians, and many people in the Allied Military Government, who believe that this is the best solution. One local Italian paper urged it before the Foreign Ministers reached their compromise two months ago.

But this plan, as outlined by Professor Diego de Castro in the *Economist* recently, is along far more spacious lines than the tiny "Mickey Mouse" state—as the Triestinos call it —delineated by the Foreign Ministers. It would be a trilingual state, Italian-Slovene-German (Austrian), reaching eastward to President Wilson's line of 1919, including Fiume and parts of Dalmatia and Carinthia, and westward to include Udine, with a total population of two millions, of whom 1.2 millions would be Italian. It would be linked to a Central European Federation, and provide this with its main trading facilities with the outer world.

As to the prospects of the "Mickey Mouse" state, a Pola paper caricatures this, showing a lion, a bear, an eagle, a rooster (France) and a donkey (Yugoslavia) all scrambling with each other to get at it, while Hitler leers devilishly in the background. The legend reads, "History Repeats Itself."

The appearance of the other cities of Northern Italy, from Udine to Milan, conveyed the same surprise as did Trieste. Could this be the poorest ward of U.N.R.R.A? It just seems incredible, there is such a profusion of goods everywhere. I confess I didn't get the actual figures, if there are such, as to how many of the city workers are in really difficult straits. But it was my strong impression that it was fantastic for the British to make sacrifices in their already deadly dull standard of living to aid the Italians that I saw.

On the other hand, I couldn't share the opinion I encountered among some of our people that the Italians were "lazy," and "all black marketeers." If we send in such huge quantities of supplies, some of them are certainly going to find their way into improper channels. After all there was extensive black marketing of meat in the United States, of gasoline in some parts of Canada, and of cigarettes, gasoline and vehicles by our troops all over Europe. And at least the Italians have the sense of humor occasionally to advertise the black market price right alongside the fixed price, in the newspapers!

And they are not lazy, at least up in the north. I was struck particularly by the amount of work going on, on the roads and in house and building repair, as soon as I entered Italy. These people are, in fact, great builders. Their richly diversified cities are there to attest it for the past, their many fine modern buildings for the period between the wars, and their wonderful mountain roads they seem to build as well today as in Roman times.

They may have their faults—and I think they will have great difficulty in operating a stable republic—but I find them a lively, likeable people. And in a continent where food is the number one obsession of residents and travellers alike, they have the supreme virtue of being master cooks and knowing how to enjoy their food.

Heaven-on-Earth

Finally our long tour of Central Europe—for which I am greatly indebted to the Canadian Army Public Relations section—carried us over the St. Gotthard Pass into Switzerland. It was the perfect ending. For this is surely Heaven on Earth. Here one can eat even better than in Italy, buy more and better things than in Brussels, and meet an even pleasanter people than the Austrians.

The Swiss are wonderful. Depending as they do to a great extent on tourist trade, they neither fawn before you nor try to gouge you. They are just right. The British visitors here are in ecstasy. I saw one at a table next to me this morning eating three huge oranges with almost religious ceremony. That is a story he will tell many times over on his return! And on the main street here, undoubtedly one of the finest shopping streets in the world today, there seem to be more Britons window-shopping than Swiss.

Here, briefly, is what moderation and keeping out of war for a hundred years can do. High up in our re-education projects ought to be the sending of all dictators and would-be war-makers to Switzerland for an annual holiday. And surely this is the right place for U.N.O.

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OTTAWA LETTER

Wide Range of Political Tenets Is a Liberal Party Weakness

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

Ottawa.

A CANADIAN journalist of much discernment, reviewing the long parliamentary session which ended last week, concluded that the Liberal party had definitely lost ground since the middle of March, though he hesitated to pick out which opposition party had thereby benefited. He thought it might be the Progressive-Conservatives. The Liberals themselves are none too happy about their present position or their early prospects. They are aware that they have now enjoyed power twenty years out of the past twenty-five and that long terms of office usually breed decay and inertia.

The past twelve months have been filled with trials and frustrations; and if also there have been triumphs (the relatively smooth transition from war to peace may in retrospect look like one), they have been less obtrusive. The Prime Minister's decision to remain as Liberal leader for another couple of sessions and the postponement of an inevitable overhauling of the cabinet probably reflect pressure from within the party, which doesn't want to see any unnecessary rocking of the party-boat while negotiating current stormy waters.

One of the weaknesses of the Liberal party is its lack of a sense of unified or consistent policy. The average Liberal member is in a state of considerable confusion as to what the Liberal party stands for. (The opposition wag is likely to suggest that it stands for a good deal). This multiplicity of goals and diversity of policies is not altogether a new thing in the Liberal party. It is to some extent inevitable and inherent in its ambition to be a truly national party, to find some basis of support in every region and among all cultures and nationalities.

To be able to retain within one party such a range of political philosophy as exhibited by Claxton, Martin, McGeer, Crerar, Euler, Cruickshank, Reid, Pouliot, W. E. N. Sinclair and C. D. Howe argues the possession by the party of an exceptional amount of flexibility, compromise and tolerance.

Self-Analysis Needed

Before the Liberals call a National Convention to select a new leader (which does not now look likely before 1948) and to draft a platform to replace that of 1919, they are bound to engage in a certain amount of self-analysis, which is not a notable activity of either the Liberal or the Progressive-Conservative parties at present.

Where does Canadian Liberalism stand in relation to the prevailing social and economic philosophies of the day? Does it have *any* fundamental principles at all, beyond that of promoting policies likely to appeal to the largest number of voters? Is it a middle-of-the-road party between the "private enterprise" of the Bracken party and the Socialism of M. J. Coldwell? Is it really a Tory party which only seems somewhat Liberal by comparison with the reactionary imperialists to the left of the Speaker? Does it have plans for reconciling Liberal principles of individual liberty with the rapid encroachment of collectivism, or is it being thrust into an essentially static and defensive role against the onrush of statism? This is the type of self-examination which might be useful, to discover, first, where the party now stands, and then, in view of the forthcoming National Convention, where it ought to be steering. There may already be a considerable amount of such searching of heart underway, but if so, those engaged in it have not become vocal or articulate, so far as this writer is aware.

What, indeed, is to be the sound response of a Liberal to an era which appears to move with accelerating pace from *laissez-faire* to government intervention, from free enterprise to state ownership, from individualism to collectivism? Is he to embrace the new philosophy as irresistible? Is he adamantly to oppose it, after the fashion of King Canute? Or is he to be everlastingly on the watch to see how the implications of the modern complex interdependent society can be reconciled with a maximum of human freedom and dignity?

There are still within the Liberal party a few die-hard adherents of that 19th century Gladstonian Liberalism, which was confident that unrestricted competition and the untrammelled operation of the free market would not only maximize production but human happiness as well. But how Liberal, in this historic sense, is a party which has recently closed the Winnipeg grain exchange for an indefinite period, instituted peacetime government control over the sale and purchase of foreign exchange, signed a four-year bi-lateral wheat agreement with Britain, brought in state family allowances, and promised state health insurance?

Repudiating

On the other hand, anyone who thinks that the chief duty of Liberalism is to fight to the death against any invasion by the state into private enterprise must be somewhat shaken by the evidence that many intelligent exponents of Liberalism are to be found accepting, and even promoting, some of the new state activities and techniques, and thereby repudiating Gladstonian Liberalism as quite inappropriate and quite inadequate for the problems of today.

For example, you have had one of the outstanding liberal economists in the country in the person of W. A. Mackintosh writing a "White Paper on Employment and Income," with its acceptance of Keynesian economics; and Liberal politicians (of the 'old school', too, in a sense) in the persons of Mackenzie King, St. Laurent, and Ilsley, taking steps to implement it.

You have a high executive of the Liberal party of Great Britain (Sir William Beveridge) signing his name to such drastic doctrine as this: "On the view taken in this Report, full employment is in fact attainable, while leaving the conduct of industry in the main to private enterprise, and the proposals made in the Report are based on this view. But if, contrary to this view, it should be shown by experience or by argument that abolition of private property in the means of production was necessary for full employment, this abolition would have to be undertaken."

You have a liberal political scientist like J. A. Corry of Queen's outlining the "Growth of Government Activities Since Confederation," and explaining lucidly how inevitable and even essential most of these increases in government intervention were, having in mind the changes in our society.

You have a critic like Stewart Bates, whom I should guess to come from a liberal environment and to be an adherent of liberal ideas, examining the social implications of the "free market."

A considerable part of the confusion and disunity within the Liberal party of Canada today is due to the widely divergent degree to which members of parliament have "made their peace" with the economic and social evolution of the past 150 years. Some of them would find a more harmonious spiritual home with the Tories: others find little or nothing to quarrel with in the more moderate doctrines of Mr. Coldwell's followers. Neither the Liberals nor the Progressive Conservatives have been able to develop a consistent political philosophy among themselves. Neither exhibits any burning zeal for reform.

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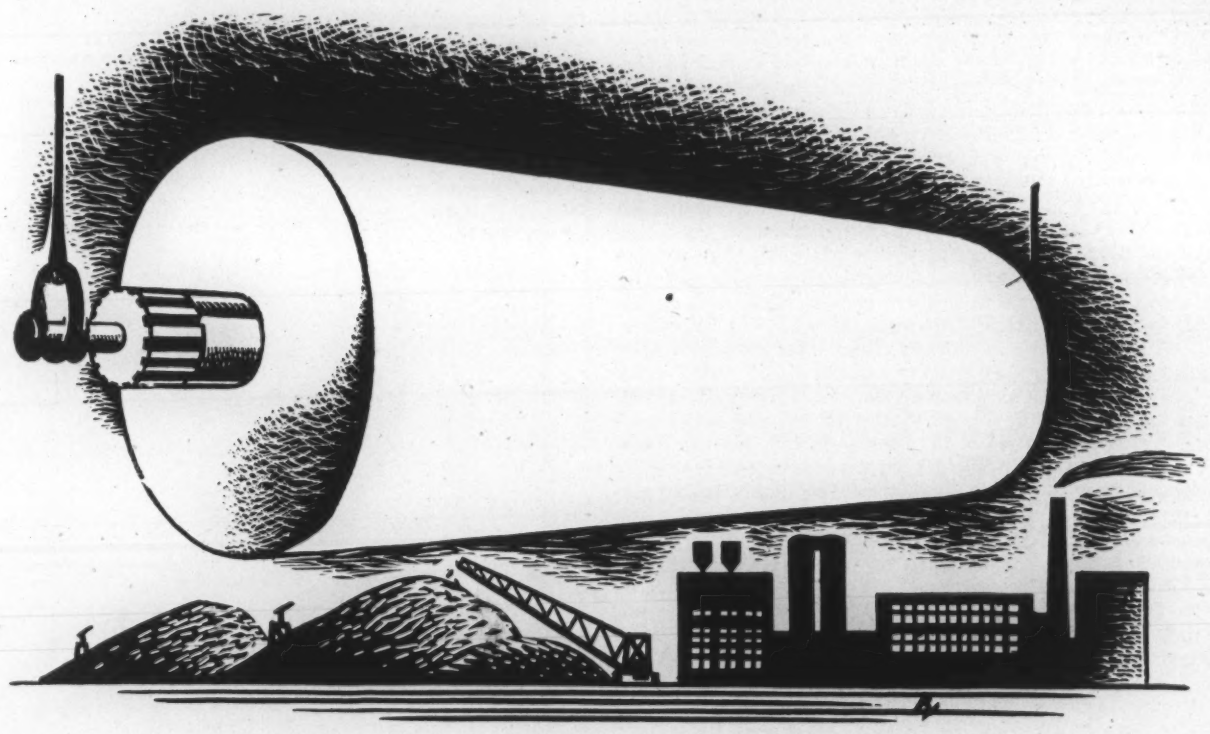

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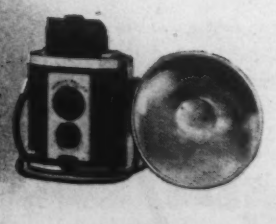

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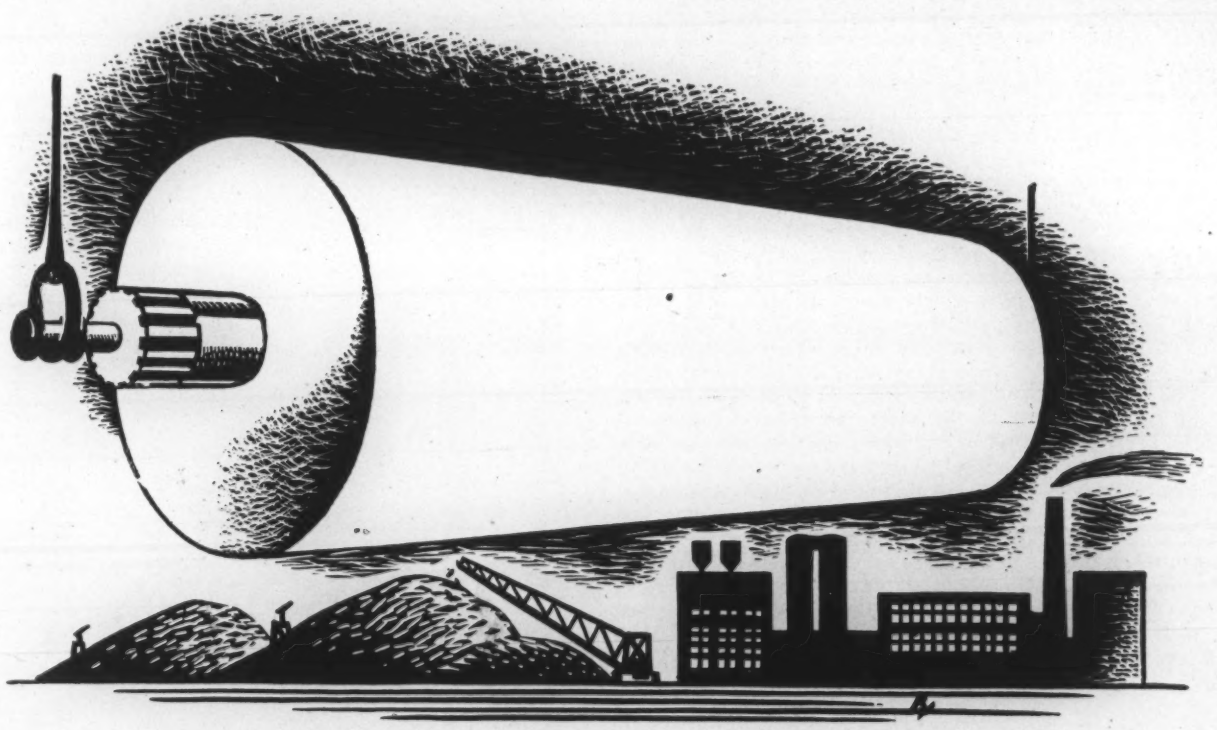

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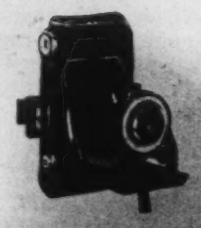

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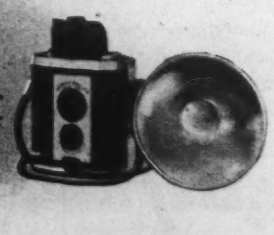

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

The Cultivated Approach

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

IT MAY be disappointment in the postwar world that has frayed our dispositions. Or it may be that the general shortages have brought about a corresponding shortage in the public temper. Whatever the reason, the prevailing public mood seems to be one of furious irritation. There are continuous altercations across back fences and up and down the stairwells of uneasy duplexes. Sales people are indifferent or hostile, and almost the only bland voices we hear any more are the voices of radio announcers telling us how to get a white sparkling wash with soap that has ceased to exist, which is a fairly reliable irritant in itself.

More and more frequently the wave of public exasperation overflows into the police courts. Within the last week or two for instance, a tenant drenched his landlord in applesauce, a woman defending herself against a dog had her face slapped by the dog's owner, a budgie-lover was dragged into court by the budgie-haters next door, a man turned his neighbor's hose into her ear, a woman threw a hammer at her next door neighbor who retorted by throwing her little boy down a flight of steps, and two policemen were hospitalized by bites from enraged citizens.

I was discussing this deplorable state of affairs with my friend Miss A. the other afternoon as we stood in the long lineup that stretched from the back of the chain grocery to the cashier's stand.

"It's all just a symptom of the general breakdown of manners and good breeding," Miss A. declared. "When that happens the collapse of civilization is inevitable. In fact, that is the stage we appear to have arrived at already."

"Oh, not quite yet," I said. "I mean it's still news when a blonde bites a policeman. We won't really get the collapse of civilization till policemen start biting blondes."

"I suppose I am hopelessly old-fashioned," Miss A. continued, following as usual her own line of thought, "but I happen to believe in the tradition of fine breeding, the aristocratic spirit and *noblesse oblige*. That is why I don't approve of the substitution of a Bevin and a Morrison for an Eden and a Churchill." She pressed forward, holding her basket ahead of her. "And also why I have no sympathy for the substitution of faceslapping and applesauce throwing for the natural courtesy that used to be found even among the lower classes."

The woman in front turned irritably. "Quit shoving," she said.

"PARDON ME," said Miss A. in the pear-shaped tones of natural fine breeding. She paused a moment, frowning, "As I was about to say, I have no sympathy, that is to say while I have every sympathy with the Labor movement I disapprove entirely of the rowdiness, violence and lack of courtesy displayed by labor groups and leaders."

The cashier had taken the cash register apart and was examining it listlessly. I put my basket on the wooden ledge and leaned against it. "How do you think a labor leader should behave?" I asked.

Miss A. considered. "If I were a labor leader," she said after a moment, "I would make it clear to the owner or employer at our first encounter that I was a person with a cultivated background. I would enter into a general discussion of world politics or possibly literature or music. I would lead him on, encourage him, that is, to talk about himself and his problems and I would listen with genuine sympathy. It would be a civilized meeting which we would both remember with pleasure. Probably I wouldn't even mention the word strike, except of course to disassociate myself from any violence or threat to public convenience in the movement itself."

I shook my head. "You couldn't lead a strike that way," I said.

"Exactly," Miss A. said, "that way there wouldn't be any strikes."

There was a sudden movement in the aisle and a crowd of customers immediately hurried over. "It's soapchips," said the shopper behind. "Catsup," said the one ahead. "It's toilet paper," the cashier said.

Miss A. put down her basket, "If you wouldn't mind checking this in for me," she said, "I think I'll go over to investigate, just out of curiosity."

Murmuring "Pardon" and "If you'll just pardon me," Miss A. made her way through the group. She was stopped at last by a fierce looking shopper who wore slacks and carried an empty wire basket. "Say, where do you think you're going?" the shopper said.

"Pardon me," Miss A. said courteously, stepping in ahead of her. "There is no need to crowd."

"Say, what's the big idea!" the shopper cried.

"Please do not push," Miss A. said, forging quietly ahead.

Things became so confused and crowded at this point that I couldn't see what was going on. Someone said, "Call the manager," and someone more excitable called, "Get the Police!" A shopper climbed up on the cashier's desk for a better view. "Gosh, crowned her with the basket," she reported.

I CHECKED my own baskets through quickly and went to Miss A.'s assistance. The crowd by this time was busy raiding the shelves. Miss A. was sitting on the floor staring dazedly through a wire basket and clutching two rolls of toilet paper.

The store manager strolled up and looked at her impassively. "Only one roll to a customer," he said. "You'll have to put one back on the shelves."

Miss A. glared through her bars. "I'll do nothing of the sort," she said.

I removed the basket and helped her to her feet. "One roll to a customer," said the manager.

Miss A. raised a roll and seemed to be about to throw it at his head; and I like to think it was natural breeding rather than shopping acquisitiveness that made her hand it to me instead.

"You take it," she said and added, "you can give it back to me later."

By the time we reached the street Miss A. had quite regained her poise. Her hat was straightened, her skirt was brushed, and she was wearing her glasses and her gloves. We walked along in silence for a while, and when I glanced at her presently I saw she was smiling quietly to herself.

"I don't know what you're so happy about," I said rather irritably, "It might have got into the papers."

Miss A. came back from a long distance. "But it did get into the papers," she said. "It was in all the papers?"

"*What* was in the papers?" I asked.

"Why, the Greek elections," Miss A. said happily. "Doesn't it seem wonderful even to you to think of the Greek people loyally demanding the return of their beloved King?"

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WASHINGTON LETTER

Ambassador Bonnet Seeks Revival of Old U.S. - France Relations

By JAY MILLER

Washington.

THE Henri Bonnets are a popular diplomatic couple. He is suave and gracious. She is one of the most beautiful. The French Embassy itself exudes that same atmosphere of cordial hospitality. Yet it cannot be said that Americans generally regard France and Frenchmen with the same fervid admiration of revolutionary days.

The regard of revolutionary for revolutionary has changed a lot, especially during and since the second World War, when thousands of G.I.s returned from overseas with comparisons that were not always favorable to the French people.

The U.S. has a natural affinity for people of French origin. Her Louisianians are like our French Canadians, except, of course, that there has been less tendency to stay aloof from the English-speaking population. Louisiana has produced some fine French American politicians, with names that remind you of Quebec, or Montreal, or Hull, or Tecumseh, Ont. Representative Hebert insists on fellow-Congressmen pronouncing his name "A-bear."

Individually, Frenchmen in the U.S. assimilate rapidly and thoroughly and become most enthusiastic proponents of American democracy. My good friend, Pierre Berard, famous chef, is entirely American after 30 years in this country. He is so American that he regards apple pie as a sacred American institution.

My garage man, a Parisian with an accent you could slice with one of Pierre's sharp carving knives, has been in this country only a few years. He is a graduate of work in Detroit auto factories, an expert body repair man. He does good work and he is respected.

It is in the international sphere that Frenchmen have fallen out of cordial relations with many Americans. As a result, there is a determined effort by French Ambassador Bonnet to revive some of the goodwill of the Revolutionary War Days when the French aristocrat, Lafayette came to this country to serve with Washington against the British. He persuaded the French government to send a sizable item of money and equipment, which is a reverse of the procedure nowadays.

The schism between French and American peoples has not been lessened by Secretary of State Byrnes' speech in Stuttgart, Germany, advocating immediate establishment of a central, provisional German government. France apparently regards this as a bid for popularity with the German people, which will have only one result, competition in this respect with Russia.

French Criticism

The U.S. policy has also been criticized on the ground that it is not practical, in terms of the Ruhr and the Rhineland proposals made by France a year ago. General Charles de Gaulle is not a member of the government but he has advocated separation of these areas from Germany to prevent her from rapidly building up another war machine.

French policy since the war has been aimed at splitting off the Ruhr and Rhineland from the main body of Germany to bring these areas into closer economic and political relationship with France. It has even been suggested that they might be formed into an independent state.

Mr. Byrnes' statement is viewed in French circles as a death blow to such French plans. American desires for economic unity of Germany and removal of zonal barriers would be directly opposed. It is with reason, therefore, that segments of the French press are calling for thorough discussion before the Byrnes' plans are implemented.

Seemingly minor matters can be major causes of friction. The attempt by the French to take over the U.S. broadcasting stations in Algiers has raised an editorial rumpus in this country. The Communist fifth column in France, with leaders in high places, is blamed for the move. It is construed as an effort by Russia to stop the American broadcasts, which Assistant Secretary of State William Benton sought to use to pierce the Iron Curtain of the Soviet with more information about America. Apparently, Russia isn't having any.

The move of the French to take the U.S. broadcasting stations is widely criticized. Says the Washington *Daily News*: "We helped them get their independence back and then loaned them some money, so the French won't need us now for a while. Anyhow, as we turn the other cheek, the pressure from Russia is both strong and immediate."

Spirit of Lafayette

It is well that Henry Bonnet is trying to recreate better understanding between his people and Americans. It should be carried on long past the commemoration of the 189th anniversary of the birth of Lafayette. The spiritual presence of Marshal Lafayette is still strong in the U.S., especially in Washington. High above the Potomac, gleaming in mazda-lighted brilliance against the hill that forms Arlington National Cemetery, the Lee Mansion, which was the official residence of Lafayette, gleams nightly down on the American capital.

As Henri Bonnett recalls it, the feelings of Americans for the French general were eloquently expressed by President Adams in 1824 when President Adams interpreted the sentiments of the country toward him:

"You are ours, by that more than patriotic self-devotion with which you flew to the aid of our fathers at the crisis of our fate. . . Ours by that tie of love stronger than death which has linked your name for the endless ages of time with the name of Washington."

Lafayette expressed the trends of thought which formed the basis of democracy and he also possessed a deep understanding of American qualities. He escaped from France at 20, against the will of his family and his chiefs, because of a love of freedom which had developed in France and inspired the leaders of American independence. The Bill of Rights in America and the Declaration of the Rights of Man in France were soon to immortalize these democratic trends.

Washington was pleased to learn that the young French aristocrat had absorbed these democratic ideals to the point where he felt as strongly as Americans about the need for popular government. Frenchmen shortly afterward were to learn more fully about American democracy from Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson.

Americans loved Lafayette for the enthusiasm with which he endured war's hardships. Even before the victory at Yorktown, he wrote of his future dreams of peace, when he envisioned Americans and Frenchmen "walking arm in arm through the streets of their respective cities where they would meet together," M. Bonnet recalls.

The French ambassador says that he experienced Lafayette's feeling of pride in the creation of a democracy when he visited the university buildings at Burlington, Vermont, cornerstone of which had been laid by Lafayette, "in a part of the country which another Frenchman, Champlain, had explored two centuries earlier."

On the square stands a statue of Lafayette not as a young general idealized in painting and sculpture, but as an old and wise statesman, in civilian dress.

"Could he imagine what the United States was to become, a hundred years later?" Mr. Bonnet asks. "He was sure in any case, that these people would remain faithful to the noble ideas of their first leaders and of his own youth. He was confident also that, for the defense of these objectives, France and the United States would stand together.

". . . . The men of the 18th century, fighting hand in hand under those conditions, accomplished indeed a great achievement. It is a source of pride to have been associated with it. It is also the determination of her whole people, as well as the people of the United States, to remain faithful to the lesson of the past."

There's a certain element of hopeful thinking there, but as Communistic groups make their efforts felt in France, and the breach between French and English-speaking Canadians continues, there is need for the idealism of Lafayette.

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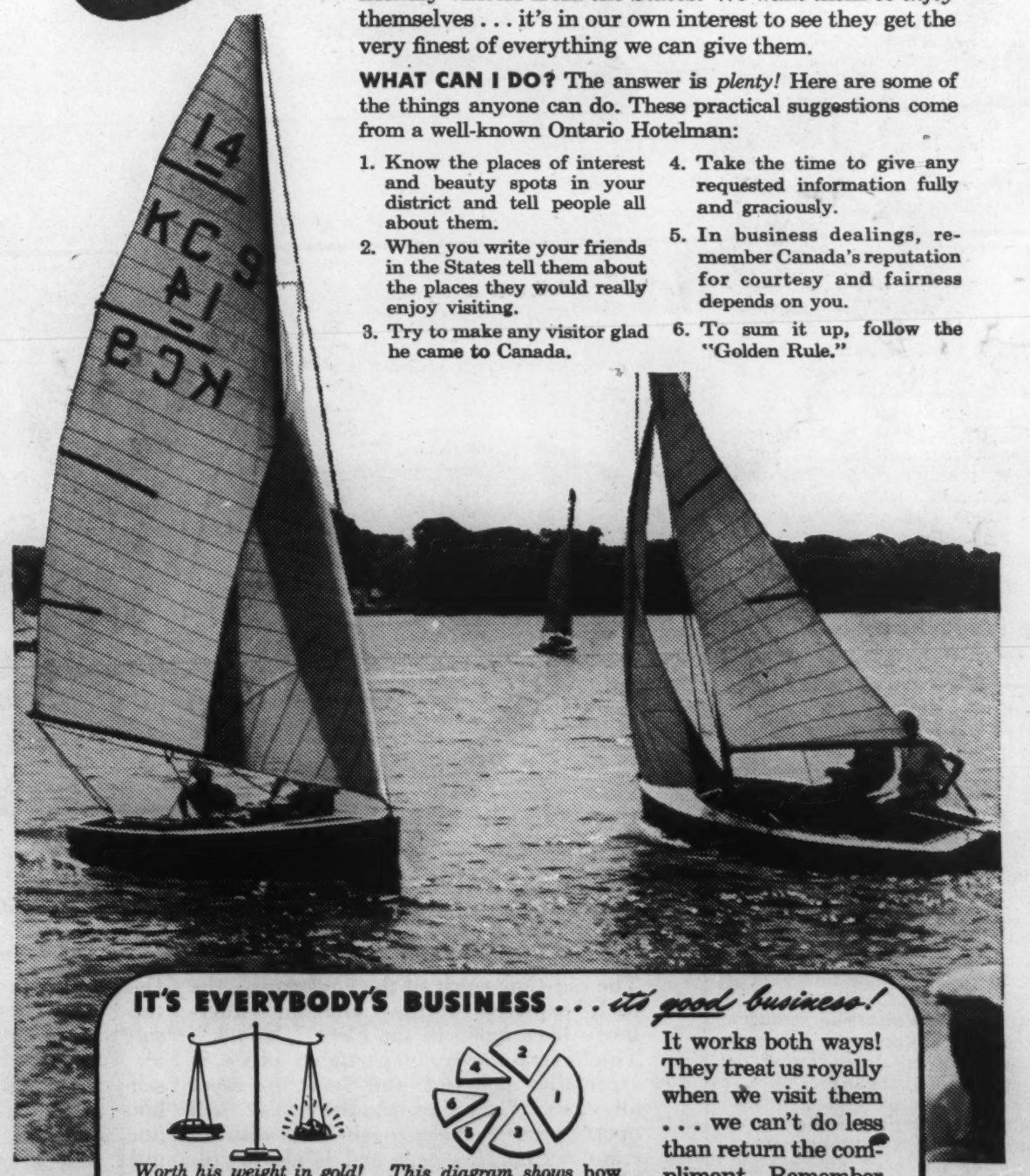
6. To sum it up, follow the "Golden Rule."



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Czechoslovakia Now at Fateful Crossroads

By JAMES A. ROY

A few months ago the Czech National Committee in London accused President Benes of "selling his country to the U.S.S.R." for its support of his government. This writer, who has been a guest this summer of the Czech government in Prague, examines to what degree the Sovietizing of Czechoslovakia has proceeded. It is not yet a "Soviet Protectorate" as the London Committee alleged, but soon it will reach a political crossroads—one path leading to the East, the other to the West.

Economically the country is already geared to Russia. On January 1, 1947, a Two-Year Plan for stepping up industrial production, with exports almost exclusively earmarked for the Soviet, will be operative.

The writer is a staff member of the Department of English, Queen's University.

WHEN people talk about Czechoslovakia today they very often forget that the country they have in mind is not the Czechoslovakia of pre-Munich days.

Present day Czechoslovakia, which was founded on the so-called Kosice Government program of April, 1945, is smaller and has a greatly reduced population. In summer 1945 Carpathian Ukraine, which was formerly a part of the Czechoslovak Republic under the name of Subcarpathia Russia, was handed over to the Soviet Ukrainian Republic by agreement between the government of Dr. Eduard Benes and the U.S.S.R. Czechoslovakia is a federal state where the Slovaks are autonomous. But the Czechs enjoy no such autonomy; their government is the Central Government in Prague, composed of Czechs and Slovaks.

In 1919 after the birth of the First Republic, three great Western personalities were moulding the political opinions and directing the political orientation of the newly liberated Czechs. Russia was a pariah among the nations, a blood-stained Bolshevist beast lurking in remote and ice-bound fastnesses.

Deceptive Picture

Outwardly, at least, life in Czechoslovakia is very like what it was in 1939; but the standard of living is well below the pre-war norm. There are the usual bombed-out buildings that one sees in every European country which took part in the war, but the peasants toil in their fields until the gloaming. The oxen plough patiently along the dusty roads of Slovakia. The old women tend the tethered goats and the youngsters the gregarious geese. The miners go down into the earth and the Tatra shepherds and their womenfolk, pranked in their antique finery, sing their ancient songs.

Throngs of well-dressed strollers fill the spacious Vaclavski Namesti in Prague, pack the cafés, crowd to concert, cinema and theatre.

There is an occasional grumble about the poor quality of the cigarette tobacco, about rations, about one thing or another; but no one pays any heed for the habit of grumbling has become universal. The shop windows are filled with expensive goods, but no one can buy these goods because they cost too much. The result is that goods are piling up in the country and Czechoslovakia which was once one of the chief exporting countries of Europe, finds today her export trade reduced to one sixth of the pre-war amount —obviously a dangerous situation.

There is no unemployment in Czechoslovakia; the country is, as a matter of fact, suffering from a serious shortage of labor. The reason for this is not far to seek. Before the war most of the industries of the country were concentrated in Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia. These three provinces had a population of about 6,500,000 Czechs and about 2,700,000 Germans, or Sudeten as they used to be called.

Two-thirds of the basic industries and almost one-half of the rest of the industrial production of the country were in the hands of these Germans. Because of the part these people played under Henlein and Frank in preparing the way for Hitler, and the bitter resentment and hatred which their conduct aroused, the Czech Government was forced to order them out of the country.

I saw many of them go. They were not depressed. On the contrary, they were laughing and singing. "We'll come back," they said.

I found this attitude of mind rather puzzling at first but when my Czech friends explained the situation I understood why the Germans took the matter of their expulsion so light-heartedly. The Czechs have been compelled to ask the Government to allow a certain number of Germans to remain to teach young Czechs and Slovaks how to work machines of which they had no previous experience and to instruct them in crafts they had no chance of becoming skilled in. Nearly 400,000 industrial and agricultural workers have got to be replaced somehow.

The transfer of the Sudeten is not the only reason for the decreased industrial output; there are other factors which, if less obvious are every bit as vital. There are far too many public holidays for one thing, one a week on an average, excluding Sundays. There is war weariness which is particularly noticeable among the older workers.

The policy of "Ca' canny" has also something to do with the unsatisfactory situation. As one Czech put it to me, "We learned *not* to work under the Germans. Finally, when the country came under Russian influence a year ago and Worker's Committees were set up in the newly nationalized factories, industrial discipline became undermined. Wages are about three times higher than the pre-war level but the cost of raw materials, which are largely imported, has also greatly increased.

Yet, under these conditions, the Czech Government has committed itself to a Two-Year Plan, which is to become law on Independence Day, October 28, and becomes operative on January 1, 1947. The two-Year Plan guarantees an increase, a very

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considerable increase over 1937 figures of coal, iron, steel, fuel oil, etc., most of the basic materials produced in the country. The only hope of carrying out the plan is to increase the number of working hours. But any such measure would be extremely unpopular.

Today Czechoslovakia is a sort of Mr. Facing-both-Ways among the nations of Europe. It is, if you will, a country at the Crossroads, a country which dares not stand still and which must decide *now* which route it is to follow. There are many who would go eastwards. These remember Munich and would turn their backs on the West for ever. There are many others who would gladly renew their former economic ties with the West.

Benes Explains

Shortly after the recent elections I had a long private interview with President Benes. He summed up the situation in these sentences: "This Russian Alliance has been forced upon us not by Russia but by circumstances. We Czechs, as a Slavonic people, are naturally influenced to a certain extent by Russian political ideology. But we are not under the thumb of Russia as some people seem to imagine. The very fact that we have various political parties is a proof that we are not totalitarian. The Slovaks are far nearer the original Slavonic type than we Czechs, yet the Slovaks did not vote Communist in the elections.

"We Czechs are Westernized. Except for the language, you find little difference between Bohemia and any other industrialized country. Our religion came from the West; we are Catholics and Protestants—not Orthodox. Our economic system and our ideas of free parliamentary elections and Cabinet government came from the West. Our universities are Western in their culture.

"But think of our political and geographical situation! We are in the middle of Europe; we have no outlet to the sea—no ports. We can never again depend on France if we should find ourselves in trouble. It is unlikely that England could help us. It is very doubtful if there will again be a President of the United States who would be willing to send millions of Americans to fight in Europe.

"And just across our frontier, remember, there are seventy or eighty millions of Germans who hate us now worse than ever before. Today they can do nothing but they have not changed as a nation and in twenty years' time — who knows! They might then be in a position to make great trouble for us.

"We are living in a world of realities and have to guide our actions accordingly. And we Czechs can afford to take no chances. We *are* taking no chances."

President Benes enjoys an unprecedented popularity in the Republic. Not even the late President Masaryk with all his immense prestige, could have been unanimously elected to the Presidency. But President Benes has his critics.

Selling a Country?

Mr. Venceslas Kopecky, the Czech Minister of Information, has demanded the extradition of the members of the Czech National Committee in London, which has maintained that President Benes owes his position entirely to Russian support and that he obtained that Russian support by selling his country to the U. S. S. R. The present European situation, they claim, is entirely due to him. The Second Republic, they maintain, is only nominally an independent country; actually it is a Soviet Protectorate.

What is the position of Czechoslovakia today so far as we really know it? Russia and Czechoslovakia have now a common frontier and their ties, both commercial and political, are far closer than they were before. Hitherto Czechoslovakia has been one of the chief exporting countries in Central Europe. Russia needs manufactured goods and has the raw materials for the Czechs to manufacture. With a few exceptions Czech industry had no serious losses during the War. In fact, the industrial capacity of the country was actually increased because the Germans built a number of factories for their own war purposes. I am thinking of the huge synthetic petrol plant at Most which the Russians have handed over to the Czechs. Already the Republic has become the manufactory for Russia of small arms, radar, and the finer technical weapons. Bata is manufacturing boots for the Russian army.

In the past most of the raw material imported into Czechoslovakia came from the West. Only a fraction of the foreign trade was with Russia; Germany was one of Czechoslovakia's best customers. The Czechs have recently reoccupied the rich Teschen coal basin which was seized by the Poles after Munich under German pressure. The Czechs not only want but *need* the Silesian coal badly and have high hopes that Moscow will soon decide favorably.

That is one reason why the Czech Prime Minister Klement Gottwald, and his Foreign Secretary Jan Masaryk were recently in Moscow. In an attempt to force the decision the Czechs are laying claim to the German district of Glatz, now under Polish occupation. Glatz is the biggest centre of the furniture industry in Europe and if the Czechs had it they would greatly profit by the export of much needed prefabricated goods to Britain. But there still remains the problem of transportation. The cost of Czech export goods is too high for many of their former Western customers.

A great deal will depend, however, on the success or failure of the new Two-Year Plan, nothing more or less in fact than the future political orientation of Czechoslovakia. No one can say how the Plan will work out. No one can tell what proportion of Czech goods will go to the East and what proportion will go to the West. But it is safe to predict that a big proportion will find its way eastward. It is the East and not the West that presses on in Czechoslovakia today.

Yesterday Russia was on the Oder; today she stands on the Elbe. No, she has reached further. She has promised the Germans that they will have again a united Reich. The Russians are good psychologists; they understand German character.

One thing is certain, however; the Czechoslovak State, no matter what party should happen to be in power, will never turn its back on the Soviet Union. The question is whether she will not turn her back on the West for good. Time and the success or non success of the Two-Year Plan will answer the riddle.

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THE WORLD TODAY

U.S. Joins Struggle for Germany; Critical Point in Paris, U.N.O.

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

ONE can almost see the historians of the future placing Mr. Byrnes' Stuttgart speech facing the Morgenthau Plan, and pointing out how far American policy towards Germany shifted in the short space of two years. And viewed in this light the speech certainly was remarkable, with its emphasis on help instead of punishment, and on "inspectors instead of infantry" for the control of the Reich.

The change in emphasis is due partly to the fact that we are poor haters. It is due considerably to the fact that both British and American occupation authorities in Germany have for some time past been preoccupied, not with the problem of holding Germany down—for she is beaten, ruined and partitioned—but of how to help her to survive, for the good of Europe. But it is due above all to the fact that an intense struggle for the body and soul of Germany is already under way among the victors.

Mr. Byrnes and his advisers on Germany have been driven thus quickly to woo German opinion—"we want to help you win your way back to an honorable place among the nations"—by the Soviet wooing campaign which was launched shortly after the conquest and has picked up great momentum since Molotov's bid from Paris, two months ago, to make Russia the champion of German unity.

To our people in Germany the possibility of a German-Russian combination has become a nightmare. The German aviation and atomic specialists, to whom the Soviets are offering huge salaries to migrate from the Western zones, plus German industry and organizational gifts could give Russia just what she needs to close the gap on which we have counted, up to now, to maintain our technical lead and deter the Soviet Union from risking war.

It is apt to recall now a series of Soviet policy moves which indicate that our erstwhile "allies" never gave up this goal all through the war. The Germans, of course, sought the same combination, only with themselves as leaders and the Russians as serfs.

There is reason to believe that a Soviet-led combination would be even more formidable. Communism has a universal appeal to the industrial proletariat and to many intellectuals which the Nazi master-race theory could never have, and it has a much more widespread and powerful Fifth Column organization with which to hamstring its opponents.

Stalin's assertion, at a crisis in the war, in November 1942, that he did not want to destroy Germany but only the Hitlerite State; the formation of the Communist Free Germany Committee and the League of German Officers the following year; and the sharp rebuke to Ehrenbourg for his virulent anti-German writing, before the war ended, all fall into a pattern.

But it was Molotov's speech at the conclusion of the Foreign Ministers' meeting in Paris, on July 10, that brought the Soviet Union out into the open as the champion of German unity. The Soviets would not champion German unity any more than the French do unless they were confident that they could "take over" and use a unified Germany for their purposes. Nor would Molotov have dealt the prospects of the French Communists such a body-blow (there was no doubt of that in Paris at the time) unless he was angling for an even greater prize.

The German "unity" for which Mr. Molotov expressed concern was the unity of the Ruhr and Rhineland with the rest of a Germany which he hoped to see Communized and added to the Soviet sphere. The point which many observers immediately seized upon, that it was odd that *he* should try to present himself as a champion of German unity when it was his government which had cut off a full quarter of Germany in the East, and that this inconsistency must destroy his appeal to the German people, may not have bothered him at all.

Soviet Bait for Germans

To him, the main point about severed Eastern Germany must be that it is securely within the Soviet orbit. When the rest of Germany is brought in, too, the Eastern German territories can be shuffled about again, if necessary and if some people still place such foolish emphasis on nationalism.

Indeed, it would be strange if the possibility of using the return of the East German territories as a bait to the Germans to go Communist had not occurred to him, after his successful use of this tactic in the case of Transylvania. The northern half of this region, taken away by Hitler in 1940, was handed back to Rumania, not by any peace conference, but as a personal reward from Stalin, immediately Rumania had set up a Communist Government.

The Ruhr could be promised in this way to the Germans, if we followed the French-sponsored plan of removing it from the control of a Central German Government; while if we gave up this idea and left the Ruhr as an integral part of Germany, the Soviets could hope to acquire it all together.

Mr. Byrnes, then, was answering Mr. Molotov, and trying to show the German people a path to unity and a tolerable life without paying the price demanded by a surrender to Communism. True, he reminded them that they had to expect to suffer the hardships which their leaders had inflicted on Germany's neighbors. And he reiterated that the United States intended to join in keeping the Reich disarmed for a generation at least.

Byrnes' Program

But the American people, he said, were finished talking of whether the peace for Germany should be a "hard" or a "soft" one. What they wanted was a *lasting* peace. His Government would not, therefore, take responsibility for the needless aggravation of economic distress in Germany through the failure of the Allied Control Council to agree on carrying out the economic unification program laid down at Potsdam.

Addressing both Germans and Russians he said that the U.S. did not want Germany to become a satellite of any other power, or to live under a dictatorship, foreign or domestic. To the Russians—though without naming them—he said that his government would not sit back if any nation used force or the threat of force to "take over" other peoples and other governments.

Then for the Germans he gave the warning that while American policy was trying to prevent their country being used as a pawn in a power struggle between the East and the West, it would not be in their interest to engage as a partner in such a struggle.

In this first, much too long delayed, full official statement of U.S. policy towards Germany, Byrnes covered all of the points which worried the American occupation officials when I talked with them this summer. He would return all German prisoners as soon as possible. He would raise the level of industry and increase coal production. He would aid the necessary export program.

He would return government to German hands. He would decrease the occupation forces. Here was a definite, if difficult, future which gave the better German elements something to work for and something to sell their compatriots in competition with the Communist sales line.

To the British and other Western Europeans he gave the assurance which they—and curiously enough, many Germans too—can never hear too often: that the United States is in Europe to stay. A British Foreign Office spokesman said that British policy could be considered almost identical with Byrnes' exposition. But the French, disappointed over the rejection of their Ruhr-Rhineland separation project, remained skeptical over the proposal for setting up at once a central German Government.

Seated in Berlin, in the Russian Zone, they believe that the Soviets would soon be able to gain control of this regime, and through it gain control of the Ruhr. They just don't believe that Byrnes' proposed general control of Germany can be worked out now; while a separate regime for the Ruhr and Rhineland would at least secure us the main trump card.

There is, indeed, very little basis for hope that the Russians will agree to the economic and political unification of Germany on Byrnes' terms. They are pushing Communist political domination of their zone vigorously in the current series of elections, employing every manner of discrimination and intimidation against the moderate parties which we would favor, the Social Democrats and Christian Democrats. For the plain fact is that they want a very different kind of Germany from that which Mr. Byrnes pic-

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tured, one which would keep her in the Western World. They actively seek the domestic dictatorship, satellite of an alien dictatorship, which he denounced.

More serious are the reports which have come recently from London in impressive detail, with the appearance of an intentional "leak," of night and day armament production in the main factories in the Soviet Zone, and the return to these of some of the machines which the Soviets had taken away earlier.

The Krupp Works at Magdeburg, which can be seen from the autobahn along which we are permitted to pass through the Soviet Zone from Hannover to Berlin, are reported to be turning out Tiger tanks. The famous Zeiss Works at Jena are said to be producing range-finders, aerial cameras and other military equipment of the highest quality.

What We Gave Away

The great underground factory at Nordhausen is reported to be back into production of V-2 rockets, and also new and improved models, being tried out across Sweden and Finland apparently to intimidate these small countries and warn the British and Americans not to attempt any "atomic diplomacy." All of these factories, as well as the big experimental station of Peenemuende, *were captured by our armies* and handed over to the Russians as part of Roosevelt's program of "winning their friendship."

Our military people in Germany speak of this, and of our voluntary halt before Prague and Berlin, as our greatest folly of the war. It is true that a few of these say that, if the Russians want it that way, we should have "finished the job" last year while we were rolling. I find many more civilians muttering this in America, but I think we should honestly admit that at the time we just would not have supported such a policy.

We were too much the victims of our own wartime propaganda about our Russian "ally," too ignorant of the real Soviet aims, and too unobservant of the fact that the Soviets were not propagandizing us as friends to their people. So it came about that we only half finished the struggle against totalitarianism.

We passed from a hysteria of "Russian friendship and new democracy" to a hysteria of "get the boys home," throw down our arms, and every man for himself, to a new hysteria of Third World War jitters. Sometimes it seems, as Churchill suggested a few months ago, that "the only thing that history teaches is that mankind is unteachable." One has to fight off constantly the feeling that we are back where we were with the Nazis in 1938, that "this is where we came in," except that our strategic position is worse and weapons more destructive.

Where U.N.O. Is Heading

But supposing we had been in a mood to "finish the job" last year, eliminate the last great rival to our democratic system and create the conditions for a long world peace, can one, looking about this continent today, be so sure that we would have known what to do with it?

Well, what can we do? Just a year from the end of the war against Germany and Japan we have reached a grave crisis in our relations with the Soviet world. The U.N.O., with its present set-up, gives no hope that it can handle this crisis, but has become a mere platform for Soviet propagandistic utterances which occupy an even fifty per cent of its time. On the contrary, the policy we are following is the only hope of checking indefinite Russian and Communist expansion is the very old-fashioned one of sending an American fleet to the Mediterranean and maintaining forces in Germany, Austria, Trieste, Greece, Iraq, China and Korea.

One can see quite clearly, if one is willing to look, the way U.N.O. is heading. There is already a solid Soviet bloc of six states, which vote together unvaryingly, operating within it and exploiting its machinery to confuse issues and obstruct.

One of the main reasons why the Soviets are likely to see the Paris Conference through is to clear the former enemy states Finland, Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria, whereupon they will immediately apply for membership in the U.N.O. for these new puppet states. Applications have already been put in for Albania and Outer Mongolia, and the latter has been accepted.

The Iranian Government is well on the way to becoming a Soviet puppet; and Moscow has revealed a program which would make Turkey a puppet. If Turkey and Iran should fall, one can imagine the freedom of action which Syria, the Lebanon and Iraq would retain; and the effect of the Palestine disaster alone will tend to propel them into the arms of Soviet anti-British policy. Soviet hopes for a Communist Italy, France, Spain and Portugal, as well as Germany and Austria, are scarcely concealed. Nor let us forget Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia.

Turning to South America, the Moscow press is jubilating over its entente with Peron. A Communist-influenced president of Chile is about to take office; and Bolivia and Paraguay are strongly under the influence of these larger neighbors. That would add up to a Soviet voting bloc of 30, and you can imagine how much business U.N.O. could do, if it could possibly be assumed that we would allow it to degenerate so far.

Let us consider it, rather, as an indication of the path we are on, trying to make a democratic world body work with a growing group of totalitarian states within it, undermining it and intent on taking it over, just as our own local Communists seek to undermine our democratic state.

Surely the case is clear. Only the free states are interested in maintaining freedom, and the only way they will do so is by forming a defensive league of their own, and a much tighter one than the present U.N.O. How much further dare we let the area of freedom in the world shrink before we take such defensive action?

We could still gather a good two-thirds of the world about us, and present a preponderance of power which ought to ensure a long period of peace and check the intimidation which is causing many of the small nations caught between the Western World and the Soviet to gravitate towards the more aggressive power—a cumulative process, as we learned under Hitler.

But we shouldn't fool ourselves that we are capable of any such far-sighted, tenacious policy and can present a front which will attract the hesitant ones to democracy instead of to Communism, until we clear up our confusion of thought, pull our community together, make our economy function more smoothly, and find solid new, or old, values.

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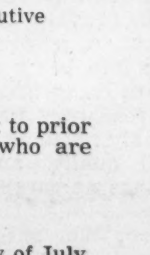

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The Company has also acquired valuable patent rights for the manufacture and sale of a portable fluorescent emergency and utility light, battery operated. The Company has ample facilities to carry on this manufacture without interference with its other lines. Plans are also being advanced for the development, manufacture, and sale of many other electronic devices, television units, etc.; the manufacture of these is practicable with the present personnel and equipment. Interim certificates are now available for delivery. These interim certificates will be exchangable for definitive certificates when available.

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Danish Dairy Goods to Britain Increasing

By MURRAY OULTON

Denmark is resuming her pre-war role as the dairy farm of Britain. In the eighties Denmark changed from grain selling to the exporting of butter, eggs, and bacon and became the greatest dairy farm on earth. The farms vary from 15 to 25 acres and the skilled landowner with his family are enough laborers to handle the farm. The farmers work by means of cooperative societies. There is little doubt that Denmark can teach the world how to organize their own agricultural systems so that they too can achieve the best results.

London.

DENMARK is resuming her old historic pre-war role as the dairy farm of Britain—for which Britons are duly thankful even though the Food Minister declares they must not assume there is to be any increase in rations! Anyway, up to the end of September, 1949, Britain is going to take a very high proportion of Denmark's exportable surplus of butter, bacon, and eggs.

In return for which the Danish farmers will have an assured market and guaranteed minimum prices. It is no secret, of course, that before the war the prosperity of Danish agriculture was largely dependent on the British market.

For instance, practically no bacon is consumed in Denmark, and the number of pigs the Danish smallholders were permitted to keep by the central authority was ruled by the British demand.

The links between Denmark and Britain have long been very close, and they were cemented by the events of the recent war. But what is not so widely known is the fact that Danish and British agriculture are historically linked.

The Danish Ambassador in London is Count Reventlow. It was his grandfather, Count Christian Reventlow, who, after a visit to England towards the end of the eighteenth century, introduced revolutionary agricultural reforms in his own land. It was his close study of conditions in rural England that inspired him to abolish the virtual slavery of the Danish peasants, and start them on the road to prosperous cooperation.

Small-Holdings

It was then when the land was secured to the peasants that the foundations of Denmark's smallholding system were laid, and it is not too much to say that in the organization of her agriculture Denmark provided a model for the world. A new kind of nationality came into being after that eventful year of emancipation, 1788.

A peasantry was created which is not only master of its craft, but of a social quality and political power that has no parallel. In a little country with only just over three and three-quarter million inhabitants, its hundred thousand farmers, whose biggest holding is 25 acres, have made themselves the backbone—indeed, even more than that, the soul of the country.

Danish agriculture is radically different from that of Britain. It had to be to live. British farmers have always had a market at their doors, but a century after they had gained their freedom the Danes were compelled to completely scrap old ways and make a new start.

This was in the eighties when Europe began to be flooded with cheap grain grown on the wide open spaces of the New World. With splendid initiative Denmark deliberately turned from grain selling to producing butter, bacon, and eggs for export.

The country became the greatest dairy farm on earth, and no other country has an intensive system to equal the one built up there. The holdings range in size from 15 to 25 acres, and they are distributed throughout Denmark. On a 15-acre holding there will be four cows, two heifers, two horses, pigs and poultry. It is much more self-sufficing than the average small holding.

In Denmark the skilled smallholder, with his wife and children, do all the work, and they grow in the fields a large part of the feed for the stock. Thus expenses are kept at a minimum, and there is no labor bill to meet. The Danes work hard, but they have managed to survive periods of depression with far less loss than agriculture in most countries.

A report issued just over 10 years back on Danish agriculture suggested that cooperation, scientific manuring, and unremitting endeavor—in other words, hard work — were the three basic factors that had made Danish agriculture what it was then.

Since those days war has intervened, and much stock has been lost, but owing to its inherent strength and healthiness, Danish farming is making a quick recovery. The report in question stated that Danish farms are tidy and free from weeds, with buildings in good condition. Stock is almost all in excellent fettle.

Equipment and Efficiency

On the marketing side there is remarkable efficiency and enterprise, and the creameries, egg-packing stations, and bacon factories arouse the admiration of even the most critical. The buying organization for seeds, feeding-stuffs, and fertilizers also has the best possible equipment in the shape of silos and warehouses.

The farmers work through a highly-developed system of cooperative societies, and they realized long ago that in order to win and keep markets abroad it was imperative that all products should be of the highest quality, and that this quality should remain uniform from year to year.

Those principles stand to this day, and everybody knows the high reputation Danish produce had there in pre-war years. The British housewife would like to see a bit more now! And moreover there is no doubt that Denmark can teach the world how to organize agricultural systems to achieve the best results.

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FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Bar Association Utters Clarion Call for Renewal of Liberties

By B. K. SANDWELL

NO PUBLIC document issued in Canada in the last twenty years has given me more satisfaction than the report on civil liberties adopted two weeks ago by the Canadian Bar Association at its Winnipeg meeting. Silence, or a pussy-footing report, on the part of this great national organization in the face of the extraordinary departures from judicial methods in the proceedings of the Gousenko Commission, would have been a disaster, making the entire Bar of Canada accomplices in the betrayal of rights which the law exists to maintain. Yet that silence was asked for by a considerable number of members, for the reason that the legal adviser to the Commission was no less a personage than the retiring president of the Bar Association itself, and the members of the Commission were judges of the Supreme Court of Canada and former notable luminaries of the Bar.

It is a striking proof of the strength of feeling among the majority of the members, that these embarrassing circumstances led to nothing more than the withdrawal of the preamble in which the Commission was explicitly named as the reason why the principles of freedom had to be restated at this time. Nothing was lost by that withdrawal; there is nobody in Canada who read the report and does not know precisely why such a report had to be made in 1946, in furtherance of the more general principles laid down by the same body several years earlier.

(I should perhaps add that I find very little disposition to censure either the legal adviser or the Commissioners, for anything worse than allowing themselves to be overinfluenced by a general atmosphere of disregard for strict legal precautions which has grown up during the war, and against which there has been far too little responsible protest. Nevertheless the fact cannot be blinked that it was not only the action of the Dominion Government in conferring extraordinary powers on the Commission, but the complaisance of the Commissioners in accepting and exercising those powers, which constitutes the reason why protest by the Bar Association is now necessary.)

Protective or Punitive?

The report does not question the doctrine that exceptional powers of detention and interrogation may have to be exercised by the Government, through its appointees, in time of war or apprehended war, for the single purpose of protecting the safety of the state. The point at which it takes exception to the practices employed in connection with the Gousenko accusations is the point at which the powers conferred for protective purposes begin to be used for punitive purposes. The most obvious point of this kind is where the evidence secured by the protective authority, by means which would not be tolerated in ordinary police work, is brought into a criminal court and used to secure the punishment of the person who gave it, and of others against whom it would be equally inadmissible but for the authority conferred on the Commission. The report proposes an amendment to the Evidence Act which will make the introduction of such evidence impossible; and to show the immense importance of such a pronouncement by the Bar Association, this recommendation was immediately endorsed by the Toronto *Telegram*, along with the further recommendation that findings of such inquiries, when they relate to the guilt or innocence of individuals, should not be made public in advance of the criminal proceedings. This presumably implies the idea that if made public they would constitute a bar against such proceedings thereafter.

Judges on Commissions

The third important recommendation of the report is that judges should not be employed to sit on special commissions. The arguments for this recommendation are on an entirely different footing from those in support of the other two, as they relate not to the inherent right of the subject (or the alien visitor) to protection from irregular and arbitrary methods of trial, but to very general considerations of the good of the nation. Against the recommendation is the fact that judges are, by the very reasons which led to their selection, the most suitable type of persons for such commissions; but the force of that argument is considerably diminished by the fact that there are always, among the practising lawyers of any community, a number who are just about as suitable for judges as the men who are actually on the bench, and it should not be difficult to secure from these the persons required for commission work. The fact that the public may not accept them as being quite so judicially-minded as the judges themselves is an argument which cuts both ways, for one of the strongest objections to the use of judges for such work is that it creates in the public mind the idea that they are functioning judicially when in actual fact they are doing nothing of the kind. And there is no doubt that the use of judges for such purposes withdraws them from the work for which they were appointed, and may in certain instances impair their independence and impartiality. On the whole I feel that the recommendation of the Bar Association—which should know more about the matter than most of us—is pretty sound, and that its adoption would do more good than harm; but it is obviously not a major part of the Association's case so far as the interests of justice are concerned.

An immense moral force was brought to bear by the Winnipeg meeting in support of the ancient principles concerning the administration of justice, which have been built up over long centuries, and in which the English-speaking peoples have always been more advanced and less authoritarian than other nations. The hold of these principles upon public belief and public support has been seriously weakened during the war years, and it is vital that we should be led back to them. Nobody can do more effective work to that end than the lawyers of Canada, and it is the best possible news to learn that they are ready and anxious to do it.

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The Standard THIS WEEK

The Book-of-the Month . . . . .

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Selected by the "Book-of-the-Month" Club for September, "Animal Farm" is without doubt the funniest, yet cleverest satire on Dictatorship and Communism ever written. It's a story that will keep a big grin on your face right down to the last line. Read what happens when the animals rebel against their exploitation and run their own farm. You will laugh and will laugh again—and yet you will be left with the feeling of having read a remarkably true-to-life expose of any dictatorship. Through a special arrangement, The Standard will publish "Animal Life" in three parts—the first of which will appear in The Standard this week. This will be the first publication of this famous book in Canada. Here is your chance to read one of the most-talked-about books of the year . . . don't miss it!

Vancouver trembles—

WHEN THE LOGGERS COME TO TOWN

When a bunch of husky, boisterous hemen from the logging camps, with their pockets jingling merrily with saved-up pay, strut into Vancouver for a spree . . . the fun starts and the fur begins to fly around Vancouver's Water Street front! In The Standard this week, feature writer Jim Smith gives you a ringside seat description of the lumber boys letting off steam after a long spell in the woods. In the Magazine Section.

They want to go back---to EUROPE

The glamor of home-coming has worn off for many of our fighting men. They're restless — many of them bewildered by the lack of housing, the strikes and the shortages. This article in The Standard reveals some of the reasons why many of our returned veterans are casting longing eyes toward the old familiar scenes and people "over there."

I'm a SMALL TOWN EDITOR

Not all the glamor of the newspaper business is to be found in the big city dailies! This week, The Standard takes you behind the scenes with Editor George James of the famed Canadian Statesman of Bowmanville, recognized as one of the most influential weeklies in Canada. Good reading!

SEE MONTGOMERY IN MONTREAL . . .

Exclusive pictures of the hero of El Alamein in Montreal appear in The Standard this week

The Standard

COMICS — NEWS REVIEW — MAGAZINE
ROTOGRAVURE—COMPLETE NOVEL

The week-end newspaper that is different and better

Life in a Strike City Is Ugly and Fearful

By MARJORIE FREEMAN CAMPBELL

Lockout, walkout or sitdown, all strikes are fundamentally the same and their effect on the communities involved varies only in the extent to which the population of the community is affected. Know one, and you know something of all. In the following article the writer has attempted to picture briefly the economic and social maladjustments which result when a major strike throws a municipality out of gear.

WHEN a community finds itself involved in strikes and resultant lay-offs so widespread that an estimated two of every eleven of its wage earners are out of work, what is the effect on the community pattern of living, the community morale?

In Hamilton, Canada's fifth largest city by virtue of its 178,000 of population, and Ontario's most highly industrialized centre, the summer of 1946 has afforded an excellent opportunity of studying these effects. Here during the past four months, three major industries, Firestone, Westinghouse and Stelco have felt the crippling results of strikes which commenced on June 25, July 5 and July 15 respectively, Firestone and Westinghouse with complete shut-downs, Stelco working at half strength, or better, behind picketed gates.

In addition, allied local firms, affected by discontinuance of production due to the strikes, have been forced to add their lay-offs to the stream of unemployed.

Today, with the third month of strike conditions rolling up on the calendar, the picture in Strike Town is beginning to emerge, to clarify. Possibly, as never before, the man in the street, the average citizen is coming to realize the interdependence of community living.

Walk about the city, listen to the voices of its people and watch the glib, empty words 'strike,' 'shut down,' 'lay off' come to life.

"The strike? Do you feel it?" The farmer's wife in her stand on Hamilton's well-known market dipped into the bag at her side, brought up a double handful of change and displayed it.

"Pennies! See? More than half are pennies. You know what that means; they're robbing the children's banks. We saw it back in the depression."

She gestured at her table, well laden still at four o'clock in the afternoon with crisp and perishable produce.

"People that buy with pennies," she observed, "don't buy much!"

The Trade Vanishes

"What's the matter with you, Al?" asked a friend of a painter, observing his dejected air. "The last time I saw you, you were sitting on the top of the world."

"The last time you saw me was a month ago," replied the other. "Then I had work for myself and my men until the end of November. Now I'm practically out of a job.

"Take today. I went to *five* houses on my list before I found *one* to start work. Yet when I booked those five jobs, back a ways, every one of them was clamoring for me to begin.

"What happened? At the first place the woman of the house said her husband was out on strike, so they could not afford the job. Second place, the man was on strike and was doing his own painting. And the third and fourth houses were already painted. They'd been done by strikers who'd beat us to the punch!"

"My dad's out on strike," volunteered a twelve-year-old who had thumbed a ride, "but we're not doing bad. Mom says it's the best time of year to have a strike if we got to; there's no coal to buy, and in hot weather you don't need heavy meals like you do in cold.

"Us kids like potatoes and bologny. We have bologny nearly every day now. Mom buys it in the piece because it doesn't cost as much. And she doesn't let the butcher slice it any more. Why, the butcher slices it, I'll bet, a quarter of an inch thick. Mom slices it herself now. Say, I'll bet there isn't anyone can slice bologny thinner than Mom can!"

"How's things, John?" asked a friend of an old workman who was 'out.' "Want a job? I've got one you can have that'll keep the kettle boiling. Sixty cents an hour, an eight hour day. How about it?"

John took a dog-eared envelope and a stub of pencil from his pocket and began laborious figuring. "Ninety cents I was gettin' an' the comp'ny offered eight cents more: that makes ninety-eight. Sixty from ninety-eight is thirty-eight."

He glared at his friend. "Thirty-eight cents! What man could work at a loss of thirty-eight cents an hour? Keep your job. One month at that rate and I'd be ruined!"

Star-Scab

"The dirtiest type of scab," said another oldtimer hotly, "is the fellow who goes out on strike for more money and then takes a job for less money than he was getting when he went out!"

All summer Buddy, aged twelve, had picked fruit, accompanying other youngsters each morning on the farmers' trucks.

Since Buddy's mother is a widow and money is scarce, part of his earnings went to her. With the remainder Buddy was buying a bike which would enable him to get a job delivering. His name was on a friendly dealer's list.

"Red currants were all done today, Mom," he announced one evening at suppertime. "Gee, they're a headache. Now it's plain sailing." His black eyes glistened. "By the end of the peaches, my bike'll be paid for. Next year you won't have to worry any more about dough."

The following morning at the corner where the trucks waited, there stood a crowd of men. Since men are better pickers than boys, the boys were sent home.

"Yes, strikers are being placed through Selective Service," stated an official. "In what we term spot placements.

"In the ordinary course of events, an applicant as he comes in is registered, his case history taken and special ability noted. He is then listed for a certain type of work.

"When a job turns up in that line, we go through the records, giving preference first to Vets, second to those registered longest, next to those registered not so long who have a large family or some special need, and so on down the line. This is what is meant by selective placement.

"Should we have a rush order, however, a boatload, say, of fruit, peanuts or sugar where we have to work fast to save demurrage costs or waste, we use a different method, referred to as spot placement, enlisting men who are on the premises at the time, who may or may not be strikers. Of the two dozen regular applicants who would ordinarily get the job, a dozen may lose out because of strikers being on hand."

"What happens to the dozen who lose out?"

"If we can't provide them with work, they're taken care of by unemployment insurance. That's the law: any person laid off work through no fault of his own is entitled to unemployment benefits."

"Then the government is really paying unemployment insurance in cases where strikers are filling jobs that in normal times would be occupied by others?"

"Right. But these jobs are only casual work lasting a day or two."

"Strikes!" shrilled the small, dark woman seated in the street car with a baby in arms, a child on each side and a toddler clutching her knee.

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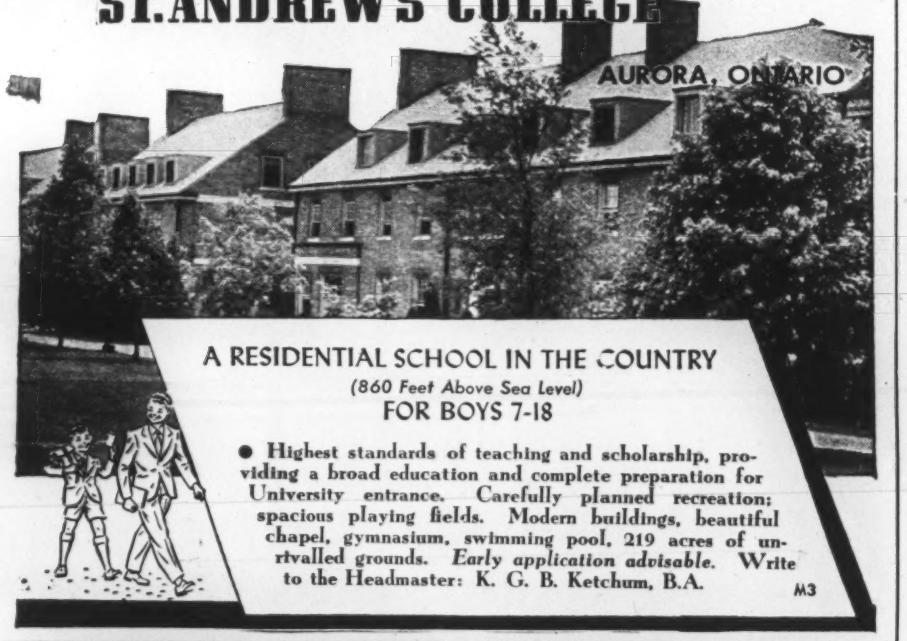

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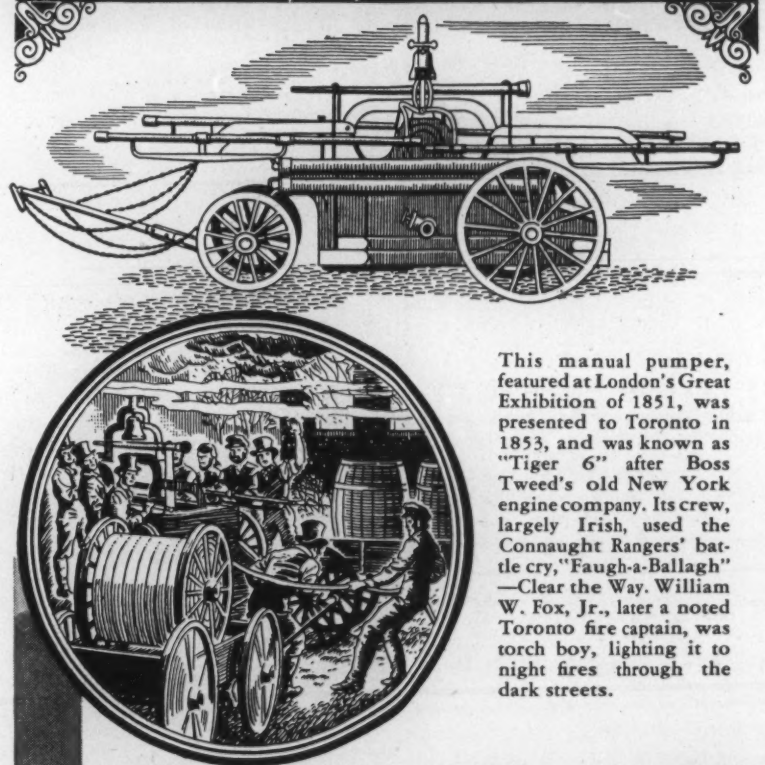


This manual pumper, featured at London's Great Exhibition of 1851, was presented to Toronto in 1853, and was known as "Tiger 6" after Boss Tweed's old New York engine company. Its crew, largely Irish, used the Connaught Rangers' battle cry, "Faugh-a-Ballagh" —Clear the Way. William W. Fox, Jr., later a noted Toronto fire captain, was torch boy, lighting it to night fires through the dark streets.

How Fires were fought in the 50's

DURING the 1850's, even in large Canadian cities, the manual engine, whose "brakes" or pump-handles were worked by muscle-power, was still the only means of obtaining water pressure to fight fires. But it had been greatly improved.

The bucket line was superseded by carters who hauled water to the fire in wooden puncheons at so much per trip, with prizes for those first on the spot.

Engines and hose reels (winding-drums mounted on light wheels) were hand drawn; ladders were carried. Volunteer fire companies were friendly rivals, whose picturesque dress uniforms brightened parades and social gatherings.

Many buildings were uninsured. But the GORE Mutual, founded by men of the Gore District in 1839, was rapidly reaching out through Upper Canada in an expansion which was to continue into a new century, keeping pace with the progress of a Canadian Confederation as yet unborn.

2-46

HEAD OFFICE
GALT ONT

GORE DISTRICT
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.
FIRE, AUTOMOBILE AND CASUALTY INSURANCE

"Ain't they just swell! Your man boozing all day with his buddies in a beer parlor an' you home with four kids an' nothin' in the house to feed 'em. That's why I'm on my way to my mother's now.

"I'll tell you, I'd like to get my hands on the ones that started this strike. I'd give 'em such a piece of my tongue they'd never start another!"

"I don't know what father's going to do next," observed his daughter despairingly. "He's painted the house inside and out. He's painted the garage and the fence. He's whitewashed the cellar. And he's just finished whitewashing underneath the veranda."

"*Underneath* the veranda? How'd he get in?"

"Took out the lattice and later replaced it. He whitewashed the inside of the steps and painted the window under the veranda white. Said it would lighten the cellar."

She shrugged helplessly. "What he'll do now to occupy himself, goodness only knows!"

Turn About

For years John Smith was the champion of the neighborhood children. When their shouts at play proved annoying to some on the street, John saved the day with a clever, humorous lecture to the culprits on the human voice and its effects on hearers.

John taped broken bats and hockey sticks, resewed balls and repaired mechanical toys.

After two months of enforced idleness, however, John Smith repeatedly shouted the children off the street.

"I am not a stooge of management," denied Nora Frances Henderson, Hamilton's fighting lady controller during her four-hour battle of August 8 in the City Council chamber, to secure passage for Stelco workers in and out of the besieged plant. "I have never welched on labor. I have always been a consistent friend of the little man and little woman. What I am stressing is that the fundamental liberties of a citizen are being denied to a very large number of our citizens in this community."

"The *Review*," says the Hamilton *Review* of Friday, August 16, "proposes to put itself on record. On this page many times Nora Frances Henderson has been criticized. Today this page puts itself on record as stating that Nora Frances has more guts than anyone we have seen at the City Hall for a long time. . . .

"The Editor of the *Review* would not have walked down the front steps of the City Hall after Thursday night's Council meeting. Nora did."

"Step up and sign this petition, friends. Before you leave the park, sign the petition to the Government that parliament shall not be prorogued until it settles the strikes in Hamilton upon the very fair basis of union proposals as submitted to the Parliamentary Committee on Industrial Relations.

"Sign your names and put your addresses on, too. Why your addresses? I'll tell you why, friends. So Nora You-know-who can't say we went out in the cemetery and dug them off the tombstones!"

Business Walkout

"Business is down twenty-five per cent at a minimum," declared a general merchant in the strike neighborhood. "Since goods are in short supply, we are not as worried as we would be if we could stock up freely."

"Business? Down thirty-five per cent at least," said a fruit store proprietor. "In addition, in our line the slower the turnover, the higher the loss from spoilage."

"Business? Down of course," admitted a butcher. "Union vouchers are helping though."

"It's having them come asking for credit that I mind most," sighed the motherly owner of a corner grocery. "Some I've known for years and it's hard when they're up against it not to carry them along. But then who's going to make *my* payments for *me*?"

"Put out every bottle," milk companies warn, "if you want milk. Ordinarily we get a carload a week. In the last month we haven't had a bottle."

In a chain store the girl behind the counter tried vainly to fit purchases into small bags labelled "Trumpet Coffee" and "Cooking Onions." "These are all I've had all afternoon," she sighed. "It does slow up service."

In a canning factory olives wait in brine for the rubber jar rings and metal covers required to bottle them.

"Clean up," says the forewoman as it approaches closing time. "We are cleaned up," announce the workers, spinning out employment. "Then clean up some more!"

In a large construction company laborers draw the nails from old cribbing and straighten them for use again.

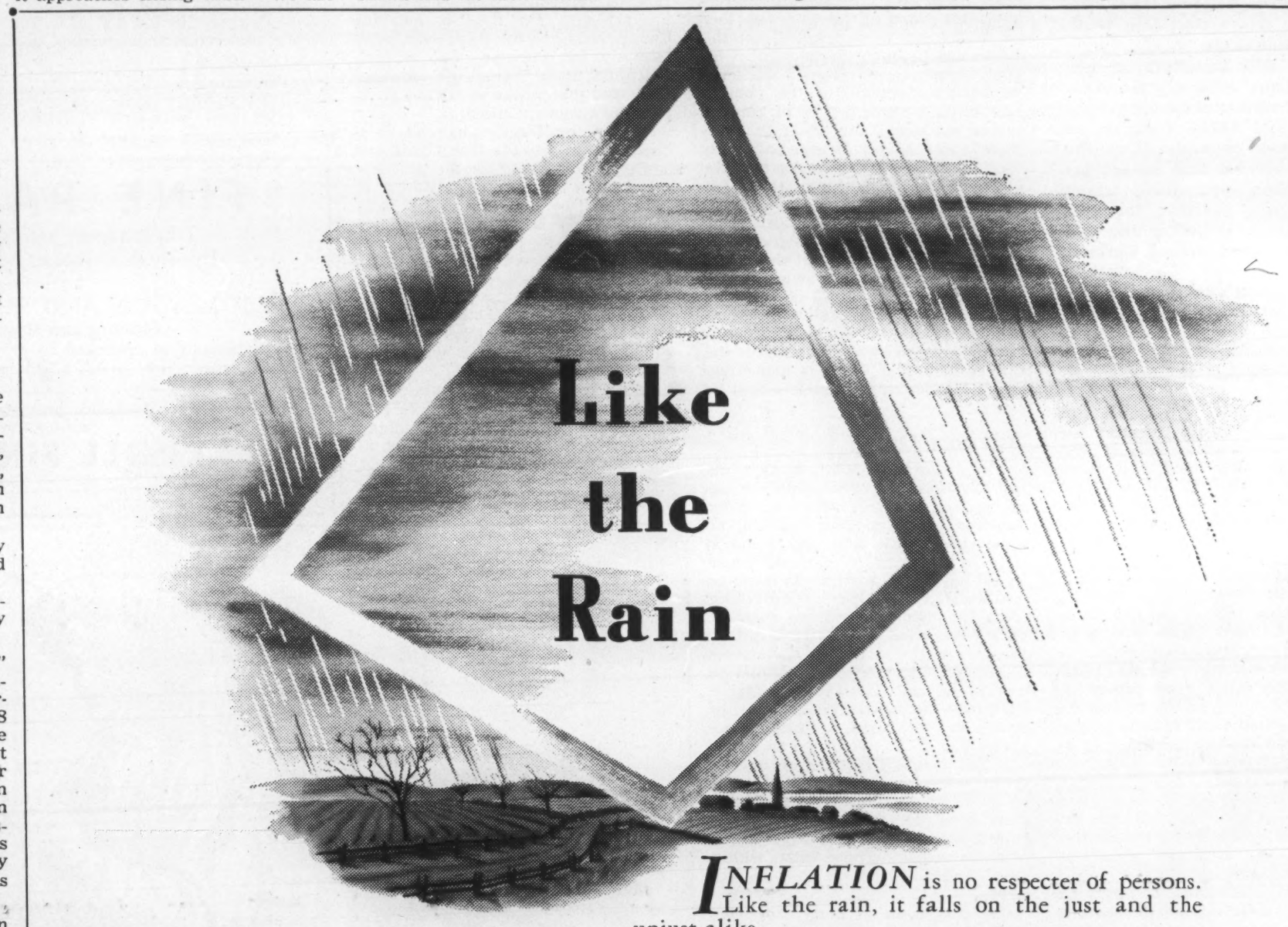
A carpenter arrives at work carrying a one-pound package of nails. "There's a keg in at Wood's," he shouts and the men scatter.

"Make a second trip," calls the boss, "and see if you can get an extra pound or two."

Outside the National Steel Car hundreds of skeletons of box cars lie in the fields, lacking sidings and lag screws.

"I'm going back to work," announced a striker. "My wife's sick; she needs good food; so do the kids. I want coal in the cellar for next winter. I want something to do. There's only one place to get these things. The union won't give them to me; Stelco will. I went out against my better judgment. Now I'm going back in.". . . .

"Fellow workers," declared a union representative, "our ranks are holding fast. There is no weakening. We will fight until victory is gained."



INFLATION is no respecter of persons. Like the rain, it falls on the just and the unjust alike.

If, through free and careless spending, inflation should descend upon Canada as it has upon many other nations, its evil would fall upon *everyone*.

Upon the shiftless, the thriftless, and the black market patrons . . . Yes . . .

But inflation's evil would fall equally on the "just"—those decent, honest, prudent citizens who observe the law and do not seek to satisfy selfish whims to the detriment of the community.

These, fortunately, are Canada's majority . . . these are Canada's No. 1 citizens. In their hands lies victory over inflation.

Here are their five cardinal points in personal financing:

- Hold on to Victory Bonds and Certificates.
- Buy only those goods which are in fair supply and save money for the day when goods now in short supply will be readily available.
- Avoid black market purchases.
- Keep up insurance.
- Build up savings accounts.

This is *conservation*—the first requisite of personal security—the first attribute of good citizenship.

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If You Are a No.1 Citizen You will look after No. 1...

This is not selfishness, but the realization that a community is no better, no sounder than its citizens.

D-79

SAVE FOR YOURSELF . . . AND YOU SAVE FOR CANADA

Labor Unity Is Still Far From Possible

By D. P. O'HEARN

There should be some heated times at the national labor conventions which start next week, Mr. O'Hearn says.

There will be efforts at both conventions to bring the Canadian Congress of Labor and the Trades and Labor Congress to some kind of unity. But the writer believes that except for some token recognition, which seems quite possible, there is little chance of getting the two bodies into any mutual working action.

The biggest excitement in the internal affairs of the Congresses is promised when the Trades and Labor Congress discusses domination by the A.F. of L.

AFTER the strikes of recent months it will be a strange sensation during the next few weeks to read of labor fighting within itself. In fact, for many of us it will take the advent of the national conventions of the two major labor congresses, the Canadian Trades and Labor Congress in Windsor starting next Wednesday, and the Canadian Congress of Labor in Toronto the following Monday; to bring back to mind that Canadian labor is still in its own ranks a very divided and very turbulent shop.

Both conventions promise much conflict. The labor conventions always do, but this year there are the additional stimulating factors of the long period between meetings (it is now two years since either Congress has had a national convention) and the many changes which have taken place in the labor situation both external and internal, in recent months, one of the most turbulent periods in our labor history.

Of the various issues common to labor generally which will be before both conventions, greatest contention probably may be expected on the question of labor unity. This, of course, is an old bone on which labor has chewed for ages, but for this year's get-togethers it will be back fatter and more open for gnawing than ever. And the fact that during the later years of the war, and then in the recent wage conflict months, labor has through circumstances become more closely aligned and even in various sections of the country has acted in some degree of concert, would encourage the belief that this year some slight degree of unity might actually be reached out of the conventions; something that has never happened before.

Motions will be before both meetings calling for various degrees, and various steps, of unity. Of those that seem probable now, the one proposal that would seem likely of adoption would be one calling for an advisory council of all labor organizations. Such a proposal will come before the conventions and there is some reasonable expectation that it might be successful.

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The important point is that the organization proposed would be *advisory*, and probably with very minor functions at that. There is still no apparent chance that any common body from the two Congresses which would have any work to do could be established. While organizations from the two have worked together on a local basis, the possibility that the two national bodies themselves might get together on any kind of a working basis is so remote that it isn't even in sight. The obstacle, of course, is the Trades and Labor Congress. The C.C.L. would go as far as it could on unity. But the older Congress, with its ever-present fear of being swallowed by its young brother, shies off the question like a frightened horse. It is a topic which even the extreme Communists within the C.T. & L.C. treat with some reserve.

Any step towards unity, however, no matter how small, marks an important change in the Canadian labor picture, and even the creation of such an innocuous body as noted above would have to be regarded seriously. The thought that it might be adopted is prompted by the belief that the need for a common voice on some of its problems has become so apparent in labor's ranks in recent months that a sufficiently large group within the C.T. & L.C. might feel the demand strongly enough to take some limited action.

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lished unions, is usually more sedate than the brawlish C.C.L. But the signs are that this time, for once, it will have a real battle.

One not unimportant point about this dispute is that it will separate the Trades Congress publicly into two factions. The Congress until now has not been strongly factional in public, with the Canadian Seamen's Union and the other Communist elements the only group within it definitely following a line. Balance within the rest of the Congress has been flexible, with much changing of alignment on particular issues. With a major question such as the present one, however, where strong feeling is involved, an inevitable result is that it will line up Congress on two sides and tend to weld two factions.

With the Canadian Congress of Labor the bulk of convention interest automatically centres on the balance of strength within the organization. Unlike the C.T. & L.C., which has a fairly even representation of all political groups, and in which the old parties probably predominate, the C.C.L. is a definite threeway grouping of C.C.F.'ers, Communists and independents.

Communist Challenge

The Communists, led by the United Electrical Workers, having gained in their west coast unions will be going to this year's meeting in greater strength than at the last convention, and they may be able to challenge the dominant C.C.F.-Millard group on some issues. There is no question of them challenging C.C.F. control. They are still far from strong enough in voting power to get their own officers in, and they get very little support from the independents, led by George Burt of the U.A.W., on this matter. But on matters of policy they should be able to give the C.C.F. group some bad times. The Communist-independent strength combined is greater than the C.C.F. and the Communists may be able to rally it all on an issue like the P.A.C., which it forced to a close vote at the last convention when it tried to get the Committee out of C.C.F. hands.

One subject which will come in for heated discussion will be the steel strike, and it is the topic most likely to bring into the open the behind-the-scenes play in the C.C.L. A good battle has been building up here since last spring, with the Communists forcing the issue and Millard receiving. At that time, when the Ford strike was over, and it was taken for granted that steel would be the crucial test on wages, it seemed likely that Millard would make a fairly easy settlement. The Communists, in fact, accused him of being willing to settle for as little as five cents, and it seems likely that at the time he would have agreed to at least ten.

Before the issue came to a head, however, the Communists took the play away by making their fifteen-cent settlement on the west coast, and the steel leader's hand was further forced when it became known a month before the strike was called that the Steel Company of Canada was out to bed-in and "break the strike." Of course, one can't say definitely how much these factors have affected Millard's course, but he already has come in for Communist criticism for being too easy in his demands, and he despite the gains he has made will certainly have lost something in prestige through the appearance of having been forced into his resistance by the opposition wing. He is not feeling kindly towards the Communists.

No particular excitement is promised in this year's elections. There is a rumor being bandied about that President Mosher of the C.C.L. is ready to resign. This, of course, would open up a bitter race, but it is only a rumor.

As an incidental note, one of the interesting aspects of the conventions is the presence of the United Mine Workers in the C.C.L. John Lewis, of course, switched the parent U.M.W. back to the A.F. of L. in the United States some time ago, but the Canadian organization so far has stayed in the C.C.L. Everybody takes for granted that it will be making the switch to the C.T. & L.C. just as soon as Lewis says so, but in the meantime it will be at the C.C.L. convention and voting on measures which it soon will be bound to view with brotherly hate.

Despite disagreements at the Paris Peace Conference, U.S. Senator Arthur Vandenberg believes that "substantial gains towards peace" have been made and that the differences between the democracies and Russia can eventually be amicably solved.

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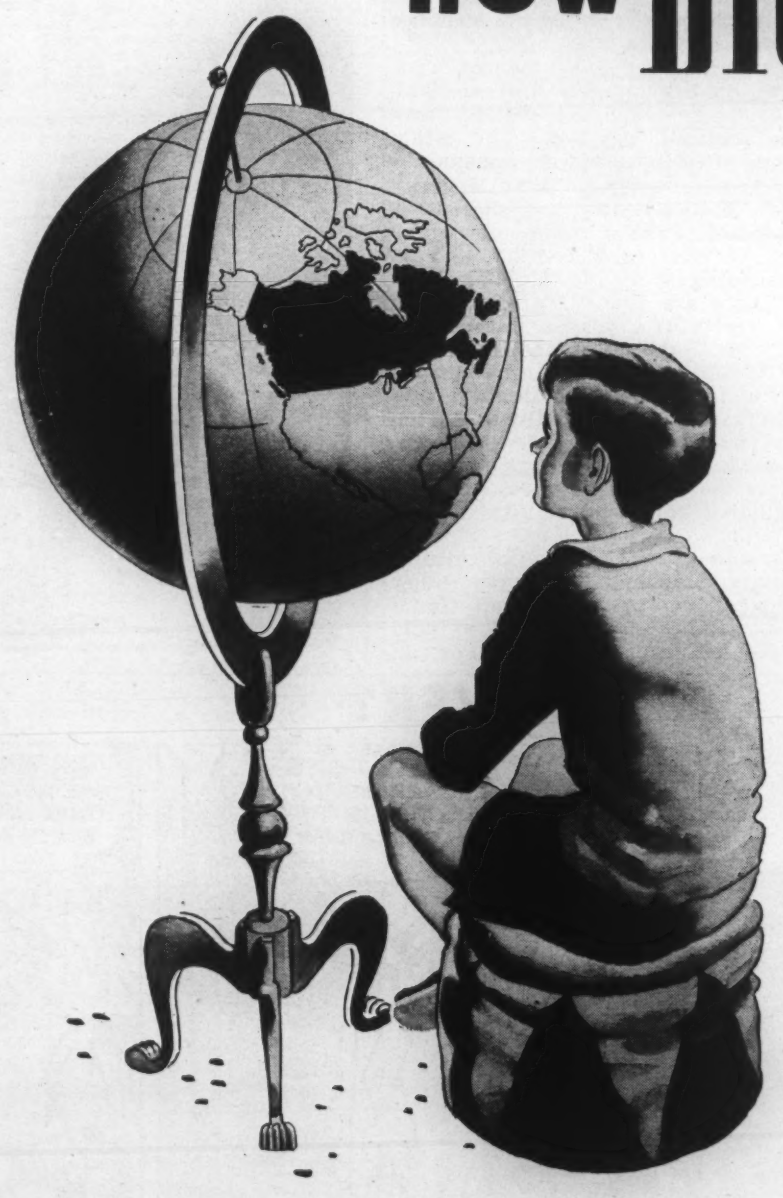

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lished unions, is usually more sedate than the brawlish C.C.L. But the signs are that this time, for once, it will have a real battle.

One not unimportant point about this dispute is that it will separate the Trades Congress publicly into two factions. The Congress until now has not been strongly factional in public, with the Canadian Seamen's Union and the other Communist elements the only group within it definitely following a line. Balance within the rest of the Congress has been flexible, with much changing of alignment on particular issues. With a major question such as the present one, however, where strong feeling is involved, an inevitable result is that it will line up Congress on two sides and tend to weld two factions.

With the Canadian Congress of Labor the bulk of convention interest automatically centres on the balance of strength within the organization. Unlike the C.T. & L.C., which has a fairly even representation of all political groups, and in which the old parties probably predominate, the C.C.L. is a definite threeway grouping of C.C.F.'ers, Communists and independents.

Communist Challenge

The Communists, led by the United Electrical Workers, having gained in their west coast unions will be going to this year's meeting in greater strength than at the last convention, and they may be able to challenge the dominant C.C.F.-Millard group on some issues. There is no question of them challenging C.C.F. control. They are still far from strong enough in voting power to get their own officers in, and they get very little support from the independents, led by George Burt of the U.A.W., on this matter. But on matters of policy they should be able to give the C.C.F. group some bad times. The Communist-independent strength combined is greater than the C.C.F. and the Communists may be able to rally it all on an issue like the P.A.C., which it forced to a close vote at the last convention when it tried to get the Committee out of C.C.F. hands.

One subject which will come in for heated discussion will be the steel strike, and it is the topic most likely to bring into the open the behind-the-scenes play in the C.C.L. A good battle has been building up here since last spring, with the Communists forcing the issue and Millard receiving. At that time, when the Ford strike was over, and it was taken for granted that steel would be the crucial test on wages, it seemed likely that Millard would make a fairly easy settlement. The Communists, in fact, accused him of being willing to settle for as little as five cents, and it seems likely that at the time he would have agreed to at least ten.

Before the issue came to a head, however, the Communists took the play away by making their fifteen-cent settlement on the west coast, and the steel leader's hand was further forced when it became known a month before the strike was called that the Steel Company of Canada was out to bed-in and "break the strike." Of course, one can't say definitely how much these factors have affected Millard's course, but he already has come in for Communist criticism for being too easy in his demands, and he despite the gains he has made will certainly have lost something in prestige through the appearance of having been forced into his resistance by the opposition wing. He is not feeling kindly towards the Communists.

No particular excitement is promised in this year's elections. There is a rumor being bandied about that President Mosher of the C.C.L. is ready to resign. This, of course, would open up a bitter race, but it is only a rumor.

As an incidental note, one of the interesting aspects of the conventions is the presence of the United Mine Workers in the C.C.L. John Lewis, of course, switched the parent U.M.W. back to the A.F. of L. in the United States some time ago, but the Canadian organization so far has stayed in the C.C.L. Everybody takes for granted that it will be making the switch to the C.T. & L.C. just as soon as Lewis says so, but in the meantime it will be at the C.C.L. convention and voting on measures which it soon will be bound to view with brotherly hate.

Despite disagreements at the Paris Peace Conference, U.S. Senator Arthur Vandenberg believes that "substantial gains towards peace" have been made and that the differences between the democracies and Russia can eventually be amicably solved.

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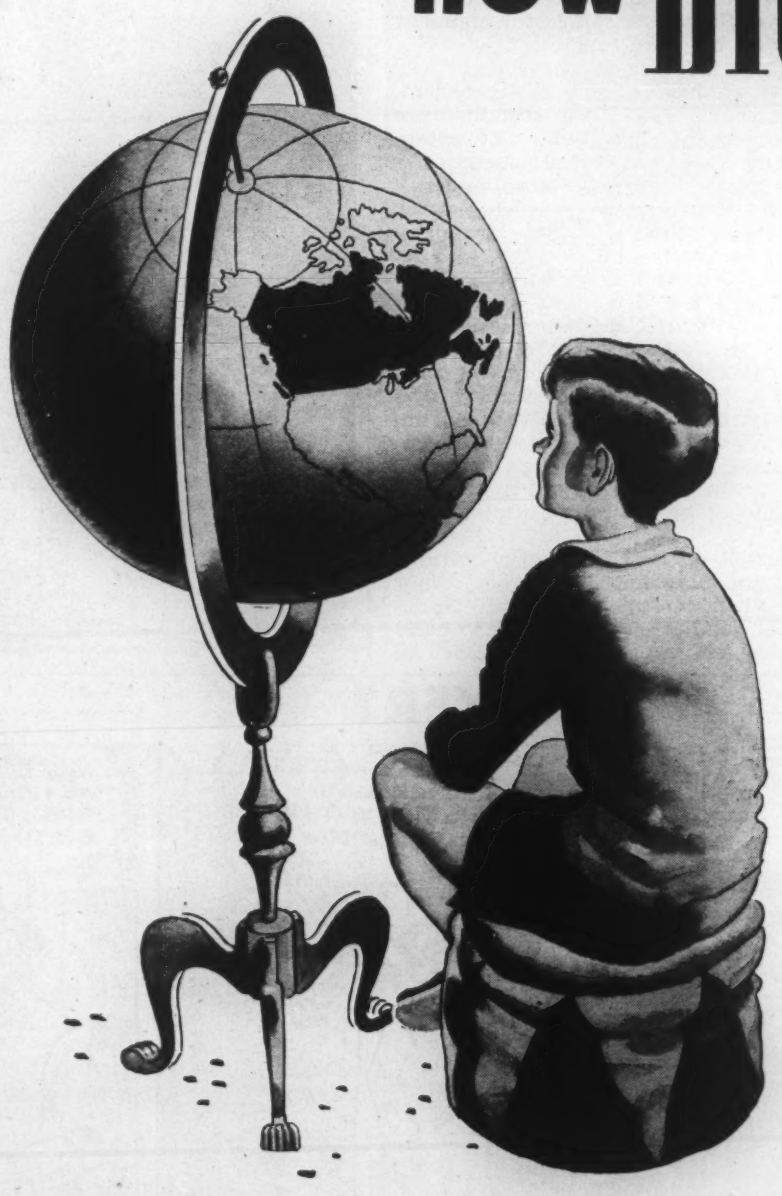

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GIVE ECONOMICAL NATION-WIDE COVERAGE

Western Ontario Holds Summer Opera Series

By LUCILLE GISCOME

Last month the Western Ontario Conservatory of Music completed its six-weeks Opera Workshop Course with two concerts of operatic excerpts from "Rigoletto", "Faust" and "The Magic Flute". Composer - conductor Alfred Rosé did excellent work in preparing London clerks, business executives and industrial workers for singing roles in Italian, French or German—languages that had been strange to them.

LONDON, ONTARIO, was enriched this summer with an endowment straight from the best operatic traditions of Vienna—a heritage which may well lead to the development of a real people's opera company in Canada.

Under the direction of the former Viennese composer-conductor Alfred Rosé, Western Ontario Conservatory of Music held a six-weeks Opera Workshop course. Clerks, housepainters, farmers, industrial workers, teachers and business executives enrolled in the classes, held four evenings a week at Western University.

At its conclusion, the Workshop students gave two concerts of operatic excerpts at Convocation Hall at the end of August. Their vocal and dramatic skill surpassed many of Europe's medium-sized opera companies, their director admitted.

Mr. Rosé has heard most of these companies. He is a former assistant conductor of the Vienna State Opera (1922-1927), a nephew of the great modern symphonist Gustav Mahler, a son of Arnold Josef Rosé, founder of the world-acclaimed Rosé String Quartet. A talented pianist who studied with Rudolf Serkin under Professor Richard Robert, Alfred Rosé toured America in 1928 as accompanist with his father's string quartet.

The members of the Opera Workshop sang excerpts from "Rigoletto", "Faust" and "The Magic Flute" in their two concerts. Few of the 30 singers had any previous nodding acquaintance with Italian, French or German. Yet they acted their lines so vividly, with such precise emphasis on words, that their audiences entered fully into the emotional spirit of the dramas. Their leader's teaching technique was most evident in "The Magic Flute" with its variety of moods and fine opportunities for the full chorus. Mr. Rosé fulfilled the dual role of director and orchestra, achieving orchestral effects from the piano.

Capturing Atmosphere

How was it possible to reach such heights with a short-term amateur group?

"The atmosphere of an opera can be perfectly captured only in its original language," director Rosé replied. "Atmosphere is a thing you cannot translate. But it is quite possible for a singer to sing well in a language he does not speak. The meaning of what is sung can be learned; every note can be sung perfectly and with such feeling that the audience understands what is being expressed."

Operas may be sung in English, of course, if they are written in the English language, out of the experience and culture of the English-speaking peoples, Mr. Rosé explains.

"Our workshop classes began with a complete analysis of the opera's plot and characters. During the first month we threw ourselves into exacting rehearsals, but we levelled off easily for the last two weeks, relaxing into the parts."

Members of the Opera Workshop agreed that Mr. Rosé had an inexhaustible capacity for intensive work. But his sympathetic patience and wit helped them over many a hump, they added. A son of Yorkshire, experiencing difficulty with Verdi's emotional roles, caught the spirit quickly when Rosé explained his own experience learning Italian. "Puccini taught me to swear in good, round Italian oaths," he assured the class.

"Mr. Rosé insisted on precision," stated Patrick Wells, insurance company executive, who sang a spirited Sparafucile in "Rigoletto". "'You may string out Puccini's eighth-notes as long as you like,' he warned, 'but when Mozart says an eighth-note, the results are ruinous if you drag it into a quarter-note'."

Singing Welder

London's "singing welder", Archie Henderson, whose natural, full-range bass-baritone shows much promise, had his greatest difficulty with the German tongue. "But I was soon doing it in spite of myself and enjoying it," he commented.

Harvey Robb, director of music at Western University, fathered the Opera Workshop idea for the Conservatory of Music. Casting about for a director, he was told about Alfred Rosé by Mrs. Max Pirani, an accomplished violinist who, with her husband, is on the university's music staff.

"I sent Mr. Rosé a note in Cincinnati; he replied yes. It was as simple as that," Mr. Robb marvelled.

"Mrs. Pirani is practically one of my oldest friends," Mr. Rosé added. "She came from Melbourne, Australia, to study the violin with my father. When we met again through the Opera Workshop after 23 years, my wife and I talked with her for hours without stopping."

Mrs. Rosé, an artist and journalist, is a daughter of Ferdinand Schmutzer, for many years president of the Vienna Academy of Art and leading Austrian painter and etcher.

Mr. and Mrs. Rosé have experienced other happy reunions since their voluntary exile from Nazi-overrun Austria in 1938—reunions with Toscanini, Serkin, Bruno Walter, Lotte Lehman, Marian Anderson, George Szell who has often conducted the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Richard Strauss gave Rosé his first baton, when he was 20, and said, "You will conduct next Wednesday."

Civic Opera Units

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"America has good voices. The vocal quality is generally excellent. The younger singers especially have fine physical qualities. The establishment of local opera companies is the greatest need of these singers."

Mr. Rosé's views are shared by Professor Fred Landon, vice-president of Western University, and by music director Harvey Robb.

"There are two ways of utilizing the wealth of Canadian musical talent," Mr. Robb adds. "You may rely on 'godfather' endowment ventures which flop when the donor grows weary, or you may cultivate the interest and support of the whole community, as we do through Western, where the university represents both a guiding hand and cultural leadership."

In spite of its high level of cultural activity, London, like every other Canadian centre, finds itself financially handicapped in efforts to build a people's art movement. For an opera company, an essential requirement should now be available since the Little Theatre purchased the old Grand Theatre with its immense stage and fine natural acoustics. Splendid orchestral talent exists in London, requiring only finances and cooperation. But most important factor of all is the continued availability of Alfred Rosé, one of the world's leading opera directors who is only three hours by air from London.

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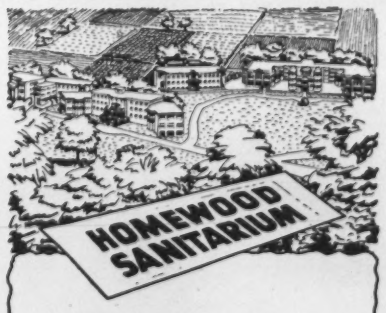

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Montreal Experiences Theatre Renaissance

By CHARLES B. RITTENHOUSE

Community theatre in Montreal has experienced a remarkable renaissance—in classic revivals, experimental productions, modern drama, and in excellent directing and design.

Mr. Rittenhouse has been associated with various little theatre bodies for over fourteen years as producer or director. He is now employed as Supervisor of Drama for Montreal's Protestant Schools. Formerly he taught Drama and Playwriting at Queen's University Summer School.

COMMUNITY theatre has come of age in Montreal. There can be no question about it. During the past two years there has been not only far more dramatic activity than ever before, but the quality and variety of that activity have been notable.

Theatre lovers are no longer offered little besides a short-rationed fare of more-or-less smoothly presented stock plays. On the amateur schedules have appeared classic revivals (several of them), experimental productions, serious modern drama, and, most interesting of all, the occasional première. What is just as important, many of these productions have been staged with style. Directing and designing, particularly designing, have more often than not, been mature, knowing, and sensitive, while the acting has almost invariably been sincere and conscientious—and in an astonishing number of cases excellent.

To top it all, this activity has on the whole been well supported. Where once three performances sufficed, groups are now holding over for four, five, even ten showings. Furthermore, reviewers are no longer brushing-off the amateurs with short, non-committal notices. They are beginning to criticize intelligently and at length, even blessedly to damn. In short, Community Theatre can now usually count on a good public, profit, and publicity.

A feature of this renaissance has been the success of several new "art" groups. First of these, perhaps, in public approval, has been the Shakespeare Society which made a costly and colorful bow with "Much Ado About Nothing" at Moyse Hall, playing to capacity for six nights.

Rhythmic Shakespeare

The Shakespeare Society has evolved a method of staging that is remarkable. A formal setting is used, based on the structure of the Elizabethan stage and with no front curtain, thus permitting a rhythmic flow of action without scene-breaks. But this setting is completely different for each play and in no sense antiquarian. Thus, the "Elizabethan stage" for "Much Ado" was *Italianate* in its smart, opulent décor, while that for "Lear" was sombre, massive, and archaic, according to the sketches. Variety is achieved mainly by the use of impressionistic set-pieces placed in the "inner-stage." Herbert Whittaker, drama editor of the Montreal *Gazette*, designs both sets and costumes.

L'Equipe, a new French Art Theatre, made a considerable stir last winter with its première of "Huis Clos," a mordant fantasy of the hereafter by Jean Paul Sartre, advocate of Existentialism. So successful was this, that L'Equipe's 23-year old director, Pierre Dagenais, was chosen by M. Sartre, who came to Montreal for a private viewing, to stage a planned Broadway translation.

Other ventures by L'Equipe were "Liliom," and an open-air "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the latter also resulting in an appointment for Pierre Dagenais, this time to direct "King Lear" and so unite French and English theatre practice in Montreal. Indeed, in this young man, Montreal would seem to have discovered its first virtuoso director.

Third and most active of the new groups is the C.A.T.S. or the Canadian Art Theatre. Launching itself in the fall of '44 with fervent, almost too fervent fanfares, it set out to demonstrate its idealism by running a very hard-working School of Theatre Arts, a Children's Theatre, and by staging a series of translations from Hauptmann ("Hannele"), Molière ("The Imaginary Invalid"), Ibsen ("Ghosts"), and Andreyev ("He Who Gets Slapped"). In addition, there was a spring production of "Mixed Doubles," by S. G. Brett of St. Catharines, Ontario, winner of a 3-Act Canadian play competition sponsored by the group.

Danger: One Personality

So much for the new groups. They have weathered over two years and seem to be in a fairly sound position. They have been daring, imaginative, and uncompromising, and their audiences are growing steadily. Each, however, revolves mainly around one personality. Therein lies their danger.

The well-established groups have also been caught up in a rebirth of enthusiasm and activity. The Montreal Repertory Theatre, now guided by Mildred Mitchell, is in its fourth year of tenure of a converted dance studio in central Montreal. "The Corn Is Green" celebrated its 100th production.

Most interesting and successful of its productions the past season have been, perhaps, William Sarovan's "The Beautiful People," and Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," which was staged in the 18th Century manner with proscenium doors, candlelight, sliding wings, and drops.

The M.R.T. is now completely self-supporting, selling out usually for each of its ten performances of each play, and maintaining a full-time production staff headed by Doreen Lewis as production manager, and the brilliant scene designer and painter, Hans Berends, as technical director.

The Trinity Players, the oldest English-speaking and one of the most affluent amateur organizations in Canada, approaching half a century of continued activity, reports another hugely successful financial season, highlighted by an excellently acted hit, "The Hasty Heart". The most important note, though, is that sketches are now being made for a Trinity Memorial Theatre to house these players. When built, this will be Montreal's first private theatre.

The Y.M.H.A. Little Theatre, another well-organized and solvent group of long standing, preferring "strong" American drama, reached its peak this past season with a lively production of Thornton Wilder's "The Skin of Our Teeth". A theatrical treat. This group occasionally does a revival, the most recent of them being "The Cherry Orchard," and also takes a fling now and then at Yiddish drama (e.g., "Hidden Roots").

McGill Appointment

Thornton Wilder was also represented by two showings of the ever-popular "Our Town," one by the English Department of McGill, the other by the West Hill High School Players. Both received excellent notices, the McGill showing being notable for introducing Elmer Hall as director. Mr. Hall has been appointed to McGill under a Carnegie grant to develop the arts of the theatre among undergraduates. Another unusual scholastic event was the University of Montreal's "Phèdre," by Racine, directed by and starring the great French actress Piteoff.

One of the most remarkable theatrical organizations in Canada, or anywhere else for that matter, is Les Compagnons. This company swam into the ken of Montrealers when it started to produce in the city instead of in the magnificently equipped theatre of the suburban Collège de St Laurent with its 60 foot deep stage. But as a sort of alumni offshoot of that college's dramatic activity, it can lay claim to a longer production history than any other dramatic organization in the world. Before the Fathers of the Collège de St Laurent came to Canada, their educational methods included dramatic presentation. And so it is that Les Compagnons can trace their ancestry back to the religious thespians of the 16th century.

For some idealistic reason Les Compagnons choose to remain anonymous, a rather pointless display of modesty since their audiences (including the reviewers) know perfectly well who everyone is, and credits, if nameless, are none the less appreciated. Maybe they feel that anonymity helps them to achieve good ensemble playing, which is very hard to believe. Be that as it may, the company attracts one of the widest publics in Montreal, and does so with extremely unconventional productions. For example, last year's startling "Picrocole," adapted from Rabelais, has become a name among Montreal lovers of stylistic novelty in the theatre. Last season Les Compagnons opened with André Obey's beautiful "Noé," and followed that with showings of "On ne Badine pas avec L'Amour" by de Musset, and Anouilh's charming "Le Bal des Voleurs". All three productions, however, left some of us hoping that Les Compagnons' style was not going to become a mannerism.

So much then for the past season in Montreal. Merely listing the titles of the plays chosen for presentation should be an indication of the new and serious purpose behind the Community Theatre. Popular entertainment can no longer be considered the credo of an amateur theatre movement which places such names at the head of its programs: Shakespeare, Molière, Racine, Goldsmith, Ibsen, Tchekov, Andreyev, de Musset, Obey, Saroyan, Anouilh, Wilder, and Sartre. Technique and artistry have advanced along with taste.

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GARDENS OF TODAY

Autumn is the Planting Time for Bulbs, Shrubs and Perennials

By COLLIER STEVENSON

EVEN though it is mid-September there still are many garden responsibilities and any number of garden possibilities, the latter wonder-working for the gardening year that lies immediately ahead, as well as for all the years to come after. For while the sunny days of autumn usually are followed by frosty nights, the calendar comes forward wih an ideal planting season for bulbs, perennials, shrubs and trees.

No enthusiastic gardener will let go the opportunity which autumn offers for making changes or additions that will enhance the effectiveness of his gardening efforts, but beginners in horticultural endeavor may be hesitant about introducing varieties which formerly they associated only with the spring planting season. As a matter of fact, fall planting is distinctly advantageous for several quite logical reasons. First of all, the soil naturally is warmer than in the spring—and that invites a quick and favorable reaction on the transplanted roots, whatever their character may be. Then, too, the usually generous outpourings of rain during the autumn months are a further stimulus to sturdy subterranean growth, making for earlier and more vigorous progress during the succeeding spring season.

Bulbs for Beauty

Lilies—a particularly good source of garden glamour—should have a prominent place on fall planting lists. While it is now too late to plant the popular Madonna lily, the ideal time for other exquisite varieties comes in the late fall. That, for instance, is true of the brilliantly-hued apricot Azalea, the Concolor and the Phyllis Cox of contrasting reds. Of other varieties the Auratum and the Regale are outstanding. Although both are white, the Regale throat shades to canary-yellow, while the Auratum flowers are spotted in crimson and banded in gold. As for a more recent introduction, Coronation presents flowers of glowing yellow. An early-blooming lily is Umbellatum, notable for its large orange-red flowers. Of course, this listing is too brief to include all of the lily-bulbs that now are available, but at least it indicates the diversity of color. And a nice thing about lilies is that they can be grown successfully in almost any type of garden soil free from excessive moisture.

Many home-gardeners in the past have neglected the lily, concentrating instead on the tulips, hyacinths and daffodils, and on such smaller-flowered bulbs as the scilla, the crocus and the grape hyacinth. Actually, every effort should be made to plant some of each so that the spring blooming season of the conventional bulbs may be prolonged into summer by a colorful array of lilies.

Tulips always seem to top all other bulbs in popularity—and quite justifiably; for their flowers are notably long-lasting, infinitely varied in color and form, as well as in stem-length. Hyacinths, although perhaps more associated with indoor culture, are a real delight in spring gardens with their fragrance and their range of blue and violet, yellow, red and pink to snowy white. Daffodils, although confined to white and yellow, are so attractive, so diversified in form, that they should have a prominent place in any garden.

Shrubs for Variety

Obviously, nothing in the way of a comprehensive list of garden shrubs can be given here, but at least a few varieties outstanding by reason of either foliage, flower or berry can be listed. The Russian olive, for instance, is notable on account of its silvery foliage; the purple broom for its spring masses of rosy-purple blooms; the lead-plant for its downy, grayish foliage and bluish-purple flowers; the cotoneaster and the winged euonymus for their lovely autumn fruit; and the mahonia for its holly-like foliage and bluish berries. There also are several particularly interesting yellow-leaved shrubs, such as golden syringa, the golden elder and one variety of spirea. The silver-leaf dogwood is another shrub too attractive to miss.

There are, too, many interesting shrubs which bear long-familiar names, such as the althea or rose of Sharon, the bridal wreath, the privet, the Japanese barberry (available with either green or red foliage) and the bush honeysuckle, which is made colorful by bright-hued berries. Some of these old-time favorites are particularly well suited to hedge planting — and how immeasurably well-cared-for hedges add to the attractiveness of a home! Incidentally, the problem of assuring a satisfactory hedge for a densely shaded location can be solved by the flowering currant.

Then, suitable for fall planting, there is an endless array of the perennials that are so increasingly in favor. Hardy phlox, old but ever-new, has a wonderful range of color and a hardiness that justifies the name. Sweet William, delphinium, gaillardia, centaurea, Michaelmas daisies, astilbe, campanula, dianthus, helianthus, gypsophila, lupine, platycodon, lychnis and poppies—even these do not begin to suggest the number of beauty-creating perennials which can be incorporated in a garden-scheme today.

Ornamental Trees

Here are some of the trees—berried or flowered—that should be of special appeal to many garden-lovers. Speaking of trees, garden owners sometimes lose sight of the fact that many an established tree can be given a new lease on life and definitely bettered in appearance by skilful pruning under the hands of expert tree surgeons. Plan, then, that the possibilities of any existing trees on the home-grounds be looked into before new trees are ordered. That may avoid future disappointment.

Almost tropical in appearance, and thus very effective in garden planting, the Western catalpa or Indian bean produces great clusters of white flowers, which are followed by decorative beanlike fruit. With leaves resembling palms in delicacy, the European mountain ash or rowan tree offers the additional beauty of white flowers that develop into glowing red-berried pendulums.

Right in the front rank of flowering trees, however, stands the tulip tree. To the attractiveness of conspicuously large light green leaves, this variety adds big sweet-scented flowers of a unique soft yellowish-green. Another flowering tree is the black locust, sometimes identified as false acacia. White blossoms and graceful pinnate leaves distinguish this fine tree, which, by the way, thrives even in dry locations.

And now we come to the hawthorn, often classified as a shrub yet listed by some growers as small trees. The hawthorn presents a number of excellent varieties, ranging from white to pink in their floral offerings. A pyramidal type bears white single flowers. A beautiful double pink variation is conspicuous and profuse in bloom, and there is also a pleasing double white.

Do you know the flowering crabs? They are well worth cultivating. There is a yellow-fruited variety and a white-flowered type fruited in reddish-brown. Another carries pink buds, which develop into white flowers, followed by handsome red berries. Still another is a decidedly ornamental variety, pink flowered, and beautiful in both foliage and form of growth. Then there is one with deep crimson flowers and purplish foliage and, finally, one with reddish leaves and blossoms.

Bulb planting time is now in sight—and that's a signal to select the bulbs that will glamorize next year's Springtime gardens. *Photo by Malak*

INFINITESIMAL

TAKE
From the paean of spring
One bird-note
And a poet, somewhere, will miss it.

Take
From the thickly-tubbed sky
One point of light
And some earnest star-gazer is troubled.

Take
From the lips of love
One syllable of assurance.
And the listening heart will break.

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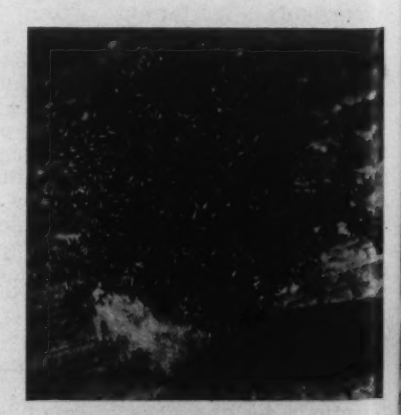

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THE SCIENCE FRONT

A Person's Age Is an Unreliable Gauge of His Working Ability

By JOHN J. O'NEILL

New York.

A NEW system of rating individuals on the basis of their over-all physical condition instead of by age in terms of years was urged by Dr. Harry Benjamin, of New York, in a recent address at the Academy of Medicine.

Dr. Benjamin, an authority on gerontology—the science of old age—insists that the number of years a person has lived is not a truthful index of the individual's physiological condition, or his physiological age. We should arrange, he believes, a physiological age index.

All present rules, laws and regulations concerning hiring for jobs, advancement to higher positions, holding public office, retirement and other social and economic processes are stated in terms of calendar years, causing frequent injustices and hardships for individuals and fundamental economic and social losses to the community.

Dr. Benjamin believes that what we call old age is a disease, and that this disease is no more inevitable than any other diseases, that it can be prevented with proper precautionary measures and that even after its onset its effects can be ameliorated to a great extent.

"Gerontotherapy—the treatment of old age—can not only add years to life but add life to years," he says. "Its objective is to extend the platform of efficiency into later life."

Adhering to a fixed age, in terms of years, for retirement of individuals is fair neither to the individual nor the community, according to Dr. Benjamin. Many individuals are physiologically young at sixty and sixty-five years, and if retirement is forced upon them society loses the productive benefits of their abilities. On the other hand, the members of another group are physiologically old before reaching the retirement age, and they are "carried along" in substandard activity.

"In both instances," says Dr. Benjamin, "an application of gerontotherapeutic principles would be invaluable. This therapy could not only reactivate the aged, but would form an incentive for the younger and middle-aged employee to keep well by taking advantage of its prophylactic values."

Concerning the approach to the treatment of old age, Dr. Benjamin asserts: "Hormone as well as vitamin deficiencies are the inevitable companions of the ageing process. Preventive measures must precede and accompany therapeutic efforts. Proper nutrition is an outstanding factor in the management of the aged."

In recent centuries, and particularly in the last 100 years, there has been a rapid increase in life-span expectancy and realization. The population of this country has doubled its average life span in the latter period. The rate of increase is continuing and increasing. This situation involves both individual and national problems.

Economic Change

The percentage and number of younger individuals in the population is decreasing and of older individuals increasing. The economic structure will have to be manned to a vastly greater extent by older men, those formerly considered beyond the retirement age.

As a result of this situation we will hear less of the slogan, "Youth must be served," which, from the most charitable viewpoint, was nothing more than propaganda to justify kicking older men out of jobs so that more energetic and profitable younger ones could be put in their places. Under the existing situation a more honest evaluation of individuals will be required. There will continue to be, however, a premium on energy and ability. Older men will be required to maintain the same standards of health and activity as the younger men. The increasing mechanization of industry, however, is making it ever less necessary for workers to maintain themselves on the physical plane of truck horses.

Old age is undoubtedly the major disease afflicting mankind; more persons are suffering from it than from any other disease, and it is undoubtedly a major factor in the great majority of deaths attributed to specific diseases among those more than forty years old. We have 13,000,000 older than sixty and 9,000,000 older than sixty-five. Old age is therefore the principal problem facing the biological sciences, and a solution eventually will be found.

Potential Immortality

Practically all biologists are in agreement that the simple single-cell organisms, given the proper environment, possess potential immortality. The larger animals are composed of single-cell units arranged in a highly organized manner. Why the highly complex organism dies is a mystery. It is almost invariably caused by a break-down in the complex-organization factors. Individual cells will live long after the body dies. Even whole organs have been kept alive for long periods after removal from the body. The tissues of the Carrell chicken heart are still alive after more than thirty years of test-tube existence.

We may have within our bodies the secret of eternal youth. There is one type of cell within the human body that does not grow old. It still possesses the same physiological age as it did a million years ago. It is the germ cell. It lives within the body, builds a body around itself and is able to maintain a condition of potential immortality.

The probable explanation of this mystery is presented by Dr. George Alfred Baitsell, professor of biology at Yale University, in his book "Human Biology" (McGraw-Hill). He says, "it seems reasonable to suppose that the primary factor lies in being able to break away from the gradually ageing body in which they were produced and to secure a new and more favorable environment."

A philosopher considering this viewpoint might be tempted to conclude that the human being is not the finest and most successful item in the living world and is merely the mechanism by which the germ cells contrive to produce more germ cells, and it is the germ cell, therefore, that is the most successful organism.

The present germ cells may, and probably do, contain the pattern for the further evolution of the human race in which the body will be a more complete expression of the patterns in the germ cells. As the body evolves it may achieve a greatly extended longevity in which youth will continue for a century or perhaps several centuries, and it will not be necessary for the germ cell to seek a new body to live in before the fourth decade has passed. Science should be able to hasten this goal.

CULTURE AND SORE FEET

NEW YORKERS aren't the people who go to museums. My feet hurt just thinking of what I have been through recently in my efforts to get some culture into my children, lately from the wilds of Vermont. And I'm not really sure they have learned anything. I'll never forget the time we got separated in the Museum of Natural History and I went around asking the guards anxiously if they had seen three children of assorted size and sex: while unbeknownst to me the children went around asking the guards if they had seen a short, fat lady in a red hat, and if one did show up please hold her until called for.

—I. M. P. in the N.Y. *Herald Tribune*.

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Many people ask "What is the life span of a tree?" The answer to such a question, of course, depends largely on the species of the tree. The longevity of any species of tree is dependent on the suitability of growing conditions. Trees in the city are handicapped by unnatural growing conditions and consequently require more attention to preserve longevity. Pruning is of the utmost importance to insure long life for your trees.

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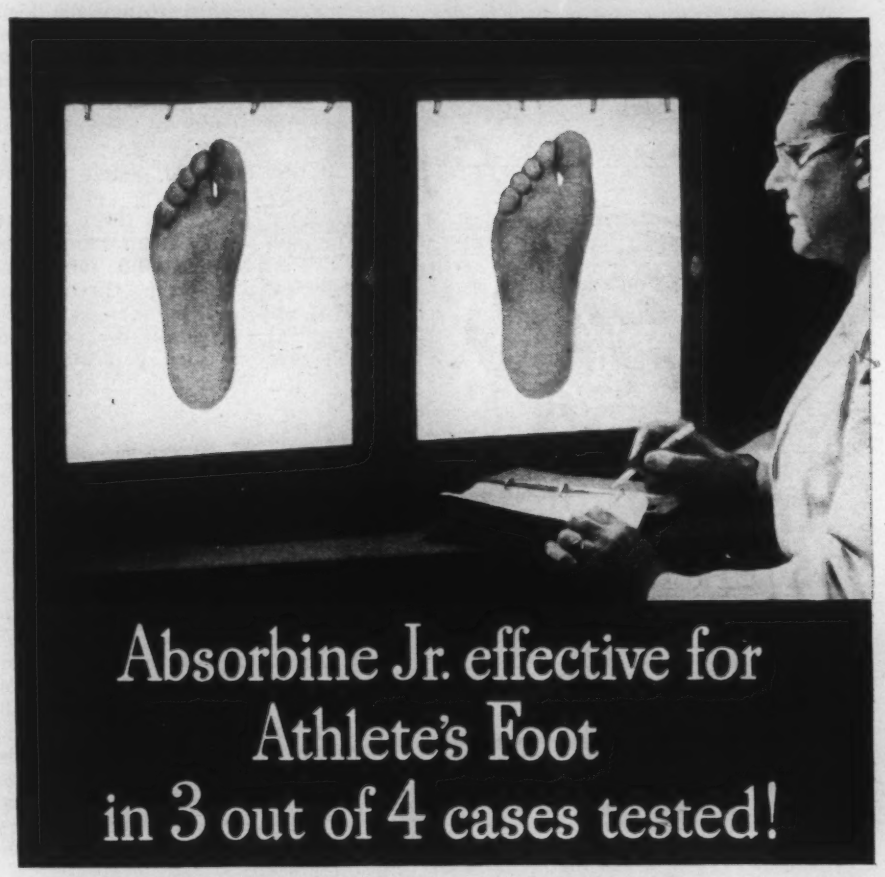


Absorbine Jr. effective for Athlete's Foot in 3 out of 4 cases tested!

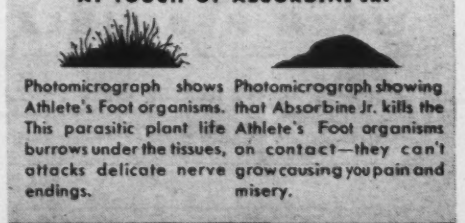
Clinical tests, laboratory tests prove Absorbine Jr. may relieve *your* Athlete's Foot symptoms, too!

To kill laboratory cultures of the organisms which cause painful Athlete's Foot is one thing. But to reach and kill them on the living tissues of human feet is far more difficult.

However, that is exactly what Absorbine Jr. has been proved to do in 3 out of 4 cases which were tested under strictest clinical and laboratory control.

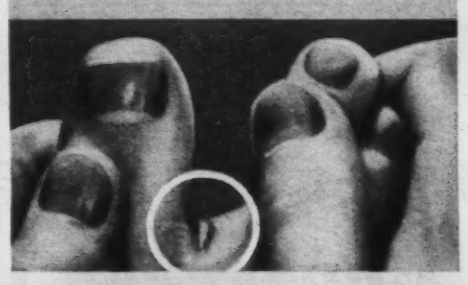
REPEAT—3 out of 4 suffering from Athlete's Foot got complete relief—not partial relief, complete relief, from the symptoms of this painful skin condition by application of Absorbine Jr.

ATHLETE'S FOOT ORGANISMS DIE AT TOUCH OF ABSORBINE JR.



Photomicrograph shows Athlete's Foot organisms. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, attacks delicate nerve endings.

Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills the Athlete's Foot organisms on contact—they can't grow causing you pain and misery.



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Guard against reinfection! Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect your shoes. In advanced cases, consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all drugstores.

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Absorbine Jr.

kills Athlete's Foot organisms on contact

LONDON LETTER

Squatters Solve Housing Problem by Seizing Old Service Huts

By P. O'D.

London.

ONLY a few months ago, the "Vigilantes." Now the "Squatters." The Vigilantes made a business of popping unhoused families into any vacant premises they could find. The Squatters pop themselves into disused army-huts. The Vigilantes were very quickly and finally dealt with. The Squatters are likely to prove a larger and thornier problem. For one thing, there are very many more of them. For another, there is a great deal of public sympathy with them in their admittedly illegal proceeding.

There are, in this country, something like 850 redundant service-camps. Everywhere you go you come upon them, dreary collection of shacks, generally surrounded by high barb-wire fences. Some are better than others, of course, but the average of habitability is low. That a large number of families in this country should regard them as desirable places in which to live—so desirable that they are willing to defy the authorities and go in and take possession—this surely is a grim reminder of the acuteness of the housing problem, and of the horrible congestion and discomfort in which tens of thousands of people are living.

Naturally there has been a loud and furious outcry from the mandarins of Whitehall, who see themselves defied. Vague threats are made of action to be taken. Squatters are warned of unsanitary conditions and the impossibility of living in the huts in the winter. But the Squatters so far show little sign of being frightened. They seem to think that if soldiers could live in the huts, they can. Besides, a great many of them are ex-soldiers, who probably have some pretty good ideas about making the places at least livable. They did it before.

It is really the authorities who are to blame. They "asked for it." They promised houses, which have not been built. And here are houses (at any rate, shelters) standing idle and gradually falling to pieces, while Departments at Whitehall cannot make up their minds either to use them themselves, or to pass them on to those who can. Small wonder that, even in this very law-abiding country, harassed people have decided to act on their own.

While there is general sympathy with the Squatters, there is also considerable anxiety about the situation. Movements of this sort have a way of spreading. Squatting might easily become a habit and extend to other premises than disused army-huts. When a local sports-club down in Kent went the other day to hold a meeting at their little pavilion, they found a family taking possession.

"Go away," said the father. "You can't hold a meeting here. We're moving in."

That particular "squat" probably didn't last very long, but it is an indication of what might happen on a large scale if the authorities do not act quickly. No doubt, they will. But it seems likely that most of the Squatters already in army-camps will remain there, if only because public feeling would hardly tolerate their being driven back to the horrible conditions from which they have emerged. Indeed many local authorities are already taking steps to make the places more habitable. Even at the best, it is to be feared that they can't do very much.

Black Market in Cars

Recently a friend of mine was so fortunate as to get a new car—not a Rolls or a Bentley, but just a nice ordinary car of the kind that used to be called "moderate-priced." His name had been on the waiting-list for over a year, and at that he had a special claim, being a medical man though not in active practice.

Even before he got the car he was approached by people, who offered him a handsome profit on it as soon as it was delivered. Since then he has had many more such offers. He wanted the car for himself. Besides, he was made to promise that he would not sell the car in less than six months, and would not sell it for more than he had paid for it. And my friend is a moderately honest man.

Not everyone is so honest. There is in fact a very active "black market" in new cars — so active that the British Motor Trade Association is worried about it, and is trying to devise methods of stopping it. Somehow or other the "blacks" find out who is on the list for early delivery, and immediately set about seducing him with offers of large and quick profits. As a result a good many cars change hands even before they are delivered, and are passed on again at larger advances — sometimes half-a-dozen times and more.

What the Motor Trade Association proposes is that the purchaser should be made to execute a deed of covenant, along the lines of the promise made by my friend. In case of violation, he would be liable to prosecution. Indeed such action has already been taken by a London distributor against a customer. But it is difficult to make a man keep a car which he wants very badly to sell. There are ways of getting around such agreements.

The only effective thing the distributors can do is to sell new cars only to people they feel they can trust—and to keep a sharp eye on them. Even so, a good many new cars will probably continue to change hands surreptitiously. The one sure cure is more cars, cars for all who want them and can afford to buy them. But it is likely to be a long time before that cure can be applied.

Clubman's Hard Luck

That almost legendary person, the "well-known clubman", is having rather a hard time of it in London just at present. His club is getting its annual cleaning, and he has nowhere to go except home—if he is so fortunate as to really have a home.

It used to be that he could go and park himself in some neighboring club, which had entered into a reciprocal arrangement in the matter, but this is no longer practicable. Nearly all the clubs are over-crowded and under-staffed. There is nothing for it but to close down for the month or most of it, and turn the poor fellows out into the street to the meretricious hospitality of restaurants—if they can stand in the queue long enough to get in.

The young Service members, who have now come back, are hardy fellows who know what it is to live on the country. They can be trusted to forage somehow. But think of the elderly chairwarmers in the club-lounge. Think of them wandering about, lost in London. Think of them eating lunch with their wives!

Spending Their Gratuities

Men and women, even quite young men and women, who have been in the Forces or in one or other of the various Services during the war, may feel that they are entitled to a rest. They have gratuities to spend, and if there is nothing much that they can buy with them, they can at least live on them for a while.

That apparently is what a good many are doing. Besides, there is the difficulty in many cases as to just what sort of job they are to go back to. The same job, says the Law, but in this matter the Law is very often a "hass".

Only the other day I was talking to a business man who was complaining about this very difficulty. A junior clerk, who used to earn about £150 a year, has come back a major with the Military Cross. He went to see his old employer about a return to work, and suggested £600 a year as a salary—to begin with!

"And he isn't worth as much to me now as he was when he joined up in the Army," his boss explained. "The best I could offer him was £250 a year, and he turned it down. What is one to do?"

This may be an exceptional case, but there are a great many "demobbed" persons who are not taking jobs—800,000 of them says Mr. Shinwell, the Minister of Fuel, and it is not likely that he would deliberately exaggerate such figures. They are looking for better work or more pay than they used to get, or hope to open little shops, or are just resting. It is likely in the end to be bad for them, and in the meantime it is bad for national recovery. But there is nothing that can be done about it—until the gratuities are spent.

IT'S DOWNRIGHT STEALING, BOSS

Sure, I'm mad! My insides are a hideout for a band of thieves. Worms, the curs, are robbing me of my energy and spark, making me feel dull and dragged out.

Let's give the thugs a slug that'll knock 'em right out of this world . . . with Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules. They make a dead-end to worms in big dogs like me, just like Sergeant's Puppy Capsules clean out worms in small dogs and puppies.

Come on, Boss, let's get going for the drug or pet store right now. They have the Sergeant's Dog Medicines I need to keep me in the pink.

The new Sergeant's Dog Book will tell you how to detect worms in your dog, how to diagnose other ailments, too. Your favorite drug or pet store has it for you FREE for the asking. Or write Sergeant's, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto 2, Ont.

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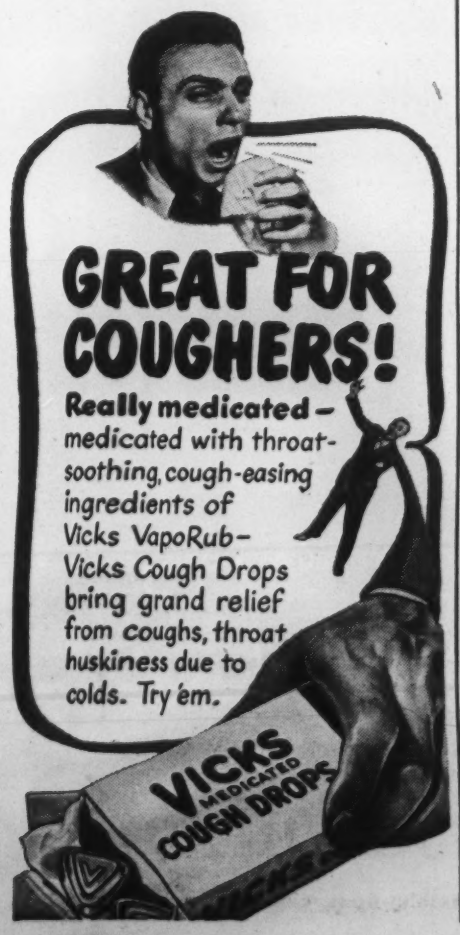
We nabbed those pests, by gosh — Fritz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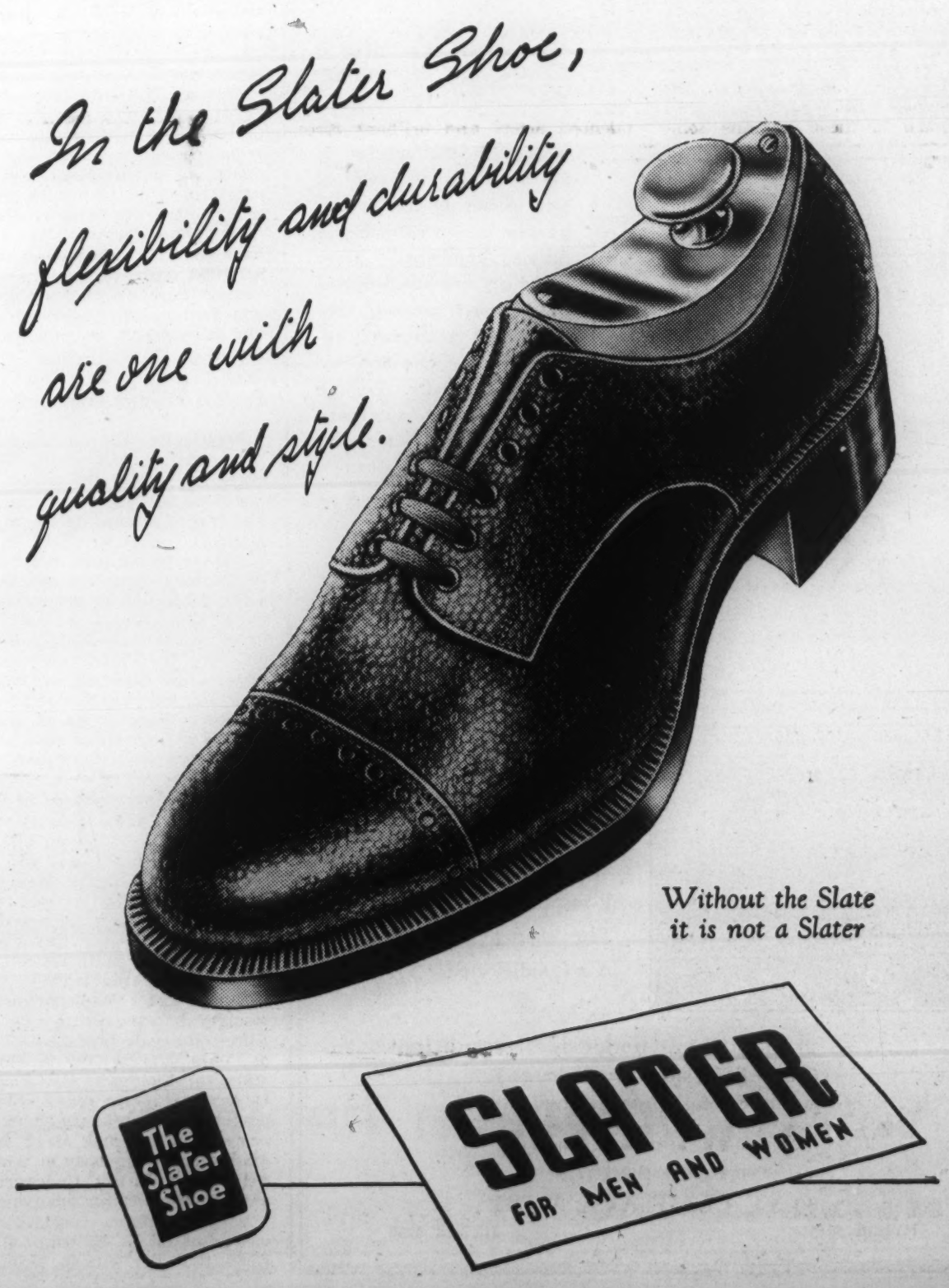
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THE WEEK IN RADIO

Television Still Around Corner; Veterans Master Electronics

By JOHN L. WATSON

THE exhibition of television which has been on view all this week in the Toronto store of the T. Eaton Co. Limited gave the public a rough idea of what they might expect from this new form of fireside entertainment. However, it will presumably be a fairly long time before television is in general use in this country and there is every reason to suppose that when it does arrive it will be considerably more efficient than it is now, in this intermediate stage of its development.

Even more interesting, and far more significant for our purposes, than the television exhibit were the demonstrations conducted by students of the Canadian Vocational Training School of Electronics, a branch of the Vocational Training Program for ex-service personnel sponsored jointly by the Dominion and Provincial Governments. To the casual observer, at least, it appeared that these young men and women are immensely keen on the business of preparing for a career in radio and are receiving a pretty thorough training in all branches of the profession. The technical aspects of electronics as well as the newest broadcasting and announcing techniques are taught by members of the C.A.B. and the C.B.C.

Radio is still a young profession; nevertheless it is high time we abandoned the old hit-and-miss methods of instruction and settled down to train professional radio people as the broadcasting industry requires that they should be trained. The School of Electronics is one of several new institutions in Canada which appear to be doing just that.

The curious career of Edmund Hockridge, the Canadian-born baritone whose return to these shores was noted in these columns some weeks ago, suggests a welcome reversal of the trend which has taken a good deal of first-class talent away from the Dominion to other and more appreciative countries. Hockridge left Canada in 1941, unknown, unhonored and unsung; he returned this year an established concert and radio artist, star of half a dozen top-flight B.B.C. and C.F.R.S. shows.

Hockridge was "discovered" by the ubiquitous Gerry Wilmot, that prime promoter of Canadian interests in British radio. He worked and became famous in close association with Robert Farnon whose Canadian Band of the A.E.F. was the pride and joy of Dominion troops in Europe.

The first time Canadians at home had an opportunity to hear the lusty Hockridge baritone was in September, 1945, when the young airman was featured in "Dominion Special", a program prepared by the B.B.C. for the purpose of promoting Canadian talent in Britain.

Hockridge's New Show

Early in October, Hockridge will come to Toronto to fill his first professional engagement in Canada. He will star in his own program, "The Edmund Hockridge Show", tentatively scheduled for the C.B.C.-Dominion Network on Sunday nights at 10:00. He will be supported by a 40-piece orchestra and a choral group of twelve voices under the direction of Geoffrey Waddington.

It is always cheering to hear of a Canadian artist making good abroad and even more cheering to hear that he has decided to bring his talents home.

Canadian radio can boast of fine musicians, intelligent commentators, talented actors and brilliant directors but, oddly enough, it has not yet produced one really first-class, rib-tickling comedian. Not one Bergen, Hope or McGee has appeared on the Canadian horizon. The reasons for this curious phenomenon are not easy to ascertain. Perhaps, as a race, we are too young and too self-conscious to make a business of being funny; but whatever the reasons, the results are awful. Most of the stuff that emanates from the studios in the name of comedy is too dreadful to be described.

Now, what are the prospects? With the defection of Alan Young, our best bet for the future seems to be the sprightly comedy team of Wayne and Shuster, whose new show for R.C.A.-Victor takes the air on September 12—just too late for review in this issue.

Unlike the venerable Mr. J. V. McAree, this writer cannot quite recall the good olde days of the Bay Tree Hotel, but he can remember the time when Johnny Wayne and Frankie Shuster spark-plugged the University College Follies, which in those days was just about the brightest show of its kind in Toronto—always excepting the incomparable Arts and Letters Club Revue. The Wayne-Shuster technique, even then, was the fruit of a long collaboration; they began their hilarious association in school dramatics at the tender age of fourteen. Since that time they have starred in the Buckingham Show, the Army Show and the Johnny Home Show. In their new venture they will have the support of Georgia Dey, Bernard Braden, Herb May and Samuel Hersenhoren. The program will be aired on Thursdays at 9.30 p.m. over the C.B.C.-Trans-Canada Network.

Many Happy Returns

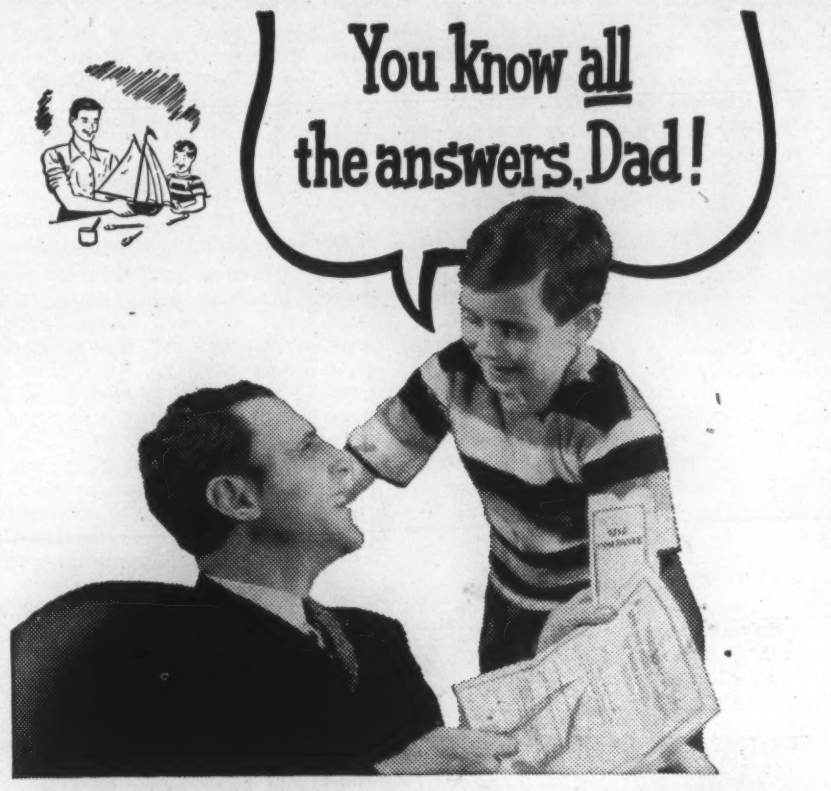
John and Judy, radioland's most incredible brother-and-sister team, have begun their seventh consecutive year of broadcasting from "the house on the hill", which must prove something about the national psychology. The cast and characters are all the same as before and so is the brand of homely sentiment they peddle; only the time has changed—8.30 p.m. on Thursdays. Don't say we didn't warn you!

Buckingham Theatre Curtain Time returned to the air on September 11 with a thriller entitled "After Dinner Story". The slick little dramatic productions will be heard regularly on Wednesday evenings over the C.B.C.

The C.B.C. News Roundup is back with us again each week night after the regular news broadcast. The Roundup, which bundles up all the day's news in a neat little package for you to take to bed with you, features Byng Whittaker from Toronto, Wilfrid Eggleston and Blair Fraser from Ottawa, Matthew Halton and Andrew Cowan from London, et al. The opening broadcast on Labor Day (which we missed) is reported to have included an overseas commentary on how the struggle for a peace settlement in Europe has progressed since News Roundup went off the air early in the summer. This must have left the commentators plenty of time to talk about the weather.

Taken by and large, radio executives are not vastly different from human beings. One characteristic weakness they share with the common or garden variety of humanity is a passion for golf. We feel, therefore, that we are doing a service to radio people in general when we announce that the fifth C.B.C. Annual Golf Tournament for the C.B.C. Trophy is to be played at the Elms Golf and Country Club, Weston, on Friday, September 20. Tickets, at $2.50 each (which includes golf, dinner and prizes) can be obtained from Ernest Bushnell, Austin Weir, George Young, Dick Claringbull, Lou Snider, Wells Ritchie, of the C.B.C. Tee-off is at 1.00 p.m. and members of the local radio fraternity are invited.

Walter Cassel, U.S. baritone, was guest soloist at this week's Prom. Mazzoleni again conducts Sept. 17.



Not all fathers are as wise as their children think them to be. Otherwise fewer widows and orphans would be left in straitened circumstances.

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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

Disagreeing Amiably With the Eminent Elderly Gentleman

G.B.S., 90, Aspects of Bernard Shaw's Life and Work, Edited by S. Winsten. (Progress, $5.00.)

SECOND-BEST to the reading of George Bernard Shaw is the reading about him by indignant but adoring contemporaries. Plays, prefaces and tracts are alive forever more by reason of their endearing heresies and their laughing astringencies; that is to say, by the transferred vitality of the author. So to come close to the burning source, to get acquainted with that lucent mind, still flaming after ninety years, is a joy.

Shaw hates birthdays and has often protested against their celebration. In the normal cussedness of things, therefore, it was natural for his friends to ignore his feelings and whip-up a birthday-book of unique quality. The editor S. Winsten, assembled twenty-seven "eminents" and dared them to write what they thought of Shaw. Among them are Gilbert Murray, C. E. M. Joad, Dean Inge, Aldous Huxley, J. B. Priestley, Sir Max Beerbohm, Sir William Haley and John Masefield.

A book of many delights.

•

From the 'Nineties

DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID, by Octave Mirbeau. (Oxford, $3.25.)

FORTY years ago, in our proper, or even in semi-proper circles, the term "French novel" had a smelly connotation. It was admitted that some writers of fiction had great powers; Victor Hugo and Flaubert, for example; but that too many others were obsessed by illicit love and sordid *affaires*. Zola was out of bounds, for this reason; even Anatole France. And a most improper person named Octave Mirbeau had offended by an objectionable **Diary of a Chambermaid.**

Here it is in English—to be read without a quiver of shame and with no little admiration. Perhaps we have been dulled by the sharp literary truth-telling of late years, both in England and in America. Perhaps the war has made us accustomed to violence, thievery and debauchery of soul. Certainly no modern "realist" has invented any debasement surpassing that revealed from day to day in the news-despatches.

Mirbeau dealt with sex, certainly; though not with that smirking content apparent in some of our wearisome moderns. And it wasn't his central theme. He was writing, with searing anger, of society, of the hypocrisies of the rich and lofty, of the congenital hatreds cherished by the poor, of the flight of honor and justice from the land as revealed by the Dreyfus case, of the rotten fever of anti-Semitism. His chambermaid had been everywhere, suffered everywhere, seen everything, and when she came to the moderate security of an innkeeper's wife revealed in her own thoughts and attitudes the persistent disease of class-superiority.

Mirbeau was an anarchist, but he was more; an artist with unerring eyes and a vigorous pen. His only failure as a novelist was in putting into the mouth of a vain and ignorant woman his own nature and graceful language, his own sense of disgust.

Jules Romains provides an appreciative introduction.

•

Terrible Miracle

ATOMIC ENERGY in Cosmic and Human Life, by G. Gamow. (Macmillans, $3.25.)

EACH of the ninety-four elements making up the universe consists only of protons which are electrically positive, electrons which are negative, and neutrons which are unelectrified protons. On the number and arrangement of these depends the "stuff" of the world. A hair of your head, the carrot in your garden, the diamond in your ring, the rocks, the sea, and all things visible and invisible are made of energy, mass and movement—whatever that may mean!

The ordinary mind needs a considerable jolt before it can grasp any meaning in the phrase "a particle of electricity," a force existing of itself, operating on nothing, being, so to speak, in a vacuum. One might as well talk of "a particle of love" with no young couple within a thousand miles of it. Then there is a "mass" of nothing which can change into "energy" and a vortex of energy translatable into "mass." Scholastics of the Middle Ages, it is said, speculated upon the number of angels that could dance on the point of a needle. That was a coarse and unrefined concept in comparison with the visions of the atomic physicists. And these are mathematically proved.

More than that, the product of their visions tore up two Japanese cities by the roots, melted sand into glass on a New Mexico desert and ripped a fleet to bits at Bikini. The dullest mind can understand that sort of thing, for when the atomic energy of one gram of uranium is equivalent to that of nineteen tons of TNT the business of living on this angry planet may yet become extra-hazardous.

Here is a book clearly and pleasantly describing the progressive learning of atomic physics, from the first hint of radiation which came to Professor Becquerel in 1896, to the discovery of plutonium. It is not a book to be summarized, for its 160 pages are without adipose tissue. But it is one that will give the layman a reasonably clear idea of the greatest of scientific research.

•

The Complete Snob

WE HAPPY FEW, a novel, by Helen Howe. (Musson, $3.00.)

SNOBS can be found anywhere but the ultimate *genus* is found among persons who make a career of hooting at snobbery. They are the literary *avant-garde* soaked in Joyce, Rimbaud and the like, looking down the nose at everything popular, turning from the artistic classics with weariness, pretending to a culture tenuous and unreal, living in a paganism that real pagans would disdain.

Such were the Natwicks; father, mother and graceful Dorothea, living on the borders of Cambridge, a social outpost of Harvard, gently disapproving of religion, of business, of everything-in-general, but the Boston Symphony and chamber music, left-wing in politics, but collecting capitalist dividends in complete content.

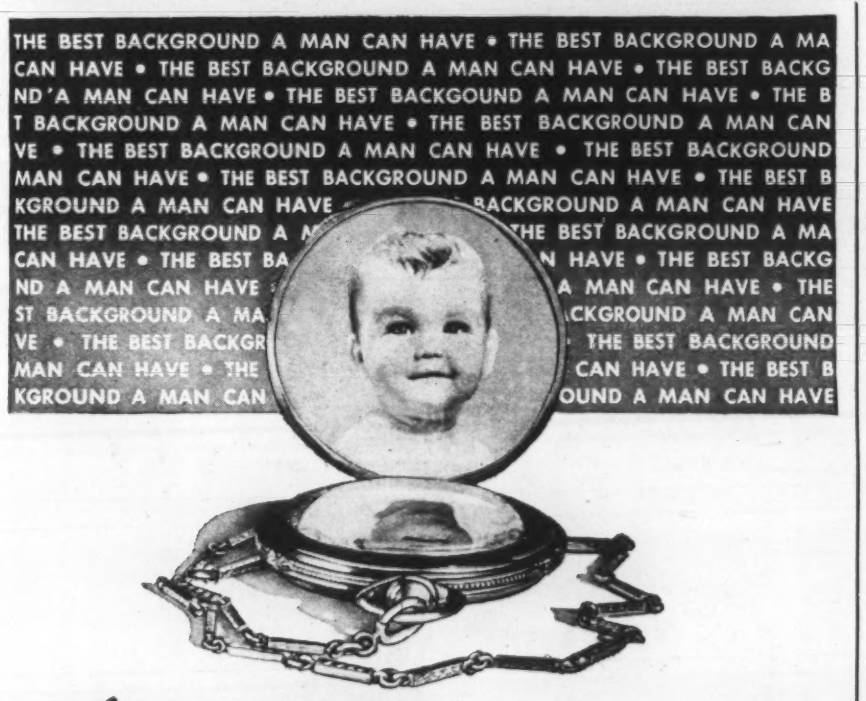
A real left-wing-er comes out of Idaho, a young Lochinvar craving Dorothea, but she denies her heart in order to stay in her silly little ivory tower and marries a Harvard scholar of a notable Boston family. She has one son who rouses her better nature at intervals, but for the most part she is a self-worshipper in perpetual prostration before nothing at all.

The war comes, shaking her, especially when her placid husband enlists in the British Navy. Pearl Harbor shakes her still more and in her idle fatuity she allows herself to be swept off her feet by an old acquaintance, a practised wencher. Even he walks-out on her, and when her husband is killed and her son enlists, her pretty little ego-image is in the dust.

Then, going out west to see the boy, she gets acquainted with common people and begins to realize how intolerable common she is herself; how in middle life she must set about learning to be a human being.

The power of this tale rests in the scorching of New England and University society by a continuing flame of irony. One doubts if the heroine will find comfort in religion as the author intimates. However, a good story, well told.

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service," 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1.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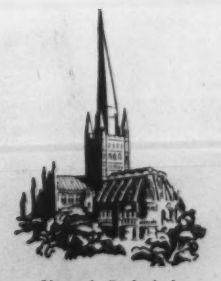

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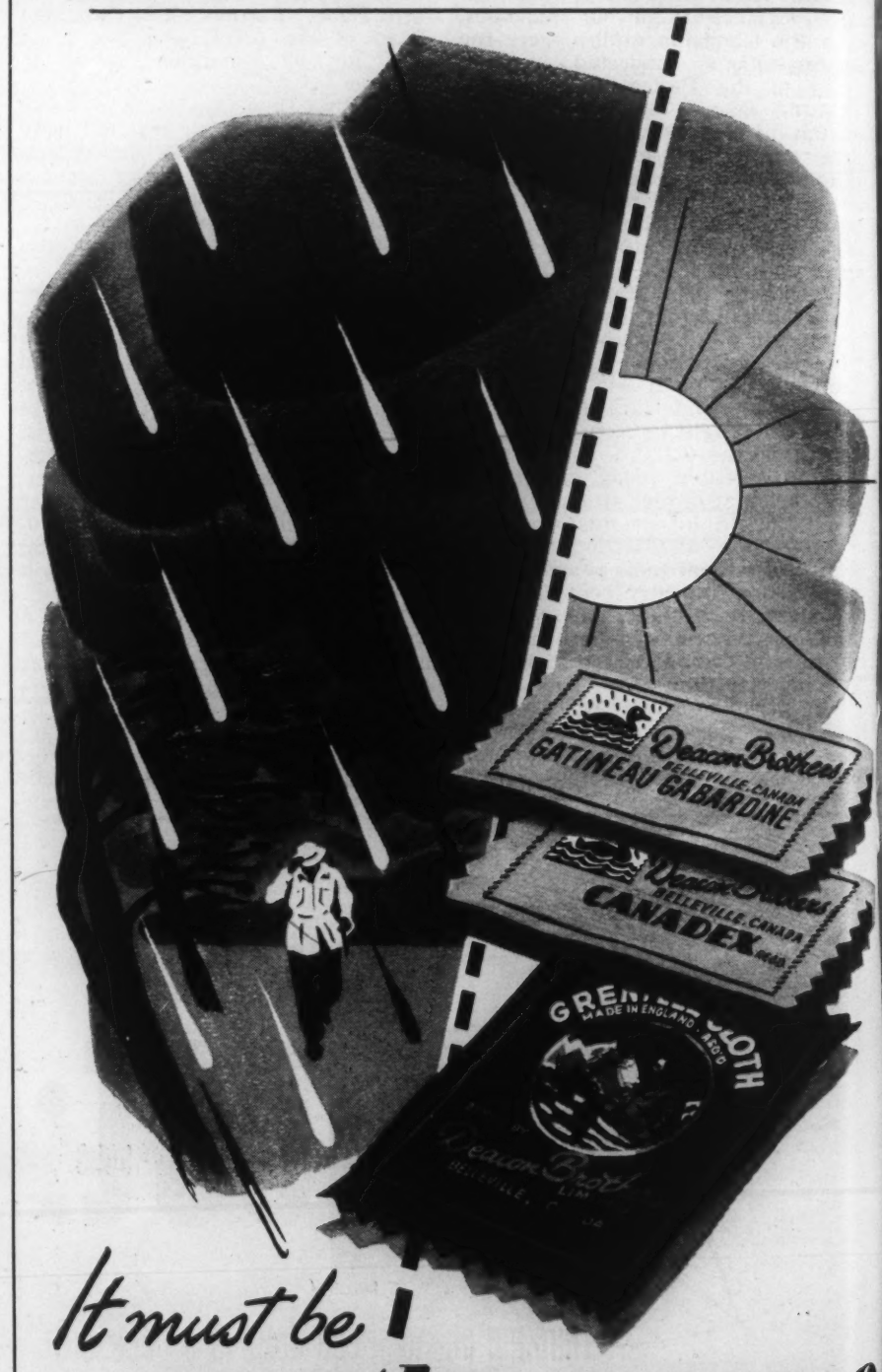

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THE BOOKSHELF

Penny-Plain or Tuppence-Colored You Can Take Your Choice

By W. S. MILNE

THE WORLD IN HIS ARMS, by Rex Beach. (Allen, $2.35.)
THE CHARITY BALL, by Jessie Scott. (Macmillan, $3.00.)
BELL TIMSON, by Marguerite Steen. (Collins, $3.00.)
RED MORNING, by Ruby Frazier Frey. (Allen, $3.25.)

TWENTY-FIVE years or so ago, vaudeville comedians used to "make" with a quip about the girl who was so ignorant that she thought Rex Beach was a summer resort. I doubt very much whether that line would draw a snicker today, for no other form of literature is deader than yesterday's best seller. **The World in His Arms,** however, shows the once prolific Mr. Beach to be a remarkably healthy corpse. In spite of the fact that no novel of his has appeared since before the war, his present offering shows that he has lost none of his power to spin a good yarn. This is a robust tale of gold-rush San Francisco, seal piracy off Alaska and the Aleutians, and high life in London at the time of the opening of the war between the states. A Russian countess falls in love with a Yankee seal-pirate, who later becomes so wealthy that he propcses to buy Alaska from the Russians, as the United States later actually did. It is crammed with adventure and romance, and will probably one day make a highly successful movie.

A Narrow Scene

Far removed from the twopence-colored high jinks of Mr. Beach's fabrication is a penny-plain number entitled **The Charity Ball.** I think it was Byron who wrote of "The hopes and fears that vex a single ball," and that line is sometimes applied to Jane Austen's novels, but not even Jane herself ever stuck to such a narrow formula. Jessie Scott, however, does just that, and does it with such fidelity to the little details of everyday life that she scores a brilliant success. **The Charity Ball** is the story of two teen-age sisters, whose father is a mining engineer and a widower, and who have been brought up by rather indifferent governesses, with very little experience of how normal boys and girls of their own age behave. When they go to stay with their wealthy grandmother, a leader of exclusive local society, and attend fifth form at High School, they find that their upbringing has neglected to supply them with the answers to a number of questions of herd behavior. Lack of conformity becomes "queerness," and they find life pretty dull and lonely. A chance to get to the big social event, the charity ball, seems to be their opportunity of showing that they are really quite charming, normal girls. Of course, it doesn't work out like that, but all ends satisfactorily. The grandmother is one of the best studies of the queen bee that I have come across, and my only criticism of a very pleasant story is that she was not scored off a little more decisively.

"Penny-Plain"

Still superficially in the penny-plain tradition is Marguerite Steen's **Bell Timson,** which is very different from the romantic costume "whoop-de-doop" of her previous best-seller, **The Sun is My Undoing.** Its heroine is definitely middle-class, its setting London between the wars, and there is no dominant love interest. It is the story of an attractive, strong-minded, intelligent, and amoral woman, who, after divorcing a drunken and unfaithful husband, sets to work to keep herself and her two young daughters. She has had enough of marriage and men generally, and has known the insecurities of poverty. She has one resolve—to see to it that her daughters get the best of everything. With determination she sets about to get it for them, her activities based on the mistaken premise that she and she alone knows what that best is.

From a worldly point of view, she succeeds, her success being expressed in terms of expensive cars, titled friends, and an elaborate house in the country. The struggle, however, has hardened her until she finds that she may have lost more than she has gained. Bell Timson's career as masseuse, confidante and abortionist is a picture of a certain phase of England's post-1918 society, and by no means a pretty one.

Two sections of the story — about two-thirds of the book—are narrated in the first person; the rest, in the third. As a result, we get two views of Bell and her problems and her peculiar code of ethics. While primarily an extended character-study, the book has considerable gripping power as a story. Its writing is competent above the average, and whatever readers' reactions to Bell's less savory activities may be, it is likely to give rise to a good deal of discussion.

"Tuppence-Colored"

Back to more highly-colored times goes **Red Morning,** a costume melodrama with trappers and traders and redcoats and Indians and French and English and Yankees and spies and everything. One has the feeling of having met everybody before. It reminds us of seeing a movie which, as it unreels, in spite of a new title, turns out to be what film producers call a "remake" of something we saw years ago. That is not to say that this is a poor novel. It is well written, with nicely diversified characterization, credible dialogue, and lots of suspense, mystery, excitement, adventure and romance. The "love interest" looms large and ends satisfactorily. If it had not had so many predecessors!

For the record, it is the story of Jane Bell, who fell in love with an Indian trader, John Frazier, during the time of the struggle between French and English for the Ohio valley. Braddock's defeat at Fort Duquesne is the major historical event of the story, which is largely based on fact. Indeed, the Fraziers were the great-grandparents of the author. It gives a vividly irritating picture of British military incompetence, colonial rivalries, the cruelties of Indian warfare, and the feuds and jealousies of what were twenty years later to become the Thirteen States of a new nation. Washington is represented as somewhat less than the superman of the usual American tradition.

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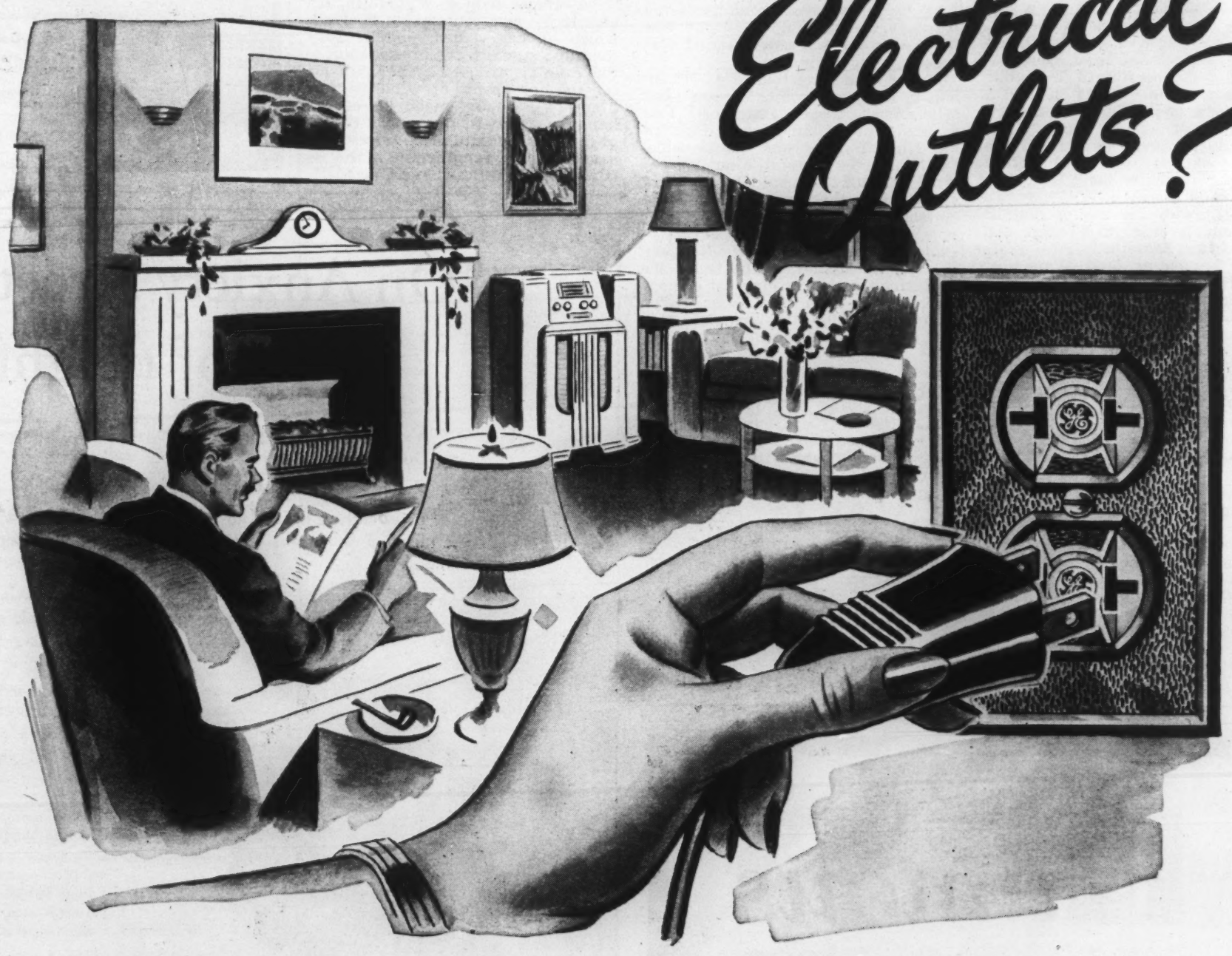

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Toronto Violinist Is Appointed to Chair of Music at U.B.C.

By JOHN H. YOCOM

THE Canadian musical personality in last week's news was Harry Adaskin, eminent Toronto violinist and faculty member of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, whose appointment to the newly established chair of music at the University of British Columbia has just been announced.

Throughout his career violinist Adaskin has struck a neat balance between teaching and public performances. Coming to Toronto from Latvia while still a child, he started violin study at seven. When he cautiously named a $1 fee for his first public appearance at 12, he felt like a real professional. An amused manager gave him twice the sum.

But Adaskin continued to be a student too. Entering Toronto Conservatory of Music soon after, he studied and practised harder than ever. In spare time he performed in public and taught violin. At 14 he had a class large enough to please any veteran instructor.

Into the performance tray of the scales Adaskin at 16 dropped another little item; he joined the T.S.O., then under Frank Weisman.

In 1922, ready for master-violinist instruction, he went to Chicago and got it from Sametini. Two years later he became an original member of the Hart House String Quartet, a group destined for national and international renown. He held the second violin desk until 1938. Engagements included 12 tours of Canada, four tours of the U.S., performances in leading cities of England, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Austria and Italy.

Studied with Masters

When performances were outweighing instruction, Adaskin at various times tossed in periods of study with Chailley of Paris and master classes with Thibauld and Enesco.

After quitting the Hart House String Quartet, he gave concerts for three years with the C.B.C., balanced them with teaching violin at Upper Canada College. Then he joined the Toronto Conservatory of Music. He leaves Toronto on September 20 for his new post.

This week West Coast students registering for music courses at U.B.C. were elated at the prospect of a new department head. But other Vancouverites, who will not be taking courses and have heard his excellent playing, were hoping that Harry Adaskin would continue that balanced career of teaching and performing.

"Carmen" and "Oklahoma"

Lorna Byron, a red-haired mezzo-soprano with an American background of light opera and musical comedy, was guest soloist at last week's Prom. Attractive as a California Chamber of Commerce model, Miss Byron wore a dazzling, tiered evening gown of gold material. For the second week Franco Autori was guest conductor.

Miss Byron sang two arias—"Connais-tu le pays" from "Mignon" and "Habanera" from "Carmen." Her dramatic presentation was effective but tone at times was questionable. On high notes a metallic quality entered; on low and middle registers vibrato was too pronounced. More suitable to her style were the light numbers sung with the orchestra — Ponce's "Estrellita" and Rodgers' "Oklahoma Medley." The latter she performed with true musical comedy gusto. But even here Miss Byron was troubled by arrangements that had selections either pitched too high (e.g., "People Will Say We're in Love") or orchestrated too fully for vocal accompaniment (e.g., "Surrey with the Fringe on Top" and "O.K., Oklahoma"). The singing was spirited but lacked tone richness. Other numbers were sung with considerable charm: Speaks' "Morning," Kreisler's "Old Refrain," "Strange Music" (an appealing Greig theme used in the New York success "Song of Norway").

At times it was an off-night for the orchestra. A gremlin hit the woodwind section smack in the introduction of a vocal number. Schubert's Unfinished Symphony lacked sectional balance and finesse in shading. In soft passages Autori's too gentle (and therefore hard-to-see) beat was probably responsible for uneven attacks and releases. The best numbers came at the beginning and were a joy to hear: Weber's "Oberon" Overture and Bach's "Arioso." In the latter the strings were completely unified and spoke nobly. The Finale from Tschaikowsky's Symphony No. 5 closed the concert.

Brazilian Kudos

"Sir Ernest MacMillan is without doubt one of the best conductors who has visited us in the last years," says the Brazil *Herald* of Sir Ernest's conducting the Orquestra Simfonica Brasileira in a series of concerts just concluded in Rio de Janeiro. "He gave us an excellent version of Beethoven's Eroica," this paper continues.

"The Orquestra Simfonica Brasileira offered one of its best performances under the direction of the Canadian maestro, Sir Ernest MacMillan, a conductor eminent, eloquent, precise and profoundly attentive to the spirit of the music," says a recent issue of Rio's *Vanguardia*. "The orchestra in fact was in great form—as we have rarely seen it."

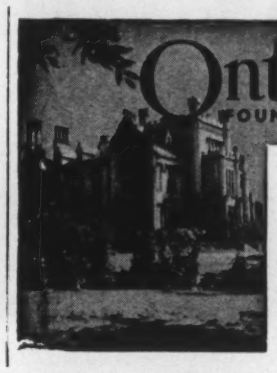
Said the Rio *Correiro da Noite*: "The renown won by MacMilan, not only in his own country but in others which he has visited, justifies fully the interest which the presentation of the evening aroused. The inclusion in the program of Champagne's 'Danse Villageoise' made not only a happy moment in the official season of concerts, but still more represented a step in the strengthening of the relations between Brazil and Canada."

In response to repeated requests two extra performances will be given by the Earle Grey Players of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" in the quadrangle of Trinity College, September 14—afternoon show at 3, the evening show at 8. Especially interesting in the production, aside from the generally excellent staging of the play, is the music which Godfrey Ridout, one of Canada's brilliant young composers and a member of the faculty at T.C.M., has written for it. On the next night, September 15, the premier performance of Ridout's "Two Etudes for String Orchestra" will be given by Harold Sumberg on the "Symphony for Strings" program at 10 p.m.

Ridout Acclaimed

Ridout's orchestral works are winning acclaim both in Canada and abroad. On his present tour through Brazil, Sir Ernest MacMillan took with him Ridout's "Festal Overture," which has been played here by the Toronto Symphony and over the C. B. C. network. His "Ballade for Viola and Strings" has been conducted by Sir Adrian Boult over the B.B.C., while in the U.S. it was played by Frank Black's N.B.C. orchestra. Well over a hundred radio scores — incidental music, etc. — have been arranged and composed for radio programs. Toronto-born Godfrey Ridout is a composer of whom Canadians may well be proud. His teachers at Toronto Conservatory were Ettore Mazzoleni, Charles Peaker, and Healey Willan.

Jean Beaudet, musical director of the C.B.C., has given one good reason why so few lengthy Canadian musical works (e.g., symphonies) ever get published — prohibitive costs. Publishers are shy about investing the necessary $6,000 in the printing of a complete score.



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THE FILM PARADE

Lawrence Olivier's "Henry V" a Great Screen Achievement

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

AT THE time "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was filmed it was pointed out over and over again that Shakespeare and the cinema cannot be made to mix. Lawrence Olivier does not entirely disprove this point in "Henry V." He does however make a new one—that the screen is wide enough to hold both cinema and Shakespeare — and the demonstration of this theory is continuously exciting and often triumphant.

"Henry V", though one of the least familiar of Shakespeare's historical dramas, was the happiest possible choice for Mr. Olivier's purposes. Made during the war, it breathes an exultant pride in England and the English race which the rest of the world, for the sake of Shakespeare, if not of England, must accept and applaud. It is as virile and simple and instinct with action as a fine Western; and it is filled with so many curious parallels to events of recent years that to a modern audience it becomes almost contemporary drama.

A Noble "Chorus"

The film opens with a sort of prologue - sequence showing the Globe Theatre of Shakespeare's day and a group of Shakespearean players enacting the early scenes of the drama. Then while the Chorus (Leslie Banks) is still enjoining us to "piece out our imperfections with your thoughts," the camera itself takes over and Elizabethan makeshift dissolves and enlarges into settings as consciously fairy-like as a Maxfield Parrish painting.

Obviously a film version of "Henry V" has no need for the offices of a Chorus. Yet Mr. Banks's presence is so handsome and he is able to send the Shakepearean lines rolling so sonorously that it would be a loss to exclude him. The secret of Lawrence Olivier's success is, perhaps, that he recognizes the enormous inclusiveness of the screen and uses it wisely to enrich and invigorate his film rather than to clutter and impede it.

Thus Falstaff's death-scene, which had no part in the actual drama of "Henry V" is boldly borrowed from "Henry IV"; partly because it bridges the transition from the naturalism of the early sequences to the pictorialism of the departure for France, partly no doubt for the sheer beauty and anguish of its lines.

Generous with Clowns

If Producer Olivier has been a shade over-generous it is in the matter of his clowns; for Shakespeare's clowns, particularly when they turn up in the form of dialect comedians of the sixteenth century, are a wearisome lot. The scene involving the eating of a leek had a Christmas card prettiness of setting; but I doubt if it added anything to the production except the authenticity that is closely related to pedantry.

Almost everywhere else, however, the film is enchanting to the eye and ear and imagination. The settings of the French Court are the loveliest imaginable, spacious yet so light that they are hardly more than a fragile frame for the fanciful landscape beyond. The literalness of the camera is always deftly subjugated, for even when, as in the battle scenes, the settings are solidly three-dimensional and realistic, the knights and turreted tents seem as formalized as chess pieces.

Effective Delivery

The great Shakespearean speeches are delivered with extraordinary beauty, vigor and clarity. The camera, moving up in closeup, makes the usual stage voice projection unnecessary, and the lines emerge as beautifully and effortlessly as they were written. Certainly no stage monologue, however eloquently delivered, could be as effective as the quiet closeup of King Henry's face, as he sits alone reflecting on the fate of kings, with the musing voice on the sound track interpreting his thoughts as they rise and are reflected moment by moment in his changing face.

In this scene and the scene in which a Devonshire boy slowly formulates in words his own emotions before battle, Shakespeare is allowed to dominate, and the camera subordinates itself to the spoken lines. When the great climax of the drama, the Battle of Agincourt, arrives, it is the film director who takes over. In pace, scale and outline, this is film spectacle of a fairly familiar sort. The difference is that Producer Olivier has transfigured the accustomed pattern and given the battle, for all its fierceness, the grace and elegance of some courtly pageant.

The film is beautifully acted, with Lawrence Olivier as King Henry dominating most of the great scenes in a performance of extraordinary vigor, imagination and charm. Renee Asherson, as deftly stylized as a secular figure in a mediaeval stained-glass window is lovely to look at; and her scene with Olivier towards the close of the film, is an exquisite little ballet of flight and yielding, a love scene which for pure fresh prettiness has never been equalled on the screen.

The miracle is that a film which employs so many approaches—poetical, dramatic, naturalistic and deliberately anti-naturalistic — should achieve such an effect of over-all harmony. Perhaps the secret of the Olivier triumph is that he took over, along with Shakespeare's material, the bold Shakespearean method of raiding every source, to fill his drama as full of beauty and meaning as it would hold.

SWIFT REVIEW

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA. Gabriel Pascal's production of the George Bernard Shaw play, with the Shavian lines intact, though considerably muffled by production. With Claude Rains, Vivien Leigh.

NIGHT AND DAY. Hollywood version of the private lives of Mr. and Mrs. Cole Porter, which may have come as a surprise to the originals. Admirers of the Cole Porter music, which is lavishly recorded, may find it worth while. With Cary Grant and Alexis Smith.

EASY TO WED. Remake of "Libelled Lady" and not half as amusing as the original, though it tries twice as hard. Van Johnson, Esther Williams.

ENGAGEMENTS

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Douglas Huycke announce the engagement of their daughter Mary Elizabeth to Kenneth Aird Cameron, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Archibald Cameron of Bayview Avenue, Thornhill. The marriage to take place on October 2 in Timothy Eaton Memorial Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Herbert Adamson of Royal York Road North announce the engagement of their daughter Margaret Munro to Captain John Wilbert Perry Bryan R. C. R. Canadian Joint Staff Mission Washington, son of Lieut. Col. Wilbert Lawrence Bryan E.D. and Mrs. Bryan of Old Forest Hill Road. The marriage to take place on Saturday, October 5, at 2:30 p.m. in Walmer Road Baptist Church.

BIRTHS

Born at Peterborough to Wilmot B. Gordon, barrister-at-law and Mrs. Mary E. Gordon on Thursday the 5th day of September, 1946, a son.

TUESDAY PROMS at Varsity Arena ★ PROMENADE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Toronto Philharmonic Orchestra

TUESDAY, SEPT. 17th—8.45 p.m.

REX BATTLE, Pianist | ETTORE MAZZOLENI, Guest Conductor

Tickets: Res., $1.00, 60c. Gen. Adm. 40c. (first 1,000 - 25c.) Prom Box Office at Heintzman's (10 a.m.-4.30 p.m., Sat., 10-12 Noon AD. 6269). Also Moodey's. Arena Box Office Tuesday only.

Ernest Johnson, Manager

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THE THEATRE

In the Latest "Life" Father Is Quieter

By LUCY VAN GOGH

"LIFE with Father" is obviously going to be a long life. This critic is approaching her tenth exposure to the Clarence Day opus, which by now has developed the recurrent quality of a London pantomime, and resembles that entertainment in that its characters are fast becoming stereotypes. It is having its annual week at the Royal Alexandra, and the theatre echoes to the delighted laughter of an audience to which the behavior of a New York stockbroker's family at the turn of the century is as remote as that of the Cromagnon cave-dwellers among whom Mr. Alley Oop is currently spending his adventurous days.

Father himself, in this version, seems a little quieter and more like a New York gentleman than some of his predecessors, but the rest of the company are playing for the more obvious points, and the subtlety of much of the characterization is considerably blurred. All the same, those who have not seen this extremely witty and sympathetic portrait of the foibles of our grandfathers should not fail to do so now. It is still a good show.

AROUND THE WORLD of Fashion

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WORLD OF WOMEN

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By ANN GOLDSMITH

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Mysteriously vanished	18
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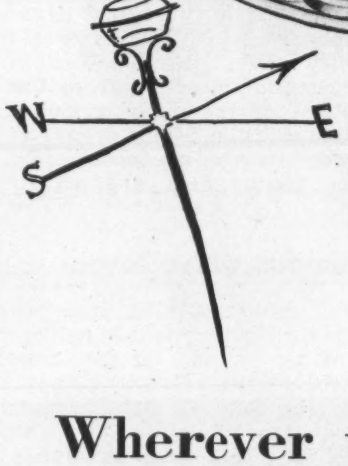

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THERE'S a great "back home" feeling in the air these days. People are beginning again, everywhere, putting their roots down, starting anew! And what's more natural for a fresh beginning anywhere than a kitchen sparkling with up-to-the-minute Pyrex ware?

Pyrex ware has been inspiring better cooking ever since the ideal of cooking in glass was developed over 30 years ago by a Corning scientist! You can see what you're cooking through a crystal clear Pyrex dish. You can watch food brown to the just-right stage. It transmits oven heat faster. It always looks new and washes clean easily. Food doesn't cling to the smooth glass surface. And each gleaming dish is three-in-one, because you can cook, serve, and store in a single piece of Pyrex ware!

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65

Patient's-Eye View of Hospitals and the Early-Rising Routine

By LYNN CHAPMAN

FROM the patient's angle it would seem that hospital routine and regimentation have become of greater importance than rest and cure.

Please understand. I am not find-fault with the nurses. The nurses are angels and models of self-sacrifice; but they are also the victims of deeply-rooted and hallowed-by-time customs.

I don't think I am razing those in charge of hospitals. They are probably carrying out what is set down in a book somewhere as The Law. I am only a layman. I wouldn't know.

But I am criticizing myself as a taxpayer, as one of the people who build these hospitals, who patronize them and, in the long run, pay the shot and say how they'll be run.

What do I object to, in construction?

First, noisy floors.

Footsteps In The Night

Why should floors be noise-making? Isn't there some substance that would clean just as immaculately, and yet would seize onto every foot-fall and suck up the sound of it, like a vacuum cleaner sucks up dirt? Haven't you heard the nurses pat-pat-pat down that corridor at night? And hasn't just the speed of their heels on that tile floor filled you with a sense of urgency and concern? It certainly doesn't evoke any desire to rest and sleep. Haven't you heard someone pull those steel bedside cabinets over that tile floor? And hasn't the protesting squeak made you squirm in agony? Haven't you heard someone accidentally drop a knife onto the tile? And hasn't the crash lifted you almost out of your bed?

"Oh but your nerves must be bad," you say.

"You're right. I'm a hospital patient. And in my weakened condition my nerves have a right to be bad."

So why build hospitals with tile floors? Why put up with them in the old buildings? Isn't there a fire-proof, noiseless substance that would serve the purpose better? Where are our research chemists and architects? Let them take up the challenge.

Second grievance. The lights.

It is winter-time. The lights are turned on by five in the afternoon, at the latest. There they burn into your eyes until "bed-time". Again they are turned on in the early morning hours, (and I do mean early), there to sear one's eye-balls until nine-fifteen or later. Of course it's an overhead light in the centre of the room. And am I here for healing or a third degree routine?

The hours of daylight are short. But the days are long. I would like to pass the time by reading. But have I a reading lamp at my shoulder? Not at all. And I'm not in a public ward either. Moreover it's a dull day. And the windows are curtained with heavy marquisette glass-curtains. If I were to give in to boredom, and read for just one hour, I would have a buzz-saw of a headache from tortured eyes.

Lights And Noises

How about bars of light at baseboard level (for casual lighting) that I can't see at all from my bed. And how about a *good* reading lamp I can turn on, and off, myself, as I need it? After all, I'm a responsible citizen. And the nurse could unplug it and take it away, if I should abuse the privilege.

My third complaint is re the bathrooms, the places where bedpans are stored, and, while I'm at it, the diet kitchens. Why aren't these rooms down lanes with about three pairs of swinging doors (no collisions, please) to trap the sounds? In the middle of the night, the sound of a metal bedpan being placed on a metal rack, is an unholy crash. The flushing, the swoosh of the sterilizer, the sound of trays being pulled out, set with dishes, and pushed back on the racks again, are hazards to rest, that no sick person ought to have to use their scant strength to combat against. Isn't there a plastic that would make a good bedpan, a tray, or racks for the same? That hollow sound would be so much more bearable than the crash of metal.

So much for hospital arrangement. What about hospital routine? I have often wondered what wizard of healing initiated the idea of waking a person from probably the only sleep they have had all night, at, let us say — twenty to six — to wash one's face and hands.

It is a common fact that water on the face is not conducive to slumber. Few people, after their morning wash, go back to sleep again. But this is a time-honored custom — with a lifetime of use behind it. It must be adhered to.

Suppose we are good patients. We wash. What happens? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. That is, not until seven-thirty. One hundred and fifty minutes later! Then we have breakfast.

And what is so good about this revered custom that it has to be preserved? Well the only sensible answer I've had to that, is that the nurses have to get their work done. And, to me, that is not valid.

Why not set the whole day back one hour? The nurses might rise at seven instead of six, and come on duty at eight instead of seven. (They might even be able to stay up like other people, in the evening, once in a while). I could have my face washed an hour later — at twenty to seven. It would still be too early, but I could compromise to that extent.

The doctors could begin their day an hour later. They might risk an evening's entertainment in the normal fashion, and more light-heartedly, if they didn't have to take someone's life in their hands at the hour when the chickens first chirp. Who is to say their efficiency is highest then?

Frankly, unless conditions under which nurses train, are given a sharp revision, the now dangerous shortage of nurses, will become positively acute. We will have more potential nurses walking the streets looking for office jobs, than we have had ladies in nylon lines. Those girls slave twelve hours a day for three years of unpaid training, and hold in their slim hands terrific responsibilities, where a mistake may mean life or death — yours or mine. Are they getting a fair deal?

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WORLD OF WOMEN

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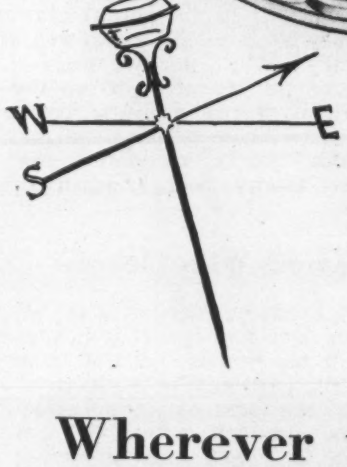

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Suppose we are good patients. We wash. What happens? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. That is, not until seven-thirty. One hundred and fifty minutes later! Then we have breakfast.

And what is so good about this revered custom that it has to be preserved? Well the only sensible answer I've had to that, is that the nurses have to get their work done. And, to me, that is not valid.

Why not set the whole day back one hour? The nurses might rise at seven instead of six, and come on duty at eight instead of seven. (They might even be able to stay up like other people, in the evening, once in a while). I could have my face washed an hour later — at twenty to seven. It would still be too early, but I could compromise to that extent.

The doctors could begin their day an hour later. They might risk an evening's entertainment in the normal fashion, and more light-heartedly, if they didn't have to take someone's life in their hands at the hour when the chickens first chirp. Who is to say their efficiency is highest then?

Frankly, unless conditions under which nurses train, are given a sharp revision, the now dangerous shortage of nurses, will become positively acute. We will have more potential nurses walking the streets looking for office jobs, than we have had ladies in nylon lines. Those girls slave twelve hours a day for three years of unpaid training, and hold in their slim hands terrific responsibilities, where a mistake may mean life or death — yours or mine. Are they getting a fair deal?

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WORLD OF WOMEN

The Case of Eskimo Martha Mafa Goes to Trial in the Arctic

By FLORENCE WHYARD

MARTHA MAFA was on trial for the murder of her husband in a case with all the extra special "triangle" elements — an alleged lover who murdered his wife, and even a small child playing around her skirt. But there were no reporters in that courtroom, no flash bulbs popping when the accused gave evidence, and certainly no cheesecake.

For Martha Mafa was an Eskimo, stolid and apparently uninterested in the proceedings which were to decide whether she should be convicted of murder. The courtroom was the common room of the R.C.M.P. barracks at Coppermine, Northwest Territories, on the Coronation Gulf, and the spectators were other Eskimos as unmoved as herself.

Late in August Magistrate A. H. Gibson, of Fort Smith, N.W.T., who was to preside at the trial; Magistrate Frank Cunningham, Yellowknife, prosecutor; barrister John Parker, Yellowknife, appointed by the Crown to conduct the defense; and Ian Mackenzie, Yellowknife, clerk of the court, boarded an R.C.M.P. Grumman Goose for the trip north, carrying along the official trappings of British justice — black gowns and stiff white collars.

They were not the only personages heading north for the trials — two were to be held the same week at Coppermine. Dr. Ower, Pathologist at the University of Alberta, Sergeant Mason-Rooke, R. C. M. P. ballistics expert at Regina, and Dr. Lambert of Port Radium were on hand to testify or produce expert evidence — all to weight the scales for or against Martha Mafa. Had she asked for any of this aid? Was she paying any fees or transportation costs? Not a bit of it. All she had to do was appear before the court and sit throughout the trial, gleaning her knowledge of what went on through the words of an Eskimo interpreter.

It must have been a strange experience for her. Here were these white men, Kabloonas, going to all this work to talk about something which had taken place two years before, and had now been forgotten by all concerned. Those who had suffered were now dead; she alone remained of the two married couples whose affairs had led to a double murder, a suicide and orphaning. Why bother about it? As the white men argued on during the trial, they were struck by her impassive countenance and air of disinterest.

In typical Eskimo woman style, Mafa was wearing two cotton print dresses; the one on top of the other, extra voluminous and completely shapeless. As she sat in the courtroom, her year-old son crawled around her, and over her and under her chair. Neither "house-broken" nor weaned, he provided the only highlights of human interest of the proceedings.

Occasionally the child would make a special kind of grunt-sound, which signified his need to Mafa. Mafa would then bring forth from under her skirts an empty tobacco can (W. D. & H. O. Wills, if you must know) plunk the child upon it and gaze calmly on at the court proceedings. When "Operation Tobacco Can" was completed, the child would continue his playing, Mafa would file the can out of sight and that was that.

Only other incident to break the monotony occurred when the baby got hungry. He'd approach Mafa with the special sound which signified a mealtime overdue, and Mafa would swoop down, clutch him firmly, stick him up under the outer skirt. Following this a wriggling procedure would take place and presently there would be satisfied suckling noises heard plainly throughout the courtroom. A few moments later, a sagging outline of a child's head would appear against the outer dress and the youngster was asleep.

This picture of maternal care vied strangely with the story that revealed itself to the court, patched together from inquest proceedings, first hand evidence, interpreters and written reports of R.C.M.P. personnel.

Mafa's Lover

Two years before, so the story went, this Eskimo woman had shot her husband Ayalik, in the head with his hunting rifle, and when that failed to kill him, she wound a piece of fishing cord around his throat four times to deliver the *coup de grace*. This much she had told at an inquest later. The murder took place at their camp on Victoria Island in September, 1944, and evidence revealed that Mafa's lover, Haogak, had been in the vicinity of the camp that same day.

Second chapter in the story took place when Kopana, Haogak's wife, was killed shortly afterwards, and Haogak married Mafa.

News travels slowly in the Arctic, but it does travel, and when reports of these killings had petered through to the nearest R.C.M.P. detachment, at Coppermine, a constable of the force made the long trip to investigate. By the time he reached Haogak's camp, this sufferer from a guilty conscience had shot himself. Very neatly, too, the Mountie reported. Settling himself comfortably in his caribou sleeping robe, Haogak had first arranged his rifle on a ledge at the edge of the sleeping bag, pointing the muzzle into his right ear. He attached a string to the trigger, and tied it around the little finger of his left hand. Then, lying back in a composed and comfortable position, with arms crossed on his breast, he had simply quirked his little finger and death had come instantly.

Mafa was still on hand, however, and the police proceeded with an inquest into the affair, conducted by Superintendent Martin of the Force. Accumulation of evidence eventually resulted in the trial held this summer. But defense counsel Parker argued successfully that evidence was purely circumstantial, and had been given under special conditions during the inquest, with the result that Mafa was acquitted.

Jury Plucked From Air

When offered her choice of summary trial or trial by jury, Mafa had elected jury, which posed something of a problem, for there were few white men around Coppermine not already involved in the case. But Constable Connick acted quickly, and empannelled the crew of an R.C.A.F. Canso which had stopped off on its way to Holman Island! Their buddies at Holman Island Post found it hard to believe when several days later, the Canso crew apologized for being late and explained that they'd stopped off at Coppermine to try a murderess!

There were no emotional scenes of joy when the verdict was read; not a flicker of expression on her face to signify her feelings. Nor did the other natives of the town show any discrimination for or against the woman who was known as a murderess — except for one small incident noted by Mr. Parker later. The police boat "St. Roche", was at Coppermine during the trials, and when a whaler set out to it from shore, an entire boatload of natives went along to visit. Mafa was in the crowd swarming around the boat, wanting to go too, but she was pushed to one side and left behind. Then and only then did her counsel see her break down and cry!

Trial number two presented one of those problems in racial custom and variation of national outlook on moral codes. The Eskimo woman Anangiak was charged with aiding her husband Tamahnagak in the commission of suicide; a crime according to British code, but a simple wifely duty in the eyes of the Eskimo.

For Tamahnagak was growing old, he was not in good health and no longer was able to provide for his family by hunting and fishing. So in September, 1945, at their camp at Bathurst Inlet, Anangiak held the rifle steady while her husband pointed it into his right ear and pulled the trigger. . . . .

When their son Ikhik returned to camp from a hunting trip, he went about the business of burying his father in true Eskimo style, covering the body with a caribou skin, pinned down at the edge by heavy rocks. With the deceased were placed all his prized personal possessions: an old rifle, vintage 1902, a tin of tobacco (again W. D. & H. O. Wills of Bristol and London), a book of cigarette papers, three needles wrapped in deerskin and, last but not least, a corn cob pipe.

The court learned these intimate details from Constable Levins who had visited the camp following reports of the old man's death. Ikhik was quite willing to show the Mountie where his father was "buried" but unfortunately, the wolves had been there first and had left obvious signs of their work. A few yards away, the Constable located a human head, badly chewed up, the only part left of the *corpus delicti*.

This gruesome item was shipped out to Edmonton, where Dr. Ower undertook to locate the bullet which had allegedly caused death. There was still a good deal of decaying matter in the interior of the skull,

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he reported, but with the assistance of some meat-eating beetles, he was able to clean this away and found not only the bullet but also the case from which it had been ejected. The skull, with bullet still embedded, was forwarded to Sgt. Mason-Rooke at R.C.M.P. headquarters in Regina, who used microphotography to determine that it had been fired by a 25-20 rifle—the one found in the burial cache, a thousand miles north.

The court found that the evidence, while circumstantial was quite conclusive, and sentenced Anangiak to to 21 months' imprisonment at Coppermine. That means special arrangements by the legal authorities, for normally there is no accommodation for female prisoners at the R.C.M.P. lock-up, and Anangiak will actually be detained as a sort of housekeeper and maid-of-all-work, a prospect which didn't seem at all displeasing to the middle-aged Eskimo woman.

Having fulfilled their various duties, the experts and the legal lights took off their gowns and collars, boarded the special plane and flew home again, the demands of justice fulfilled. And the Eskimos in Coppermine went about their unruffled way of life without a ripple of comment disturbing its surface.

• •

House Beautiful and Plan Wonderful

By FREDERIC MANNING

IN AUGUST before going on some holidays I made arrangements with several workmen to do some odd jobs for me on my return. They all assured me that I only had to telephone them the beginning of September and they would at once leap to my assistance. I telephoned on my return and the amount of leaping done would easily be surpassed by anyone with a large hang-over on the morning after.

On paper (or more accurately, by telephone) my plans looked good. First of all the furnace man to do some cleaning and replacing of any pipes made necessary by last season's coal substitute. After him the plumber to do some work in our bathing department. Then the carpenter to put up some doors in an archway. I planned to do a paint job on the stairs next and last of all have a man to do the floors and be all bright and shining for the fall trade. That's the way it looked on paper. It didn't work out quite as I had planned, however. In fact it worked very differently.

First of all the man who does our floors called to say that if I didn't take him at once he didn't know when he could come. He had a Contract! I was duly impressed and he came and polished our floors.

Dark Red Stairs

The furnace man turned up next, cleaned the furnace, looked over the pipes and other odds and ends, said there was some replacing to do and he would be back. He didn't say when, nor has he turned up yet. I expect him the first cold day when I finally get a good fire started in the furnace.

I telephoned the plumber and he assured me he would be over almost before I had hung up the receiver. After waiting for several days I thought I might better put in my time painting the stairs. The plumber is a careful worker, and so on, to myself.

The paint had been a bit of a problem. I wanted a terra-cotta shade I had used before, but had no luck. The dealer from whom I usually do my buying hadn't any. Impossible, he said, but he could give me some dark red. I decided on dark red. He next discovered he only had it in gallon tins. I flatly declined a gallon, I only needed a quart. He said all right he would have a quart put up for me if I called back in a few days time, say next Wednesday?

A week later I got the paint and set to work to paint my way down the stairs. The day was dull, the artificial light none too good and it was only when I reached the last three steps I realized that I had covered the stairs with a bright red paint that looks like an advertisement for a chain grocery store. Just as a finishing touch, when I wasn't looking, Junior (our Scottie) walked upstairs while the paint was still wet and we now have his footprints preserved in the best Hollywood tradition.

When my sister surveyed the completed effort she comforted me by saying that the paint would get dirty in no time and be plenty dark enough in a few weeks. She was partly right. What is left on the stairs is dark and dirty, all right, but there is little enough left.

The next worker to turn up was not the plumber but his assistant, third assistant I should think. Somewhere he has acquired a pair of boots that must have been rejected by the army and fitted out for logging operations. After he had spent a day going up and down the stairs for forgotten tools and parts, the effect is more that of a severe case of measles than anything else.

Finally the carpenter arrived, surveyed the scene, jerked open a door I wanted changed, with such enthusiasm that the hall light was severed as neatly as ever I have seen a hall light severed. It seems it was the neatest job in that line the carpenter had ever done and he roared with laughter. My laughter was considerably less hilarious. He gaily worked away and it was only after he had left that I found the door, with great difficulty, could be forced open. It opened the wrong way but it could be opened.

I haven't been able to get an electrician yet. So we have no light in our hall. The bathroom now needs a complete repaint job, as do the stairs, and the floors look as if wax and a polisher have been foreigners to them for years. The carpenter is very busy and his tone, when I spoke to him on the telephone, implied that I had changed the doors myself and could probably change them back if I really wanted to.

Any day now I hope to get in our supply of winter fuel, now that I have had the lawn re-sodded, and they will undoubtedly back their trucks over it to conserve labor, theirs, not mine.

JOAN RIGBY

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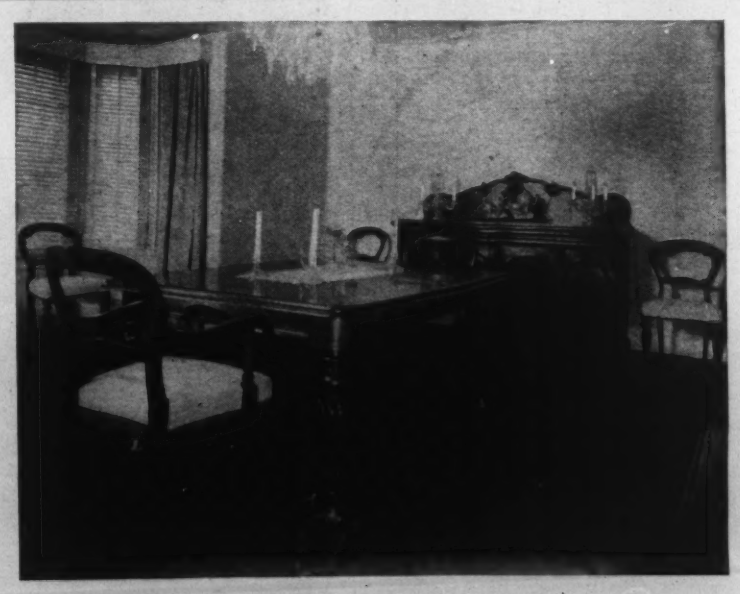

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CONCERNING FOOD

Of Hogs, Bananas, Dates on a Tree, Atcheson, Topeka and Santa Fe

By JANET MARCH

FOOD is a pretty interesting subject these days. To an unfortunately large percentage of the world's population the stingy amount they can come by makes the difference between life and death. The people of the United States are the most fortunate citizens in the world in that they can, and do grow all the different varieties of food they need within their own boundaries. "Basketful. The Story of Our Foods," by Irmengarde Eberle (Oxford University Press, $2.35) gives some of the background of the production of the bushels of wheat, tons of meat and trainloads of fruits which are cultivated in the United States. It would make hungry reading in most countries today.

In these days of rather poor paper this volume appears on quite good quality paper, with pleasantly large print and line drawings by Marion Kohs. The first impression when you start reading it is that it is a children's book, for the style of writing is a bit over-simplified for adults. It has short sentences and few fifty cent words, which makes for rather bumpy reading; but by the time you have got through one chapter you have got acclimatized to the style, and the author's ability to summarize facts is a pretty good one when she has taken on such a vast subject.

Cubes From Cuba

Nearly everyone would find some new information in "Basketful." Did you know that "hogs are closely related to the family of animals known as hippopotami?" You may have often hummed the song from the movie "The Harvey Girls" immortalizing the Atcheson Topeka and the Santa Fe railway, but did you know that the Santa Fe line follows the old cattle trail of that name, beaten down by the thousands of cattle being slowly driven on foot by cowboys to market before the days of shipping live animals by train.

If you have been wondering as to why, with V-J day well behind us, our sugar ration stays down, you should know that "in Hawaii the sugar cane is allowed to grow for two years and for eighteen months in Cuba, for then it gives more sugar than if it had been harvested earlier. Sugar cane is grown in Louisiana, but there the cane planted in the early spring has to be cut in the autumn, for the winter is cold enough to freeze the cane."

What probably has slowed the reproduction of sugar in the Philippines is the fact that "a new planting of cane grows from the nodes that form at the joints of the old plants." The story was that the Japanese had taken out all the sugar cane and substituted rice, so that getting going again would be a slow business.

Date-Pickers

All of us who shop know the name Birdseye, but do you also know that this isn't an invented trade name but belongs to a man from Gloucester, Mass., with Clarence for his first name, who went to Labrador to do fur trading. While he was there he saw the people quick-freeze their newly killed meat by simply placing it outside the door in the winter. He also discovered how good it was when it was thawed and eaten, so he came back to the United States and his is the process made famous under his name. The people of the United States use over seventy million pounds of quick frozen vegetables a year, Irmengarde informs her readers.

The piece in this book about dried eggs would probably be heartily endorsed by ex-soldiers. "Mixed with milk or water and beaten they are cooked as scrambled eggs. The dish does not taste exactly as it does when made of fresh eggs. But it tastes good if you don't have to eat it too often as the soldiers did."

For the most part Irmengarde Eberle confines herself to foods of the United States but she tells a bit about dates and some other edibles which only grow elsewhere. Here is part of her description of date picking.

"The getaa (who is the head man) climbs to the top of a tall palm. The getaa takes his mengel, a strong knife with a sawtooth edge, and cuts down one of the heavy bunches of dates that hang just below the leafy top of the palm. It is a difficult job for the getaa, for while he cuts the thick tough stem he has to hold up the date bunch weighing anywhere from twenty-five to fifty pounds, and besides that he has to cling to the palm to keep himself from falling. Fortunately he knows how to hold on with his legs."

"Fortunate" seems to be an understatement as date palms grow to be fifty to seventy-five feet high. The underboys who cling at intervals to the trunk and pass down the dates have to be "fortunate" with their legs too.

All of us who have enjoyed and eaten wild strawberries have probably imagined that the big garden variety was cultivated wild ones as the leaf is similar, but "the varieties found in our markets were developed from the French *hautbois*. The cucumber originated in Asia and Egypt and spread to this continent, and people were eating lettuce in Asia 2,500 years ago.

In Northern parts of the world we only see sweet potatoes in vegetable bins in shops, but if you saw them growing you would find that they had flowers like morning glories and that they were no relation of the real potato. When you eat melon this summer instead of thinking of Montreal you should think of Persia where they were first grown.

We are so used to calling the countries of Central America the banana republics probably very few people know that bananas came from India and China and were introduced to Central America quite recently. These are just a few of the facts about food which you will learn from "Basketful."

Irmengarde Eberle tells quite a lot about the assistance given by the Government to the food growers, and of how helpful the discoveries as to blight proof types are. The book has a good index and an impressive list of authorities, and will be interesting to many people.

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Nellie McClung Celebrates Her Golden Wedding Jubilee in B.C.

By KATHLEEN STRANGE

THE well-known novelist and feminist, Mrs. Nellie McClung, celebrated her golden wedding jubilee on August 25 of this year.

Fifty years of married life! And of those fifty years, a large proportion spent in producing books and stories that have been read and enjoyed from one end of Canada to the other, and in lecturing and in fighting for women's rights. Not to speak of running a home and family.

Nellie Letitia Mooney McClung was born in Ontario in 1873. Her family came West in 1880, travelling as far as St. Boniface by train, crossing the Red River by row boat, and then continuing their journey to Millford by ox train.

By the time she was fifteen, Nellie McClung had her second class teacher's certificate. She taught school for a year. Later she attended the Winnipeg Normal School, earned a first class certificate, and then went out to teach in a country district near Manitou. She taught school until her marriage to R. W. McClung in 1896.

It was during her school teaching days on the prairies that Nellie McClung began to write. Her brother Will had given her a set of Dickens, that had come as a premium the previous year with the Toronto *Globe*, to take with her.

"They were big volumes," Mrs. McClung once recalled to this writer. "They had paper backs and looked like those advertising sheets that are thrown in at the door. I think they were about 18 inches wide and probably 2½ feet long, and they were tea green in color! But I felt like a millionaire every time I looked at them!"

Portraits From Life

Inspired by the characters in Dickens' books, Mrs. McClung began o set down some of her own experinces. The district she was living n was not a peaceful one in those ays. Old quarrels and grievances ere never allowed to grow cold. he heard all sides on her rounds, or she was invited into many omes, and so she got enough maerial for many, many books. She sed most of it, too, of course carelly disguised.

At the time, however, she had only ne thought, which was to try to ring about reconciliations. And so e wrote character sketches of the rincipals in the feuds, inventing otives for them that would probly have surprised the originals ry much indeed. She knew nothing complexes then, nor of the effect childhood experiences on people, t as she traced the quarrels of her eighbors back to their roots, she und that many of them had their urce in envy and jealousy that had arted in far-away homes in Onrio. They had all come from the me township and so all knew each her too well!

Mrs. McClung admits now that her forts probably had but little effect n the troubled waters of the comunity, but she herself spent many pleasant hour, after her pupils had one home, and there was no sound the schoolroom but the distant m of binders in the fields, writing r stories down. She could even ake it out" on her enemies, in a ild way.

For instance, she had been told her boarding-house keeper that e didn't look like a person who ew enough to teach school! Mrs. cClung got her own back on the dy by putting her into a story and aking her the victim of thwarted mbition, who had been disappoint- in love and who was threatened th rickets! She swung a wide ush and laid her color on heavily, ose days. . .

Quite early in her career, Mrs. Clung identified herself with the Women's Rights Movement, and later, when she had moved to Edmonton, continued her work for women in the Equal Franchise League of Alberta. She was associated with the late Judge Emily Murphy in many public spirited ventures on behalf of her sex. In 1916 she was a delegate to the Great War Conference and from 1921 to 1925 she served as representative for Edmonton in the Alberta Legislature.

Mrs. McClung's work for women was not only general but personal as well. This writer can testify to many personal kindnesses received from Mrs. McClung during her early prairie years, when she lived on an isolated farm in Alberta, and often needed advice and help. Always it was forthcoming, and generously. No doubt there are hundreds of prairie women, and women all over Canada, who can testify to the same.

Mrs. McClung's best known novels are "Sowing Seeds in Danny," published in 1908, "The Second Chance," 1919, "Purple Springs," 1921, and "Painted Fires," 1925. She has also published many collections of short stories and sketches, and two fine autobiographical books, "Clearing in the West," which came out in 1935, and the recently-published, "The Stream Runs Fast," which brings her life story almost up to date.

For some years now Mrs. McClung and her husband have lived at "Lantern Lane," near Victoria, B.C. They are supposed to be retired, but for many years Mrs. McClung still continued an active community life, serving on the Board of the C.B.C. and lecturing widely. Of late years ill-health has kept her more closely to her home, but her house is still the scene of a constant stream of visitors from all parts and Mrs. McClung is still happy to welcome them.

On August 25 scores of letters and telegrams poured into "Lantern Lane," many thousands of readers and friends in all parts of Canada sending her their good wishes for many more years of happy married life.

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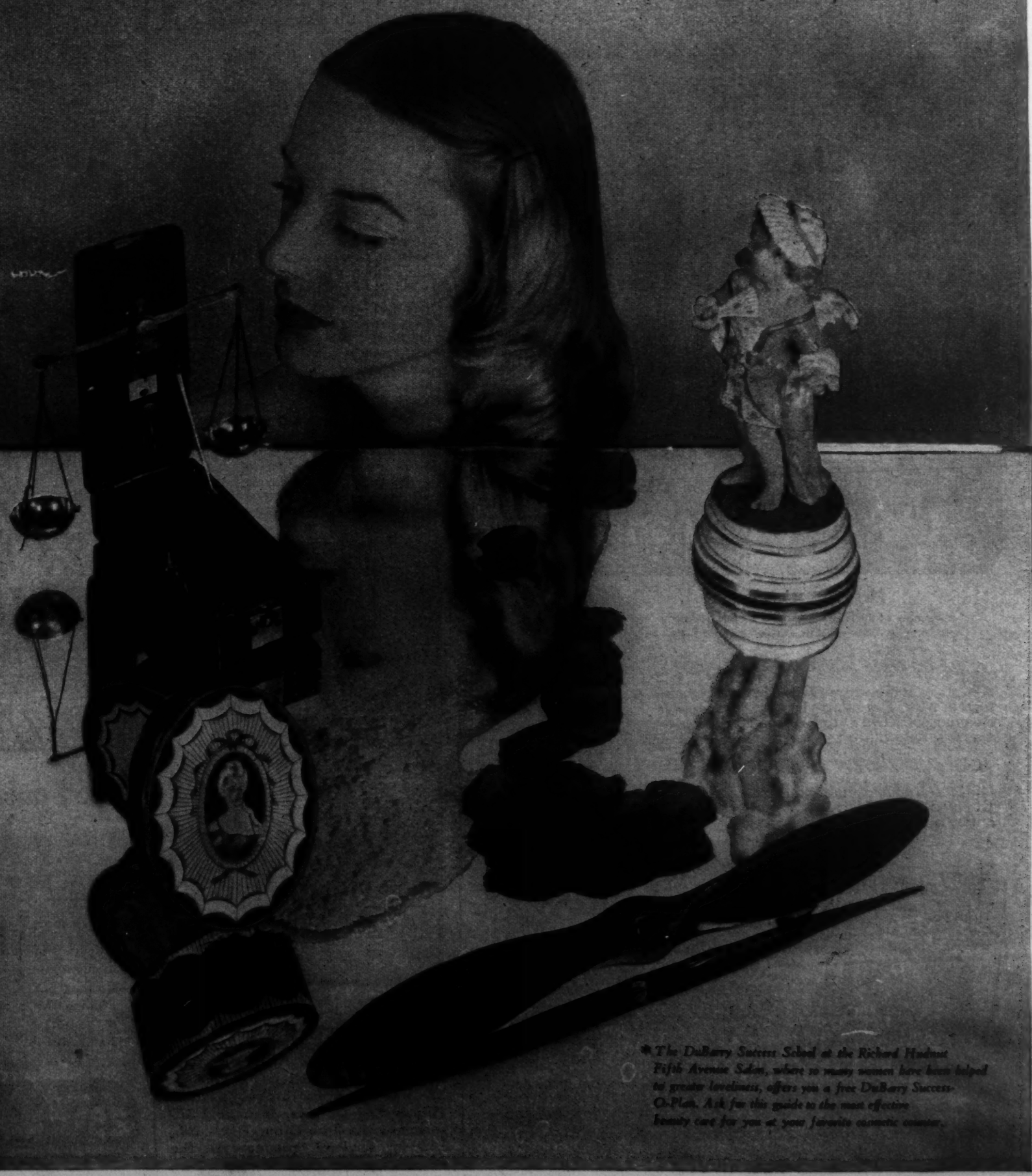

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

King Size Appetite Adds Zest to Food in "Bush" and in England

By J. F. B. LIVESAY

The following article is an excerpt from the book "The Making Of A Canadian," by the late J. F. B. Livesay, former General Manager of The Canadian Press. The book is to be published early this autumn.

AMONG the more gentle arts, but after gardening, I prize most highly the Culinary. In a pre-war year, in Winnipeg, we had a fine and engaging old English body who had served with the best families, a marvellous cook. But one dursn't enter her kitchen. After one particular triumph F.R.L. said to her: "My husband's quite a cook, too, once he was cook in a mining camp." "Oh, Ma'am! And I always thought him so much the gentleman!"

I was done for, and, under strong stomach protest, we had to let her go. . . My three months' tour for the Onaping Gold Mining Company came about by accident. Our French Canadian cook was smitten with snow-blindness and had to be taken out by canoe to Sudbury, Ontario, and one Joe Couture, who had the stern paddle, was to bring back a new cook—a round trip by water, trail and railway, of the best part of a week. Meantime, I, as Secretary of the Company, an office more or less honorary, volunteered to take over the job.

But something went amiss, maybe they got drunk in Sudbury, but anyway they returned cook-less. The men, French and Irish voyageurs and miners, most of whom could do a capable job around the cook-stove, were busy putting up winter camps and installing the plant for our abortive gold-washing, and so, my prentice hand already attuned to the rhythm, I took over the affair.

I could cook meat and vegetables, and even make a pie, but was ignorant of baking. Some one showed me how to go about this, and after a few failures, using potato water I made a fair job of the bread—the men meantime living on hard-tack-baking, with our limited facilities, every other day.

For A Gang Of Fifteen

We were still under canvas and at night I set the dough in a great pan next to the cook-stove, covering it with a grey blanket. The cook tent was the warmest place in camp those frosty October nights. Occasionally a black bear would sniff around, and we had a tame skunk that would eat the scraps; it was harmless if left alone. One morning I woke to find Lucy, the deer-hound, seeking warmth, curled up on the blanket. Dumping out deer-hound and bread, I surveyed ruefully my ruined batch.

My difficulty was to cook enough for a gang of fifteen men, but that was overcome. A great stand-by was a stew, salt pork its foundation, into which went desiccated potatoes and vegetables, well soaked beforehand, onions, apple rings and California dried apricot—a savory dish.

We were out in the wilderness, far beyond reach of law, and we had an Indian hunting for us. Moose steak, followed by cranberry pie—fruit plucked by chilled fingers from the frosty swamps—was our Sunday dish. Deer, too, abounded and the little lake on which the camp was situated had plenty of mountain trout—stupid fellows you pulled in hand over hand off the troll line.

Coffee Thrown In

Coming from the sea I had not much use for fresh-water fish though a man's offering of bass or speckled trout for breakfast satisfies any gourmet's appetite. In Winnipeg, in winter, whitefish fresh out of Lake Winnipeg, firm and delectable, no eater but sighs happily at the sight before him. The Winnipeg gold-eye is a thing apart. This fine luncheon dish (with a quarter of an apple pie, and coffee thrown in, for thirty cents, in the Old Olympic Café a few blocks from our office in Winnipeg) recalls old delights, never more to be realized. Smoked to a marvellous red and gold it was, and to eat it at table without messing up the bones was an art in itself. On dining-cars I could always recognize a Winnipegger by the skill with which he dissected his gold-eye.

But sea-fish is the thing. How I remember as a boy the fish vendor, with his low-wheeled barrow coming along our road in Ventnor, chanting; "Fresh mackerel, fresh mackerel, six-a-shilling, nine-a-shilling," according to the catch. Fennel is the only right sauce for mackerel. I grow it in my herb garden, but the mackerel, magnificent in Montreal, has travelled a bit too far from the sea for my taste. On our precipitous Isle of Wight cliffs—but only within reach of the salt spray—grows samphire, much superior to capers for a boiled leg of mutton.

Not to be despised is the smelt, baked brown or dipped in corn-meal and fried, with tomato sauce; cousin once removed of the humble English sprat, despised by the upper classes but for the rest, a steaming, shining frosty dish.

Venturing into the misty Atlantic, dark and storm their friends, the fishermen of Peggy's Cove, Nova Scotia, set and lift their lobster traps—contraptions of carpenter work quite unlike the round wicker baskets of the Isle of Wight—and risk their lives to bring joy to the heart of the epicure in New York.

In my boyhood the traditional English luncheon consisted of a glass of sherry and/or a bottle of beer, cold cuts with trimmings, a plain plum or seed cake and tea. I once had these two cake recipes but I fear they may be found now only in some quiet rectory or dower house, the world being the loser. Always round, and baked to a rich deep brown, with currants, slightly burned, sticking out, this plum cake was indeed plain, with no fal-lals but the currants and a bit of peel, certainly not nasty pink cherries or angelica, nuts, and so on that make of our pale and oblong Canadian plum cake a travesty. Perhaps the cake had a lard base—the

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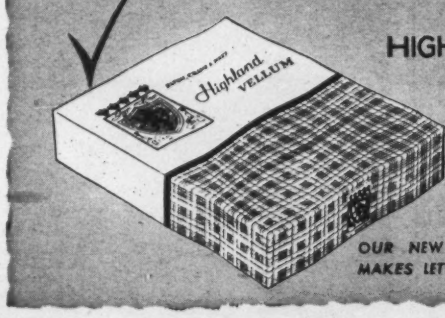

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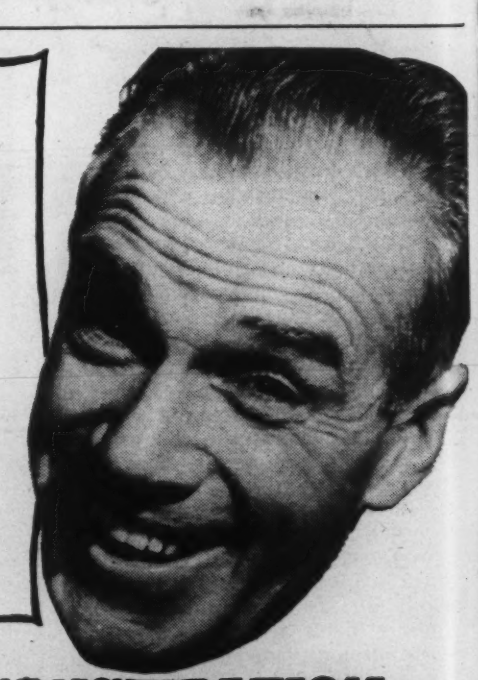
"Photogenic" is obviously the word for attractive Joy Hardy who was selected as "Canadian Home Journal's" Cover Girl. Miss Hardy is a student of Jarvis Collegiate, Toronto. She was chosen by this year's judge, Filippo Del Guidice, Managing Director of the Two Cities Films, Ltd., London, England, producer of the much discussed film "Henry Fifth".

Don't be SLUGGISH Be BRIGHT



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MADE IN CANADA

English "lard cake," not to be despised, is a different thing altogether—for it was a trifle on the moist and heavy side and would keep, if allowed, for weeks.

As made by Eliza, my grandmother Livesay's Devonshire cook, the cake had a flavor all its own. The thought of it, after fifty years, makes my mouth water! The seed cake was much the same in shape and consistency, but lighter in color, like the golden-brown of a Brahma hen's egg, and they made a pretty contrast on the sideboard—it was a meal where one helped oneself.

Roly-Poly With Cream

Caraway seeds took the place of currants and peel in the second. This cake is so distinctive in flavor, so mottled in appearance, that almost anyone who can beat cake-dough has the fond delusion she can make a seed-cake "as easy as winking." It is a tricky performance in reality, a nice balancing of ingredients, not too much sugar, just enough seeds. So that once in a while a really good and imaginative cook will produce the real right thing, in the words of Henry James. Many women have tried to please me with their seed cakes but most have failed miserably!

Another great dish of Eliza's was a roly-poly made with buttermilk, steamed in cheese-cloth, coming out white as snow—to be then sliced, each slice crowned with red currant jam (not jelly) and, baked two minutes in the oven of the range, it was served piping hot, crowned by a great clot of Eliza's Devonshire cream.

Sandrock Spring, where an aunt lived, was noted for providing good food, but, Plymouth Brethren as the household was, no Sunday cooking was allowed; except that Eliza, before setting out for Meeting stuffed immense potatoes into the oven of the coal-burning range. When we got back, after our brisk two mile walk over the Downs—the Elders had gone by carriage—quite ravenous, we were greeted by that delectable smell.

After an interminable grace we fell to, with a great joint of beef at one end of the table and at the other a goose or some kind of fowl, also cold. This would be followed by a deep apple tart, with an inverted egg-cup to support the thick rich crust, a hint of cloves, a twist of lemon rind, with yellow cream from the Jersey cows.

My father, to be different, kept Guernseys which, by contrast, tethered by a chain in a close-cropped circle, looked as if they never got enough to eat. Two or three of these animals did not suffice for our big family when it came to the making of butter. So my Aunt, invariably on Mondays, drove in the six miles to our house with butter, eggs, and perhaps some fruit from her garden. "The Butter Woman is here, Ma'am" a new maid said, on one of these occasions, to the great hilarity of the family.

The butter was in lovely round golden pats, one pound each, imprinted from the wooden block she had carved with a Jersey cow, a view of Sandrock Spring with the Undercliffe behind—half a dozen, perhaps, in a basket of woven wood, all covered with vine leaves. How else should an artist display the largesse of her earth, her poultry and her kine?

And Furthermore, You Tricked Me!

By HELEN LEWIS

LET me add, that looking back, it seems incredible that only two short hours after seeing you, I should have become a woman possessed. In my saner moments, I knew only too well that across Canada there were thousands just like you. But for me, you were different—the one and only. It suddenly occured to me, I might even possess you, and from then on, I knew no rest. The thought that some other woman, who had seen you first, might beat me to it, filled me with unreasoning panic. Had I thought more calmly, I should have known I could find you easily, anywhere, anytime.

But my life hitherto, cold and unglamorous, became a living thing—filled with fire and purpose. That I had lived so long without color and hope, momentarily depressed me. Now, that is past—for, with you, a shining future revealed itself.

You Touched Me

The moment we touched each other and you caressed me, I knew we had clicked and belonged to each other. I think you did, too. For me, there was no other decision—I intended to possess you, or else—

When I first saw you, worshipping from a distance, I tried to visualize some of the things you might mean to me—A new life—the places we might go together—the world was before us. Days of clear, cold sunshine—nights under icy, moonlit skies but always safely bound up in each other.

Then, came the time, after many tortuous months of doubt, when you surrendered yourself to me and we went home together. I cannot coherently explain how I felt. I walked alone, and yet with you. Every woman I knew envied me but you were mine, and mine alone until perhaps, death us do part. . . .

During that first winter, when we went everywhere together, I walked on air—even my best friends were more eager to be with me, headwaiters changed their halitosis attitude, salespeople waited on me solicitously, men eyed me with undisquised approval, and the whole world smiled upon me.

But winter passed like a dream. When summer came, and I tried to reconcile myself to give you up, I knew that with winter you would come back to me.

Well, you did. And with you came grim realization. You had changed beyond recognition. Your hair had fallen out—your skin that once glowed under my touch, was now dull and gray. You were, in short—utterly repellent. Even to me, who once had adored you, you had become cheap and shoddy—an unbeautiful thing. Also, you tricked me. . . .

But what could I do? I knew I would be stuck with you for the next ten years. You were—my last year's fur coat.

TIME OF THE TROUBLE

HE leaned his rifle on the wall
And, laughing, bent his head;
"I'll stay your love," he whispered low,
"Until the shamrock's red!"

He kissed away my crazy fears,
And held me close, and then
Out through the darkness slipped away
To join his waiting men.

But 'twas no friend he met that night,
For deep in Failen Wood
The foe he stalked awaited him
And shot him where he stood.

And soon I knew how doubly true
Were those light words he'd said:
For there the blood from his torn breast
Had stained the Shamrocks red!

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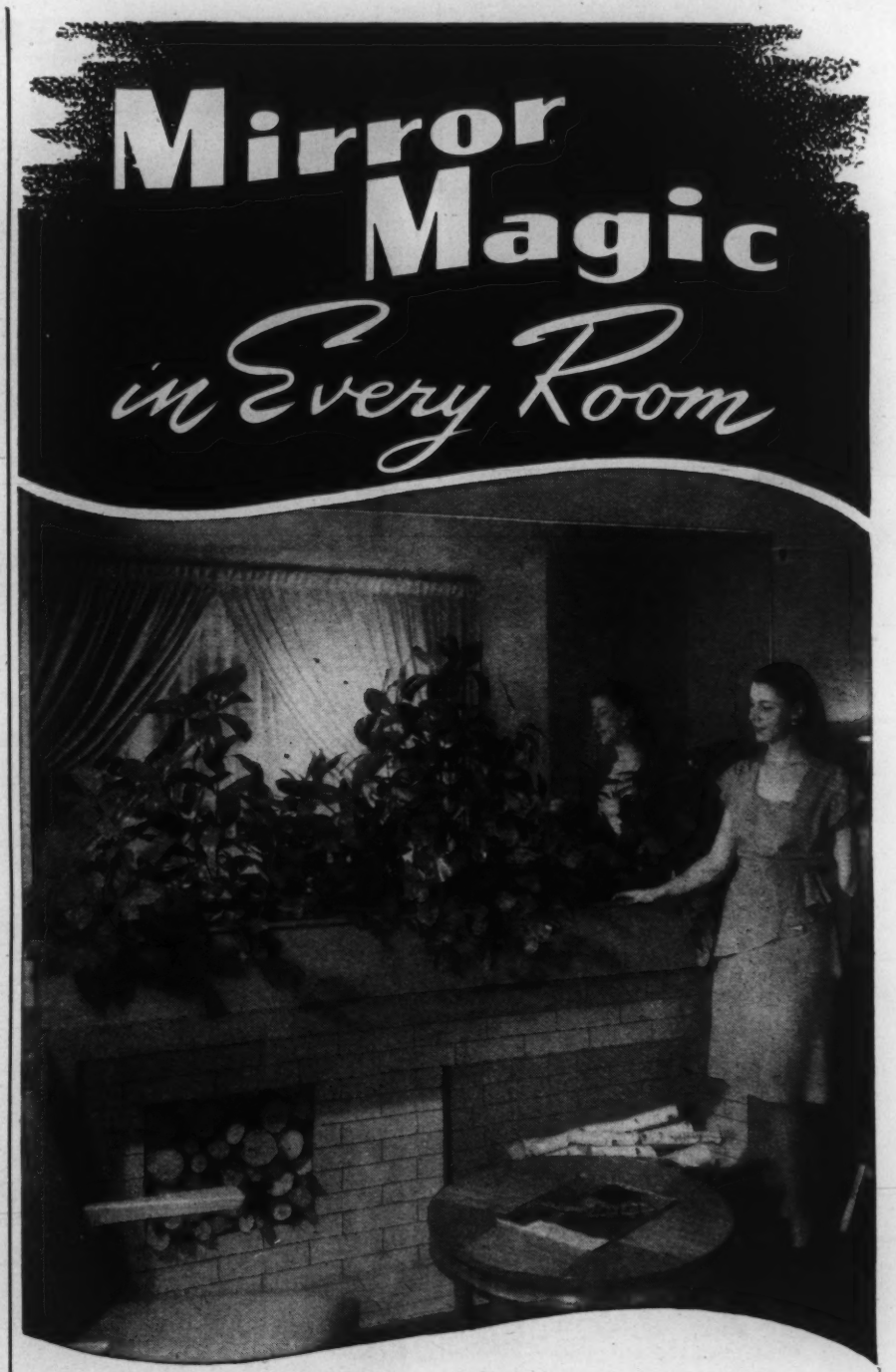

Mirrors suggest space and add charm to any room. They make rooms lighter, more spacious, interesting and colorful. A mirror, for instance, on a dull, monotonous wall, will reflect colorful drapes or curtains, and give sparkle, glint and vividness to the room.

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THE OTHER PAGE

The Sojourn of Jefferson Davis In the Eastern Townships

By FRED KAUFMAN

"ROCK GROVE," the house with the six gables, probably escapes being noticed by a great many people who pass Lennoxville's Belvidere Street, but upon closer examination it proves to be one of the most interesting places in this small Eastern Townships town. For in it lived for a number of years the Cummins family, grandchildren of Lord Montcastle of England and Ireland, and probably the best friends in Canada of Jefferson Davis, one-time President of the Confederate States, and his family.

Following the defeat of the Southern armies, Davis, who was looked upon by most Northerners as the embodiment of what they had fought against, was interned in Fortress Monroe, Virginia, but later he was released on bail and he and Mrs. Davis left at once for Toronto, where they joined Mrs. Howell, Mrs. Davis' mother, and their four children who had preceded them.

It was there that Mr. Davis met members of the Stotesbury family, who proved to be the immediate cause of the Davis' family coming to Lennoxville. For there were no less than three Stotesburys enrolled at Bishop's College School, one of Canada's finest boarding schools for boys, which in those days occupied a building standing on the grounds of what is now known as the "New Arts Building" of the University of Bishop's College, situated at the junction of the St. Francis and Massawippi rivers in Lennoxville. The school had proved to be very satisfactory to the young Stotesburys and it was decided to send Jeff Davis Jr. there, where he was to be under the care of Hansell Stotesbury, who was to be a big brother to him.

With young Jeff came the entire family, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Maggie, a younger sister of Mrs. Davis, and the other three children, Maggie, afterwards Mrs. J. A. Hayes, Billie, and Winnie, who was often referred to as the Daughter of the Confederacy.

SUITABLE houses were hard to get in those days and the choice the Davis family was confronted with was not very great. There was one hotel on the spot now occupied by the Roman Catholic Church, known as MacDougall's, and then there was the British-American Hotel, owned by Stephen Clark, on the opposite corner, approximately on the site of the present post office. Mr. Davis chose the latter, and many interesting things about the Davis family were passed on by Mrs. Clark, the owner's wife.

It seems that one of the things which was missed by the Davis family was a home, and this they found by their close association with the Cummins family, the owners of "Rock Grove." It was there that they sought refuge from the noise of the village, and many happy hours were spent by them at this friendly home.

Visible evidence of that time can still be found at the house, now occupied by two families, the Blakes and the Petersons. The living rooms in both apartments have large French windows and on those panes we find inscribed some names of boys in attendance at the school at that time. Although Jeff Jr. is apparently not amongst them—his name may have been on some panes which have not stood the test of time—we still find signatures of two of the Cummins boys, James, November 1, 1863 and Jack, 1865.

The last time Mr. and Mrs. Davis visited "Rock Grove" before leaving the Eastern Townships for Montreal, Mr. Davis turned to his wife and said: "Varina, what is the most valuable thing I have left in the world?" She answered, "Why, Jeff, your Bible." And shortly after, he sent it to Jennie Cummins with the following inscription on a fly-leaf: "To Miss Cummins, as a token of sincere regard and esteem of her friend, Jeff'n Davis, Lennoxville, 17 July, 1868."

After Miss Cummins' death this precious souvenir was passed on to her brother Stephen, known as "Little Stevie," who in turn presented it to the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Virginia which recently received a visit from Winston Churchill during his American vacation. It now forms an important part in the well-known Davis collection. When Mr. Cummins made the presentation, he also explained the circumstances under which the Bible passed into his hands.

"One point I wish to emphasize," wrote he, "is this: though Mr. Davis was suffering from ill-health as a result of war strain, followed by imprisonment, I never heard him utter a bitter word concerning the cause that had brought about these conditions. On the contrary if we young people gave expression to our feelings in words antagonistic to the Northern States or people he would stop us gently and tell us not to feel or speak with bitterness, for only by kind feeling could the whole nation be rebuilt and reach its highest destiny."

SOME of Lennoxville's older residents still tell stories which were passed on to them by friends who were students at Bishop's College School during the days of the Civil War, and it seems that many of the boys took active sides in the conflict. Sometimes some young Southern boys would gather and sing songs of the South. This practice was disliked by others who quickly retorted by singing, "We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree," which could not have been very pleasant music for the ears of Jeff Jr.

Many local anecdotes are told about the period and it is rather hard to check the authenticity of all. For a long time, for instance, the saying went that Jefferson Davis arrived in Lennoxville concealing his identity in female attire, but this seems to be without foundation. We are also told that the family frequently drove to Stanstead, a town about thirty miles south of Lennoxville, near the present United States border, but one day the people there seemed rather hostile when they

"FOREST FIRE" As painted for Carling's by William Hook

This is one of a series of illustrations on the subject of the Conservation of Canada's natural assets designed to emphasize the fact that the beauties of unspoiled nature that we enjoy today are a precious birthright which we must protect for tomorrow.

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"Forest Fire—The Common Enemy"

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Crackling and hissing, its advance-line of windblown sparks reaching far ahead, the forest fire takes its terrible toll of wild life and forest wealth. In its wake nothing is left but blackened tree-trunks and desolation.

A lurid picture? Yes, but a true picture, and one that is seen all too frequently in Canada's forest lands. Statistics show that out of 6,000 forest fires in Canada every year, only one in six owes its origin to natural causes (lightning, etc.) The rest are caused by human agencies, *and can be prevented.*

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learned that the former Confederate President was in their midst, and Stanstead was never again visited.

In connection with the story of Jefferson Davis' sojourn in Lennoxville—which came to an end when Mr. Davis decided to leave because the town was too noisy for him—one may also recall the rather persistent rumor regarding the first settlers in North Hatley, a well-known summer and winter resort on the shore of Lake Massawippi. The saying goes that many Southerners were determined to follow their leader wherever he went, and so, in due course, they set out by train for Lennoxville. But in those days travelling was not quite as easy as it is now, and, when the train reached the point where North Hatley now stands, the locomotive broke down, and while the engineer tried to repair the damage some of the travellers went for a stroll to look at the countryside. We are told that they were so impressed by the beauty of the landscape that they decided to stay right there—and so North Hatley was born.

What is perhaps the most amusing story told about the Civil War era is the following one. Shortly after the defeat of the South, Confederate money was devaluated and it became practically worthless. One day a church social was held at the Anglican Church in Lennoxville and several boys from the school attended. In the course of the evening a collection was taken up and much to the surprise of those who counted the money, the plate contained several thousand dollars, Confederate money,—a joke by some young Southern gentlemen.

Impression of Horses

By KATHERINE HALE

THEY stood in their accustomed group in the little knoll just beyond the oatfield, a rising that commands a fine view of the lake. They always seemed to fall into just this position when they stopped to look at the lake or any other distant object. They made a handsome picture; Hector the oldest of the four, so resolute even at rest, his slender back as brown as a brook, a kind of youthful quiver running over it like sunshine; Jenny, standing by him, shoulder to shoulder, rubbing shoulders in fact, adoring him with her soft wide eyes; Maybelle next to her, but slightly apart, at an independent angle. You could read a whole story if you cared to in the lines of Maybelle's bare back, a back which flatly contradicted her flowery name — a self-assertive, jealous back fastened to sinewy legs that could carry her untiringly over long roads before she would stop to look for the shadow of a tree. Against her somewhat knobby flanks snuggled—yes, snuggled is the word—that handsome and frisky yet strangely nervous and moody young Roland, who if he ever came to a dark tower would certainly do no more than give it a kick and run on.

The wind of early summer seemed to toss them all closer together, to bind them with invisible threads, to permeate them with the freshness and vitality of sensitive northern air. There was not a sound to be heard except the distant hum of a binder from a wheat field an acre away and the four stood motionless, looking, looking, out over the lake.

Stephen Brook and Nancy his wife were celebrating his week-end leave by a tour on foot over the south end of the farm. As they came slowly up the hill they stood transfixed by the picture of these young creatures outlined against the blue morning sky. Because they loved them so much nothing was lost in the quick photographic impression that was registered in their minds—Hector's valor, Jenny's adoration, Maybelle's sour wisdom, Roland's nervous agony. But these four who were always together had never stood so utterly motionless before. It was as if they were waiting for something, waiting for a signal with nerves braced for response.

"There it all is," said Nancy, "youth everywhere, all over the world; this tension, this nervous waiting—and yet you never looked so beautiful, my darlings! A picture, Stephen, and ours, and you have to leave them. I wonder what they are thinking looking over the water. Do they dimly realize that they will soon be separated, sold into slavery? Farm work, army work, delivery work. . . . I can't bear it."

"But not young Roland," said Stephen, "not he. He'll frisk around a corner to evade anything that goes against his grain. What was he bred for in this dark age of time-raw nerves, thin legs, small bones, high blood pressure? Might as well quit breeding them fine!"

He turned to her as though in accusation. She was staring at them. Something had given them alarm. Hector was tossing his head violently from side to side, Jenny leant against him trembling. Then Maybelle gave an angry start, she raised her voice in one of her shrill, masculine, Katherine-Hepburn neighs. Roland took fright. Simultaneously they all lifted their feathery young tails and down the hill, like lightning, with Arab grace they sped. Their flashing forms made a golden zig-zag line across the green meadow that lay between them and the lake.

"Now what did they see and what did they hear that we cannot see and we cannot hear?" Stephen, I believe that they sense a distant excitement in the air, a crisis, overwhelming to them in their own way, and that sudden leap forward was their response."

"It's a poetic theory," he said, "but I have a strong feeling that they were merely switching flies with their tails, for there is nothing in heaven or on earth so agonizing to young horses as June flies. There are myriads of them and they attack when the flesh is still tender. They are the savage inevitable pests of the cycle of the year. The colts get stung to a fury, later they become broken in, like all the rest of us. . . . Centuries turn in cycles too."

"History, or personal experience?" she asked him.

"The two are one," said the young captain taking a farewell look at his fields.

A MATTER OF CHOICE

I KNOW a man who would in skies
go soaring
Because to soar thus is his heart's
delight.
He is a man who goes through life
ignoring
All other forms of flight.

Another fellow takes a joy in sitting
In bleak damp "hides" amid the
dawn's pale light,
Because he longs to see ducks upward
flitting—
(O rare and toothsome bite!)

For me no bird or plane. I'm ever
itching
The winter through for that entrancing sight:
The golf-ball smack on velvet-smooth
green pitching
Downward from lofty height!

J. O. Plummer

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THE OTHER PAGE

The Sojourn of Jefferson Davis In the Eastern Townships

By FRED KAUFMAN

"ROCK GROVE," the house with the six gables, probably escapes being noticed by a great many people who pass Lennoxville's Belvidere Street, but upon closer examination it proves to be one of the most interesting places in this small Eastern Townships town. For in it lived for a number of years the Cummins family, grandchildren of Lord Montcastle of England and Ireland, and probably the best friends in Canada of Jefferson Davis, one-time President of the Confederate States, and his family.

Following the defeat of the Southern armies, Davis, who was looked upon by most Northerners as the embodiment of what they had fought against, was interned in Fortress Monroe, Virginia, but later he was released on bail and he and Mrs. Davis left at once for Toronto, where they joined Mrs. Howell, Mrs. Davis' mother, and their four children who had preceded them.

It was there that Mr. Davis met members of the Stotesbury family, who proved to be the immediate cause of the Davis' family coming to Lennoxville. For there were no less than three Stotesburys enrolled at Bishop's College School, one of Canada's finest boarding schools for boys, which in those days occupied a building standing on the grounds of what is now known as the "New Arts Building" of the University of Bishop's College, situated at the junction of the St. Francis and Massawippi rivers in Lennoxville. The school had proved to be very satisfactory to the young Stotesburys and it was decided to send Jeff Davis Jr. there, where he was to be under the care of Hansell Stotesbury, who was to be a big brother to him.

With young Jeff came the entire family, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Maggie, a younger sister of Mrs. Davis, and the other three children, Maggie, afterwards Mrs. J. A. Hayes, Billie, and Winnie, who was often referred to as the Daughter of the Confederacy.

SUITABLE houses were hard to get in those days and the choice the Davis family was confronted with was not very great. There was one hotel on the spot now occupied by the Roman Catholic Church, known as MacDougall's, and then there was the British-American Hotel, owned by Stephen Clark, on the opposite corner, approximately on the site of the present post office. Mr. Davis chose the latter, and many interesting things about the Davis family were passed on by Mrs. Clark, the owner's wife.

It seems that one of the things which was missed by the Davis family was a home, and this they found by their close association with the Cummins family, the owners of "Rock Grove." It was there that they sought refuge from the noise of the village, and many happy hours were spent by them at this friendly home.

Visible evidence of that time can still be found at the house, now occupied by two families, the Blakes and the Petersons. The living rooms in both apartments have large French windows and on those panes we find inscribed some names of boys in attendance at the school at that time. Although Jeff Jr. is apparently not amongst them—his name may have been on some panes which have not stood the test of time—we still find signatures of two of the Cummins boys, James, November 1, 1863 and Jack, 1865.

The last time Mr. and Mrs. Davis visited "Rock Grove" before leaving the Eastern Townships for Montreal, Mr. Davis turned to his wife and said: "Varina, what is the most valuable thing I have left in the world?" She answered, "Why, Jeff, your Bible." And shortly after, he sent it to Jennie Cummins with the following inscription on a fly-leaf: "To Miss Cummins, as a token of sincere regard and esteem of her friend, Jeff'n Davis, Lennoxville, 17 July, 1868."

After Miss Cummins' death this precious souvenir was passed on to her brother Stephen, known as "Little Stevie," who in turn presented it to the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Virginia which recently received a visit from Winston Churchill during his American vacation. It now forms an important part in the well-known Davis collection. When Mr. Cummins made the presentation, he also explained the circumstances under which the Bible passed into his hands.

"One point I wish to emphasize," wrote he, "is this: though Mr. Davis was suffering from ill-health as a result of war strain, followed by imprisonment, I never heard him utter a bitter word concerning the cause that had brought about these conditions. On the contrary if we young people gave expression to our feelings in words antagonistic to the Northern States or people he would stop us gently and tell us not to feel or speak with bitterness, for only by kind feeling could the whole nation be rebuilt and reach its highest destiny."

SOME of Lennoxville's older residents still tell stories which were passed on to them by friends who were students at Bishop's College School during the days of the Civil War, and it seems that many of the boys took active sides in the conflict. Sometimes some young Southern boys would gather and sing songs of the South. This practice was disliked by others who quickly retorted by singing, "We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree," which could not have been very pleasant music for the ears of Jeff Jr.

Many local anecdotes are told about the period and it is rather hard to check the authenticity of all. For a long time, for instance, the saying went that Jefferson Davis arrived in Lennoxville concealing his identity in female attire, but this seems to be without foundation. We are also told that the family frequently drove to Stanstead, a town about thirty miles south of Lennoxville, near the present United States border, but one day the people there seemed rather hostile when they

† Nature Unspoiled

YOURS TO ENJOY
YOURS TO PROTECT

"Forest Fire — The Common Enemy"

The scream of a rabbit pierces the hissing roar of the forest fire as a tall spruce bursts into flame like an oil-soaked rag. A deer, wild-eyed with terror, bursts from the undergrowth and makes for the protecting waters of a small lake where other creatures of the wild, forgetting all lesser fears, stand huddled together, shivering with fear of fire — their common enemy.

Crackling and hissing, its advance-line of windblown sparks reaching far ahead, the forest fire takes its terrible toll of wild life and forest wealth. In its wake nothing is left but blackened tree-trunks and desolation.

A lurid picture? Yes, but a true picture, and one that is seen all too frequently in Canada's forest lands. Statistics show that out of 6,000 forest fires in Canada every year, only one in six owes its origin to natural causes (lightning, etc.) The rest are caused by human agencies, *and can be prevented.*

As a shareholder in Canada's natural wealth, every Canadian has a vital interest in conservation. And conservation is the concern of *all* who are interested in the continuance of our national economy and our future prosperity, rather than the concern of a chosen few. The success of conservational measures depends upon the full support of all Canadian citizens.

"FOREST FIRE" *As painted for Carling's by William Book*

This is one of a series of illustrations on the subject of the Conservation of Canada's natural assets designed to emphasize the fact that the beauties of unspoiled nature that we enjoy today are a precious birthright which we must protect for tomorrow.

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learned that the former Confederate President was in their midst, and Stanstead was never again visited.

In connection with the story of Jefferson Davis' sojourn in Lennoxville—which came to an end when Mr. Davis decided to leave because the town was too noisy for him—one may also recall the rather persistent rumor regarding the first settlers in North Hatley, a well-known summer and winter resort on the shore of Lake Massawippi. The saying goes that many Southerners were determined to follow their leader wherever he went, and so, in due course, they set out by train for Lennoxville. But in those days travelling was not quite as easy as it is now, and, when the train reached the point where North Hatley now stands, the locomotive broke down, and while the engineer tried to repair the damage some of the travellers went for a stroll to look at the countryside. We are told that they were so impressed by the beauty of the landscape that they decided to stay right there—and so North Hatley was born.

What is perhaps the most amusing story told about the Civil War era is the following one. Shortly after the defeat of the South, Confederate money was devaluated and it became practically worthless. One day a church social was held at the Anglican Church in Lennoxville and several boys from the school attended. In the course of the evening a collection was taken up and much to the surprise of those who counted the money, the plate contained several thousand dollars, Confederate money,—a joke by some young Southern gentlemen.

Impression of Horses

By KATHERINE HALE

THEY stood in their accustomed group in the little knoll just beyond the oatfield, a rising that commands a fine view of the lake. They always seemed to fall into just this position when they stopped to look at the lake or any other distant object. They made a handsome picture; Hector the oldest of the four, so resolute even at rest, his slender back as brown as a brook, a kind of youthful quiver running over it like sunshine; Jenny, standing by him, shoulder to shoulder, rubbing shoulders in fact, adoring him with her soft wide eyes; Maybelle next to her, but slightly apart, at an independent angle. You could read a whole story if you cared to in the lines of Maybelle's bare back, a back which flatly contradicted her flowery name — a self-assertive, jealous back fastened to sinewy legs that could carry her untiringly over long roads before she would stop to look for the shadow of a tree. Against her somewhat knobby flanks snuggled—yes, snuggled is the word—that handsome and frisky yet strangely nervous and moody young Roland, who if he ever came to a dark tower would certainly do no more than give it a kick and run on.

The wind of early summer seemed to toss them all closer together, to bind them with invisible threads, to permeate them with the freshness and vitality of sensitive northern air. There was not a sound to be heard except the distant hum of a binder from a wheat field an acre away and the four stood motionless, looking, looking, out over the lake.

Stephen Brook and Nancy his wife were celebrating his week-end leave by a tour on foot over the south end of the farm. As they came slowly up the hill they stood transfixed by the picture of these young creatures outlined against the blue morning sky. Because they loved them so much nothing was lost in the quick photographic impression that was registered in their minds—Hector's valor, Jenny's adoration, Maybelle's sour wisdom, Roland's nervous agony. But these four who were always together had never stood so utterly motionless before. It was as if they were waiting for something, waiting for a signal with nerves braced for response.

"There it all is," said Nancy, "youth everywhere, all over the world; this tension, this nervous waiting—and yet you never looked so beautiful, my darlings! A picture, Stephen, and ours, and you have to leave them. I wonder what they are thinking looking over the water. Do they dimly realize that they will soon be separated, sold into slavery? Farm work, army work, delivery work. . . I can't bear it."

"But not young Roland," said Stephen, "not he. He'll frisk around a corner to evade anything that goes against his grain. What was he bred for in this dark age of time-raw nerves, thin legs, small bones, high blood pressure? Might as well quit breeding them fine!"

He turned to her as though in accusation. She was staring at them. Something had given them alarm. Hector was tossing his head violently from side to side, Jenny leant against him trembling. Then Maybelle gave an angry start, she raised her voice in one of her shrill, masculine, Katherine-Hepburn neighs. Roland took fright. Simultaneously they all lifted their feathery young tails and down the hill, like lightning, with Arab grace they sped. Their flashing forms made a golden zig-zag line across the green meadow that lay between them and the lake.

"Now what did they see and what did they hear that we cannot see and we cannot hear? Stephen, I believe that they sense a distant excitement in the air, a crisis, overwhelming to them in their own way, and that sudden leap forward was their response."

"It's a poetic theory," he said, "but I have a strong feeling that they were merely switching flies with their tails, for there is nothing in heaven or on earth so agonizing to young horses as June flies. There are myriads of them and they attack when the flesh is still tender. They are the savage inevitable pests of the cycle of the year. The colts get stung to a fury, later they become broken in, like all the rest of us. . . Centuries turn in cycles too."

"History, or personal experience?" she asked him.

"The two are one," said the young captain taking a farewell look at his fields.

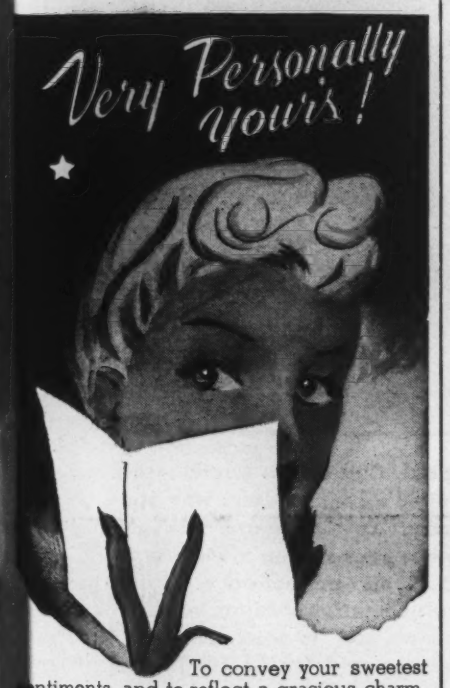
A MATTER OF CHOICE

I KNOW a man who would in skies go soaring
Because to soar thus is his heart's delight.
He is a man who goes through life ignoring
All other forms of flight.

Another fellow takes a joy in sitting
In bleak damp "hides" amid the dawn's pale light,
Because he longs to see ducks upward flitting —
(O rare and toothsome bite!)

For me no bird or plane. I'm ever itching
The winter through for that entrancing sight:
The golf-ball smack on velvet-smooth green pitching
Downward from lofty height!

J. O. PLUMMER



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British Coal Exports Comeback Unlikely

By JOHN L. MARSTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The position of the British coal industry in future world markets does not appear very promising, says Mr. Marston, and the cost of maintaining an adequate labor-force in mines which have mostly seen their best days may even prove out of all proportion to the proceeds of large-scale exports. The fact remains that the Scandinavian countries who formerly relied on Britain for their coal supplies are now importing from the U.S., but a potential new coal exporter has arisen in the person of Poland, who may in the near future become Europe's chief source of supply.

WHILE the Great Western Railway, which transports the coal produced in the great coal mining area of South Wales, was obtaining authorization to convert heavy-duty locomotives from coal burning to oil-firing, a cargo of coal was on its way from the United States to Scandinavia.

The Scandinavian countries, which relied on Britian for their coal supplies before the war, have been crying out for British coal since it ended, but the coal has not been there to send. There has not been enough for internal needs, and exports have dwindled to a trickle. Now the United States is beginning to send coal, and coal shippers here doubt whether they will ever get back the trade now being lost to other nations.

There is close rivalry between Britain and the United States, and the competitor's moves are therefore watched with close attention. Otherwise the coal trade here might have noted that in the month of May Poland exported to one country, Sweden, as much coal as Britain exported to all her customers together. This is a new power rising up in the European coal trade.

Polish output is making phenomenal strides, and it is estimated that her exports in the current year, over and above 5 million tons agreed for Russia, will be 12½ million tons. And that is only a start. Before many years Poland may be producing most of the coal requirements which the European countries cannot themselves satisfy.

The present position on the Continent is far from satisfactory but slowly improving. France's latest figure is a few per cent above pre-war monthly average; Belgian and Netherlands outputs are slowly rising. Western Germany, however, is still producing only 43 per cent of the pre-war normal. It appears that the improvement of European output as a whole can go much farther.

What, then, is the prospective position of the British coal industry in the world markets? Has it dropped permanently out of its leading position, or is the present merely a temporary eclipse due to the special problems of postwar?

Output Fallacy

The first thing is to get rid of an idea which is prevalent in Britain as well as overseas, that the British miner's output per man-shift has declined to a level at which the industry cannot compete internationally.

The British mines, with fewer workers than are employed in the mines of Western Europe together, are producing about 20 per cent more coal than these. If some of the European mines are approaching and others are exceeding pre-war output, that is not because their workers are producing more but because there are more workers at the coal face. In fact, on an average, the same number of workers is producing

(*Continued on Next Page*)

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

We Cannot Tolerate Sabotage

By P. M. RICHARDS

NO DOUBT there is nothing to be gained by getting citizens unnecessarily excited about the possibility of new disasters, but it might be a good thing if more of them understood that both the political and economic situations are such that this is no time to "rock the boat." Horrible and almost incredible as it is, the fact yet remains that in the past two or three weeks the world has come dangerously close to a renewal of global war—with a prospect of the use of new atomic and rocket and even bacteriological weapons of unimaginable destructiveness. The enemy we would face is so powerful that only by marshalling our own resources most completely and effectively would we be likely to survive. Yet this is the moment chosen by groups of citizens of varied economic interests to disrupt the national economy and embarrass the government by going on strike for increased remuneration for the groups to which they belong—regardless of the fact that, without the creation of new wealth, such increase can be won only at the expense of the rest of the nation's citizens.

The timing of these strikes is so remarkable that—especially in view of the proven fact of the presence and activity of foreign agents among us—there seems to be ground for suspicion that they have been instigated by our potential enemy. Some strike leaders are, in fact, known to be sympathetic to the doctrines of this foreign power, the adoption of which here would be truly revolutionary and would almost certainly not be effected without the most serious kind of domestic conflict.

Even the Farmers!

There is no question of the good citizenship of Alberta farmers, yet their marketing strike at this time will harm their country by increasing the general feeling of unrest, particularly, of course, in the areas which may find themselves short of food if the strike is prolonged. The farmers are demanding "parity" prices for their products, meaning prices on a par with those they have to pay for the agricultural implements and other things they buy. This is an ancient issue, and there is no good reason for its revival at this critical moment. Acceptance of it as a principle would require a complete recasting of the basis of this country's economy, and would involve the nation in a considerable extension of governmental control at a time when the need is to relax controls in order to stimulate productive enterprise.

Though the striking farmers comprise only about one-fifth of all the farmers of the province, they or their sympathizers are reported to have used violence to keep non-strikers' produce from the market. It would be interesting to know if the strikers acted on their own initiative or if inspiration came from elsewhere. Though they are certainly doing so unwittingly, the striking food-producers are now giving "aid and comfort to the enemy."

Across the border the big shipping strike has halted virtually all U.S. maritime traffic and not only directly thrown some half-million men out of work but has stopped the import and export of urgently-needed materials for industry, which will cause the closing or slowing-down of many factories and put many more thousands of workers in idleness if the strike continues. More than 250,000 tons of relief cargo for Europe and Asia were tied up in 125 immobilized U.N.R.R.A. ships, and the U.S. War Department said the strike had paralyzed the shipment of American troops and supplies to Germany and Japan. The strikers may not be working for the democracies' potential enemy—or are they? On top of all this, the union has threatened to call a country-wide general strike if the government moves any of the struck ships.

Time to Take a Stand

We have seen the same threat of the calling of a general strike used in Canada, as a weapon to prevent the opening up of picket lines acting illegally. It is high time that the law-abiding people of Canada made their attitude known on the matter of the defiance of government and law by organized labor. They might do so effectively by asking for and enrolling volunteers for the maintenance of essential services in the event of a general strike. The response to such an appeal would probably surprise the labor bosses, especially if, as might be expected, the volunteers included many members of the unions—members who have been virtually forced to join the unions but who disapprove of the tactics used. It will be remembered that it was popular disapproval, as shown by the overwhelming public response to the invitation to join a volunteer workers' corps and its effective functioning, that broke the British general strike of 1926.

If a potential enemy was indeed preparing for active war upon us and our sister democracies, he might be expected to attempt to bring about, through the work of his agents among us, the very conditions we now see in our industry and social system generally. Those conditions are already far advanced and seem to be becoming worse. It is time for every decent citizen to ask himself where he stands. Canada is a democracy whose people elect representatives to make the laws they want and who can change the laws when they want to. Defiance of the law is defiance of the people, and only a supine people will permit it. In the world political and economic situations prevailing today, the disrupting of production and distribution is sabotage—apparently a highly-organized process of sabotaging democracy. The danger in permitting it to continue is very great.

Charles II Founded Permanent Home for Old British Soldiers

For over 250 years the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, in south-west London, has been the chief home of rest for aged British soldiers who have given long and devoted service to the Army. To date, more than 20,000 pensioners have spent their last days there; over 500 are always in residence and, in addition, there are about 85,000 out-pensioners receiving grants of £2,000,000 yearly. These latter include native soldiers in various parts of the world, Malta, West Africa, Ceylon, etc. In-pensioners are selected from the out-pensioners and, to qualify, must have no family ties. They are free of all regulations, each has his own room and may come and go as he pleases, having no duties to perform. Above is the main recreation hall, containing an impressive collection of flags from many campaigns.

The term "hospital" is apt to give the wrong impression for the "Royal" is not a medical centre, although it has an infirmary with a nursing staff. Whatever the weather, the inmates—many of them over 90—can meet along the covered walks. The institution was founded by King Charles II to reward some of his faithful followers, and May 29, Oak Apple Day, anniversary of King Charles' escape from the Roundheads by hiding in an oak tree, is a great day for the old men. On that day they receive double rations, and also exchange their winter blue coats for scarlet summer ones. The building, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, was commenced in 1682 and finished eight years later. It cost £150,000 and one day's pay was deducted from each soldier in the Army in 1682 to help pay for it. Today, the British Parliament votes an annual sum for the centre's upkeep and the funds are augmented by various legacies. Popular belief credits Nell Gwyn with persuading the king to proceed with the project, but research has proved this to be a picturesque legend.

(*Continued from Page* 42)

about 30 per cent less coal. Individual productivity of the British miner has been more nearly restored to prewar standards than that of any other miner outside the United States.

The catastrophic fall in the industry's production from 231.3 million tons in 1939 to 169.6 million tons in 1945—and 1939 was by no means a good year—is due to the drift of labor from the mines. Despite a recruitment campaign almost unexampled in industry, there are still only some 700,000 men employed in the coal mining industry, compared with about 750,000 before the war. Employment remains roughly stationary, and weekly output fluctuates around 3½ million tons—say 180 million tons a year.

Though there is some improvement over 1945, there is not enough to avert a crisis at home, to say nothing of expanding shipments overseas. Mr. Arthur Horner, the National Union of Mineworkers' new Secretary, has said that if we could regain the 1939 export figure of 50 million tons we could earn £200 million in foreign exchange and nearly eliminate the deficit on overseas trade account, thus making the U.S. Loan and its burdensome commitments unnecessary. (Since the credit need not be drawn if not required, the point is not entirely academic.)

If Mr. Horner's drive for efficiency and output is successful to that extent, the sceptics will gladly eat their words. It may be that they will have the opportuntiy. But there is only one possible way to restore the industry: restore its reputation among the workers as a leading occupation.

The miners have put forward—they put forward many months ago a 12-point charter for improving the condition of the industry; covering modernization, working conditions, hours, and wages. The proposals are such as would make mining reasonably attractive by comparison with the other basic industries, though it would not give the same short-term opportunities as some of the new light industries offer.

If the charter is accepted there can be a reasonably quick return to 1939 production levels—and there is plenty of scope for improvement on those. But if the negotiations proceed at the same pace hitherto the winter crisis will be upon us, and no actions, however bold, will enable industry, of which coal is in this country the foundation, to maintain its postwar recovery.

Oil Partial Solution

The forthcoming coal-year's deficit is estimated at some 20 million tons for Britain. To meet it, the railways are being encouraged to convert their locomotives to oil feeding; many industries are installing machinery to power their furnaces with oil; others are being advised by a department of the Ministry of Fuel and Power how to reduce the consumption of coal in their plants.

Some millions of tons can be saved in this way, and every ton is valuable. But this can only be a temporary bridging of the gap. The first need is for more workers. The second is for up-to-date machinery and drastic reorganization of the whole structure of the mining industry.

The problem may be solved on that basis, or it may never be solved at all. It would be a mistake to assume that there is some magic in an industry which built up much of the industrial strength of Europe which must preserve it through every change in conditions. The balance of probability seems to be at present that coal as a major British export is finished. It may be that the cost of maintaining an adequate labor force in mines which have mostly seen their best days will prove, if attempted, to be out of proportion to the proceeds of large scale exports, and that the industry will have to settle itself on a level sufficient to satisfy the—considerably expanding—home need, and stay there.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Higher Mineral Output Expected In British Columbia This Year

By JOHN M. GRANT

AN INCREASE of $8,400,000 or more than 15% was shown in the gross value of mineral production in British Columbia for 1945 as compared with the previous year and conditions at the present time point to a further upturn in quantity and value of metal output for 1946, according to the annual report of the Department of Mines. Prospecting, development, and rehabilitation of mines and plants were pursued actively during 1945 and are continuing this year. Work has been resumed at several gold mines which were shut down during the war, and it is expected production from some of these properties may make a considerable contribution to the 1946 total. Production is also likely to be increased at other properties where war conditions necessitated reductions. Expansion of copper production to make up some of the wartime reduction is also anticipated. The price now being obtained for silver is materially higher than for many years and the prices for copper, lead and zinc are better than during much of the time in recent years.

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The quantities of the principal metals produced in 1944 and 1945 in British Columbia were well below the 20-year averages, except for zinc in both years and lead in 1945, states Dr. Hartley Sargent, chief mining engineer of the Department of Mines. The metal prices for the two years were higher and in some cases materially higher than the 20-year average. It is interesting to note, Dr. Sargent points out, that production of zinc has increased greatly in quantity and in relative importance, while copper production has declined materially in the 20-year period. The 20-year period includes substantially all the province's production of sulphur, mercury, tungsten, antimony, bismuth, cadmium and tin. These products make up a large part of the miscellaneous group which is now of considerable importance but was relatively unimportant before 1925. Dividends credited in 1945 by British Columbia mines amounted to $10,487,395, compared with $11,367,732 in 1944. The figure for 1945 includes $70,504 made up of capital distribution and two amounts omitted from the total credited to the previous 12 months.

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Negus Mines Limited, Yellowknife gold producer, announces output of over $50,000 for July, while the average for the first six months of 1946 was $45,000. Charles McCrea, K.C., president, states that preliminary work preparatory to sinking the main shaft an additional 600 feet is well under way and actual shaft sinking should commence about the middle of this month, when crosscutting will then

(*Continued on Page* 47)

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WESTERN GROCERS
LIMITED

Notice of Dividends

Notice is hereby given that the following dividends have been declared:—

On the Preference Shares $1.40 Series $20 par — 35 cents a share;

or alternatively on the Preference Shares $100 par-$1.75 a share:

On the Class A Shares — 37½ cents a share;

or alternatively on the existing Common—$1.50 a share.

Payable October 15th 1946, to shareholders of record September 13th, 1946.

Winnipeg. W. P. RILEY
August 29th, 1946. President.

THE B. GREENING WIRE COMPANY
LIMITED

COMMON DIVIDEND NO. 36

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at a meeting of the Directors of the B. Greening Wire Company, Limited, held in the office of the Company on August 26th, 1946, a dividend of Five cents per share on the Common Shares of the Company was declared payable October 1st, 1946, to shareholders of record, September 3rd, 1946.

F. J. MAW,
Secretary.

Hamilton, Ont., August 29th, 1946.

Penmans Limited

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 31st day of October 1946.

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent. (1½%), payable on the 1st day of November to Shareholders of record on the 1st day of October, 1946.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75c) per share, payable on the 15th day of November to shareholders of record on the 15th day of October 1946.

By Order of the Board.

C. B. ROBINSON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Montreal, August 27, 1946.

SATURDAY NIGHT PRESS

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

G. E. B., Hamilton, Ont.—Wartime restrictions stopped work in 1942 at BAYVIEW RED LAKE GOLD MINES, but recently the No. 1 shaft, which is down to a depth of 500 feet, has been dewatered and it is proposed to deepen it to 1,000 feet and open up a series of new levels. A second shaft is down 125 feet, with a level established at 100 feet. Indicated and probable ore down to the 475-foot level in the No. 1 shaft area has been estimated at 50,000 tons, grading 0.50 ounce gold. I understand production is planned when conditions permit although it would appear that considerable more lateral work will be necessary before it can be determined if erection of the mill is warranted. The company has most of the equipment for a 125-ton mill on the property.

K.E.L., Three Rivers, Que. — Increased production by TOOKE BROS. LTD. during the first six months of the current year resulted in substantially higher profits for the period, as compared with the first half of 1945. Moreover, the management is looking forward to a considerable improvement in results for the balance of the year. The labor situation has taken a turn for the better, with the number of employees substantially increased in the current year. However, there has not been an equivalent rise in production, due to the inefficiency of the new workers. The company, whose manufacturing plant is located in Montreal, is engaged in the manufacture of shirts, collars, neckwear, pyjamas, underwear, etc. For the year 1945 the company reported net income of $52,685, or $1.80 per share, on the common stock, including the refundable portion of taxes of $15,795, or 54 cents per share.

W.E.D., Winnipeg, Man.—I understand high-grade ore intersections have been encountered in diamond drilling on the property of ECHO-INDIN MINES, which adjoins to the north the Leta property in the Indin Lake area, Northwest Territories. Diamond drilling was resumed in the spring on the property of PERSHON GOLD MINES, adjoining southwest of Croinor Pershing, but I have not heard that the new program has as yet revealed anything of importance. Officials are hopeful that further drilling will duplicate the good results previously obtained. Favorable assays were reported from the last three drill holes in the earlier work. RED AREA GOLD MINES at last report was diamond drilling but I have not yet heard of the results being obtained from this exploration.

D.J.W., Toronto, Ont.—Consolidated net earnings of NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LTD., for the six months ended June 30, 1946, including refundable portion of excess profits tax, totalled $193,491, equal to 79 cents a share, on the 244,854 shares of new preferred stock to be outstanding. Profits on the same basis for the year ended Dec. 31, 1945, amounted to $346,355, equivalent to $1.41 a share on the new preferred. The 79 cents per share on the new preferred earned in the first six months of 1946 therefore indicates an improvement. As the last six months of the year is, in the experience of the company, usually more profitable than the first six months, it is expected that further improvement will be recorded in the last half of 1946.

E. S. D., Quebec, Que.—The prospects for CONSOLIDATED MINING AND SMELTING CO. OF CANADA—one of the largest mining and smelting enterprises in the world—appear bright, and it is possible the current year will show a substantial improvement over the satisfactory results of 1945. The higher output last year, along with reduced costs that were secured despite large increases in wages resulted in an increase in total sales of $8,500,000 to $51,607,891. While higher taxes absorbed over $5,000,000 of the improvement, the company was able to report the best net earnings since 1942 at $3.69 as compared with a 1944 net of $2.99. Net working capital was increased by $6,000,000 to $38,366,102 at the end of 1945. In offsetting dollar parity-action, Smelters is better off than the other base metal mines. It is true it loses 10% on its large foreign sales, but higher foreign prices are in evidence for lead and zinc. Silver has also moved up smartly in price. The labor supply is steadily improving and despite advancing wages the strong metal markets, lead to an optimistic outlook.

H.T.A., Toronto, Ont.—No activity has been reported by SAWBILL LAKE MINES since 1944, but I understand the company plans to resume work as soon as the necessary finances can be arranged. The property is in good standing and there is a 100-ton mill on it. As you state the property was formerly known as the Upper Seine Gold Mines and was one time in production. It is doubtful

The Stock Appraiser

By W. GRANT THOMSON

SUCCESSFUL investment depends on knowing two things:—(1) What to buy (or sell) (2) When to buy (or sell). The Stock Appraiser—a study of Canadian stock habits—answers the first question.

All active and well distributed stocks (with a few minor exceptions) advance or decline with the Averages. The better grade investment stocks do not normally move as fast as the averages, while on the other hand the very speculative issues have a relative velocity more than twice or three times as great.

The STOCK APPRAISER divides stocks into three Groups according to their normal velocity in relation to the Averages.

The Factors affecting the longer term movements of a company's shares are ascertained from a study of their normal habits. Predominant Factors are shown as:

GROUP "A"—Investment Stocks	1. FAVORABLE
GROUP "B"—Speculative Investments	2. NEUTRAL or
GROUP "C"—Speculations	3. UNATTRACTIVE

A stock rated Favorable or Neutral-Plus has considerably more attraction than those with a lower rating, but it is imperative that purchases be made, even of stocks with favorable ratings, with due regard to timing, because few stocks will go against the trend of the Averages.

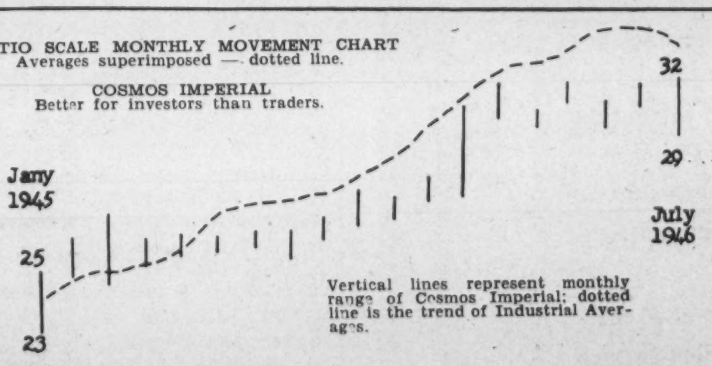
The Investment Index is the average yield of all stocks expressed as a percentage of the yield of any stock, thus showing at a glance the relative investment value placed on it by the "bloodless verdict of the market-place."

COSMOS IMPERIAL MILLS, LIMITED

				Averages	Cosmos
PRICE 31 July 46	—	$29.25			
YIELD	—	4.6%			
INVESTMENT INDEX	—	82	Last 12 months	Up 32.9%	Up 11.4%
GROUP	—	"A"	Last 1 month	Down 3.8%	Down 7.8%
FACTORS	—	Neutral	1942 Low—1946 High	Up 160.0%	Up 77.7%

RATIO SCALE MONTHLY MOVEMENT CHART
Averages superimposed — dotted line.

COSMOS IMPERIAL
Better for investors than traders.



Vertical lines represent monthly range of Cosmos Imperial; dotted line is the trend of Industrial Averages.

SUMMARY: The Industrial stock market averages have been advancing for over four years and during recent months there has been increasing anxiety on the part of investors regarding the future outlook. As a result individual stocks (and the averages) have retreated somewhat from their high levels in order to appraise the situation.

During such a period cautious investors, if they do not withdraw entirely from the market, frequently look for stocks that should normally be expected to withstand a recession in the general market to some extent, realizing of course that in any such recession practically every stock declines.

Cosmos Imperial manufactures heavy cotton duck and dryer felts etc. and appears to have profits that permit payment of regular dividends and a yearly bonus which in turn hold the stock within a reasonably narrow range, as may be seen from the figures above. We are currently including Cosmos in Group "A" — the Investment Group whereas it was formerly in the Speculative Investments. This may seem a slightly high rating in view of an Investment Index of only 8.2. On a further decline in the market Cosmos Imperial shares might be available on a very attractive yield basis.

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C. P. ROBERTS, F.C.A.
Chartered Accountants
Toronto Kirkland Lake

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however, if a profit was made at the old price of gold. Of the authorized capitalization of 3,000,000 shares 1,167,955 are issued, with 930,000 shares pooled.

D. A. G., Halifax, N.S.—I understand that no large-scale redemption of the bonds of ALGOMA CENTRAL TERMINALS LTD. by the ALGOMA CENTRAL AND HUDSON BAY RAILWAY CO. is likely this year. The general situation seems to be little changed from a year ago when increased operating costs more than offset the record improvement in gross revenue, resulting in insufficient funds being available for retiring a portion of the outstandng bonds of Algoma Central Terminals under the 1941 arrangement. Capital expenditures, deferred during the war years and necessary for handling the increased traffic and for operating requirements, have been heavy. Operations this year up to the shipping strike in June were about the same as 1945 and since the settlement of the strike rail and water traffic has been good. Costs are up and with demands for increased wages by the railway unions, operations will be further adversely affected unless alleviation is obtained through a raise in freight rates.

W. G. O., Tillsonburg, Ont.—Considering the drop in prices experienced by mining stocks since you made your purchases, you have done very well up to date with what you hold. However, in the event of making further commitments I would suggest some of the more proven junior gold properties. Gold & Dross has frequently pointed out some of these with ore positions warranting expansion of productive capacity once economic conditions will allow. If it is dividends you are interested in as against interest on money, you might be well advised to buy those younger gold producers which are paying and likely to pay dividends and I favor such stocks as KERR-ADDISON, SAN ANTONIO, MADSEN, MacLEOD-COCKSHUTT, MALARTIC GOLD FIELDS and COCHENOUR WILLANS. The *Northern Miner* is an excellent weekly publication dealing with Canadian mining and endeavors to provide the latest information on established mines as well as new propositions. It is published at 122 Richmond Street West, Toronto. CENTRAL PATRICIA GOLD MINES currently seems to have the best speculative and dividend paying possibilities of the mining stocks in your list.

P. S. C., Orillia, Ont. — Despite growing scarcity of raw material, a high level of production was maintained at all the plants of EASTERN STEEL PRODUCTS LIMITED in the first half of 1946, reports J. G. Lorriman, president and general manager. As the bulk of the requirements come from Canadian steel mills, the long-drawn-out strikes at Stelco, Dosco and Algoma are now seriously affecting the company's ability to fill orders. Demand for practically all the products continues to be insistent and a very heavy backlog of business has accumulated.

H. R. N., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.—POWER CORP.'s net of $1,342,075 for the fiscal year ended June 30 last (up $66,402 from the previous year) was equal to over three times the debenture interest and, after payment of interest charges, $6 a share on the first preferred stock, and $3 a share on the participating preferred stock, was equivalent to 68 cents a share on the common stock, compared with 48 cents a share on the common the year before. During the year a dividend of 30 cents a share was paid on the common stock and a contribution of $20,000 made to pension fund leaving $150,291, which was added to surplus.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Downturn May Be Moderate

By HARUSPEX

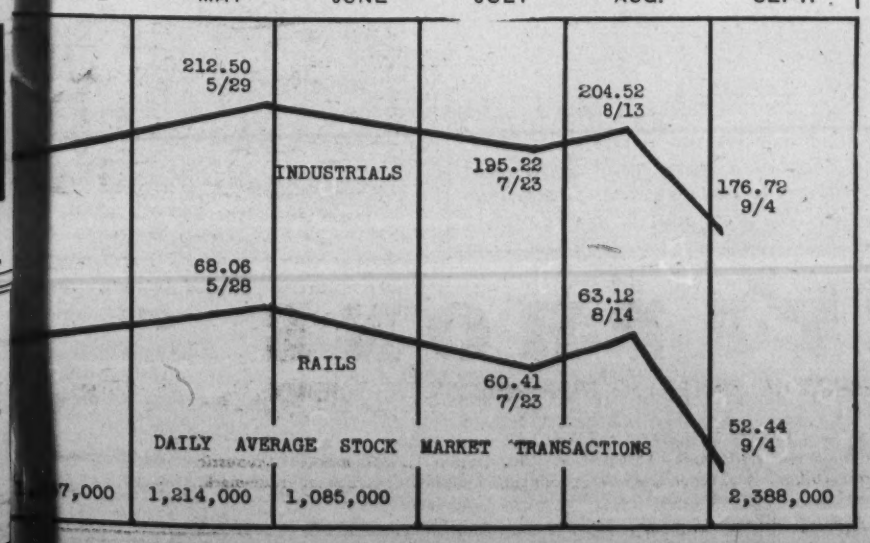
THE CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO TWO-YEAR NEW YORK STOCK MARKET TREND, which dominates Canadian stock prices: Downside penetration of February 1946 low points by both the Dow-Jones railroad and industrial averages confirms a primary downtrend as under way, duration and extent indeterminate.

The INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND of the market is to be classed as downward from the May-June high points of 212.50 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 68.31 on the rail average.

Last week the Dow-Jones industrial average closed decisively under its February support level, thereby confirming earlier weakness by the rails and indicating a reversal in the market's primary trend to a downward direction. This reversal succeeds a primary advance running over an approximate four-year interval—April 1942 to February 1946. Various factors can be adduced as contributing to the turnabout. This most important, in our opinion, will be found to surround the U.S. Government's attempt at control of prices while simultaneously abetting wage advances. The "part free, part slave" economy thereby created has run into various difficulties, of which swollen inventories, labor dissatisfaction and inefficiency, and sub-normal production in certain important industries are among the results.

A market development of the character mentioned calls, as stated last week, for reduction or elimination of stock positions, the one or the other depending on income and other considerations particular to each investor. Bear markets have sometimes been deep and protracted, at other times, shallow and of brief duration. Certain factors in the current situation are—barring war—suggestive of a moderate rather than excessive downturn. These are the still unsatisfied demand for goods, the heavy backlog of liquid savings, and the inflationary potential resident in the governmental fiscal picture. One this basis, the bear period could be confined to the customary 3/8 to 5/8 cancellation of the preceding 1942-1946 advance. These limits are 168/137 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 51/40 on the railroad average. Rally here would seem in order. At its termination, whether brief or protracted, renewal of decline into new low ground is to be anticipated. Such decline, in due course, should furnish opportunity for stock accumulation.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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Products manufactured by the Company include newsprint paper for newspapers and magazines, kraft wrapping paper for many purposes, cardboard and pine lumber.

Markets in which the Company's products are sold include Canada, United States, Great Britain, Eire, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, the West Indies, China, India and South America.

We offer, as principals,

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Price: 100 and accrued interest

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Holders of old Bonds desirous of exchanging for the Bonds now offered may convert their present Bonds with the January 2nd, 1947 and subsequent coupons attached, and receive Trustee's Deposit Receipts, carrying a coupon bearing interest at 5½% per annum from July 2nd, 1946 to January 2nd, 1947, and, in addition, receive a premium of ½ of 1% on the principal amount of the Bonds so tendered.

In the opinion of Counsel, these Bonds will be a legal investment for funds of Insurance Companies registered under the Canadian and British Insurance Companies Act, 1932, as amended.

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ESTABLISHED 1901
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER NEW YORK LONDON, ENG
15 King Street West, Toronto

THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY
QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of $1.25 per share, upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company, has been declared for the current Quarter, and that the same will be payable on and after

1st October 1946

to Shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on 14th instant.

By order of the Board,
P. SIMMONDS
Manager
5th September 1946.

BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION, LIMITED
DIVIDEND No. 73

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Forty cents (40c) per Share on Class "A" Shares has been declared for the three months ending September 30th, 1946 payable by cheque dated October 15th, 1946, to shareholders as of record at the close of business on September 30th, 1946 Such cheques will be mailed on October 15th, 1946, by the Montreal Trust Company from Vancouver.

By Order o the Board,
J. A. BRICE,
Secretary.
Vancouver, B.C.
September 7th, 1946.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Voluntary Disability Protection Is Better Than Compulsory Cover

By GEORGE GILBERT

People in general and business men in particular are seeking relief from instead of an addition to existing regimentation and taxation, and so opposition is growing to the imposition of more in the form of compulsory health insurance or other measures having a similar effect.

Those familiar with the way in which governments administer their affairs know that no government can carry on an insurance undertaking as efficiently or at as low cost to the public in the long run as those who are engaged in it as a private competitive enterprise. Any temporary saving which might be shown could only be effected by loading part or all of the expenses on the general taxpayers.

PROPOSED measures in Canada and the United States for the establishment of nation-wide compulsory health insurance have been making little or no headway. In fact, there is a growing body of opinion against the intervention of the government in this field. It is felt that the government should confine its activities to the provision of medical care in the case of those individuals who are not in a position to make such provision for themselves, and that the rest of the population should not be subjected to this kind of regimentation.

One of the objections to these compulsory measures is that they would impose an added burden to the taxpayers of the country who are already staggering under the heaviest taxload in the history of the country. Another objection is that individuals would not have a free choice of doctors, as the doctors in a locality would be organized and the choice would be restricted to doctors in the group. It is contended by one medical authority that not more than one-quarter of the doctors— and then only the incompetent ones — would sign up for such a plan. There is much opposition at this time to the setting up of another army of government officials, which would be required to operate a compulsory insurance scheme. The people, now groaning under war time restrictions and controls not yet removed, want less and not more regimentation.

No Boon in Long Run

While in theory government life, fire, accident and sickness insurance may appear to be a boon to humanity, in practice it does not work out that way. Yet there are some people engaged in various forms of private enterprise who advocate the setting up of municipal, provincial or federal government insurance schemes, but who would be horrified by the mere suggestion that any government should take over the particular business in which they are engaged with the object of effecting a saving in costs to the public.

Such persons are generally firmly convinced that no government, federal, provincial or municipal, could carry on their particular business as efficiently or as economically in the long run as they themselves are able to operate it, with their experience and knowledge acquired after years of training and study, and that any temporary saving which might be shown at the outset could only be effected by loading part of the expense on the general taxpayers. But they evidently do not take the same view with respect to the government going into the insurance business, though a government is no better equipped to conduct an insurance undertaking efficiently or economically than it is to carry on any other commercial undertaking.

There is no doubt that if business men and the public generally fully grasped this elementary truth, there would be little or no demand for government intervention in the insurance business or in any other business in which there is plenty of competition and no monopoly, and in which the people are protected against loss of their money by the public safeguards which surround the operations of the business.

Lots of Competition

It is true that the claim is sometimes made that while there is competition between companies and companies and between agents and agents for business, there is virtually no competition as to insurance rates. But it is well known by those who take out insurance policies that there is lots of competition in all branches of insurance both as to rates and coverage between tariff and non-tariff companies, between stock and mutual insurers, reciprocals and Lloyd's underwriters.

Indeed, it is questionable if there is any other business in which the competition as to rates and service is keener and is operating all the time to provide better and better service at lower and lower rates. As long as insurance is maintained as a private competitive enterprise, this trend will continue and the insurance buying public will reap the benefit. It will come to an end in any branch of the business only if that branch is taken over and operated as a government monopoly, when, the incentive of competition being removed, the public will have to be satisfied with whatever type of service government bureaucrats see fit to provide.

What is needed at the present time is a wider dissemination of information about the merits of the private competitive system of insurance, and its advantages over any type of monopolistic system established by a federal, provincial or municipal government. Public enlightenment is needed on the history of the various government insurance schemes which have been put into effect in this country and elsewhere as a substitute for insurance by private institutions.

As far as the provision of accident and health insurance is concerned,

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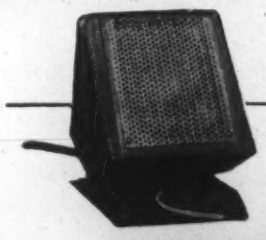

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there is now available to the average citizen through the medium of private insurers and fraternal societies a broader form of protection at rates within his means than the government could possibly offer. This type of protection does not involve any drain on the general taxpayers to maintain the thousands of additional government employees which would be needed to operate a system of compulsory government insurance.

Voluntary Plan

There has been a rapid growth in recent years of voluntary plans for providing protection against the economic loss caused by accident and sickness. Commercial accident and health policies have been liberalized, group policies for employees furnish increased protection, blue cross hospitalization plans have been made available over a wide area, prepaid medical care and other voluntary plans have been extended, so that non-compulsory protection is now available to the great bulk of the population.

These available voluntary plans largely do away with any necessity of calling upon the government to do for most citizens what they can do for themselves. With further development they can be made more all-inclusive, and such development should be encouraged, rather than killed off by government intervention in the business at heavy cost to the general taxpayers.

At present the writing of accident and health insurance on a voluntary collective basis is steadily increasing through insurance of groups of employees, members of labor unions, associations, etc. Employers are increasingly recognizing that they have an obligation to be the medium for making available to their employees low cost protection against sickness and non-occupational accidents. Many labor union contracts now contain provisions for some form of group accident and sickness coverage.

• •

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

There has recently been operating in our City a salesman from Montreal for the Continental Casualty Company selling accident and sickness insurance. According to their advertising statements they have ample securities with the Government to make them safe to insure with. Is this a company which your Department would recommend for this type of insurance?

—M.B.C., Halifax, N.S.

Continental Casualty Company, with head office at Chicago and Canadian head office at Toronto, was incorporated in 1897 and has been doing business in Canada since 1917. It is regularly licensed in this country and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the sole protection of Canadian policyholders. All claims are readily collectable, and the company is safe to insure with. Latest Government figures show that its paid up capital is $5,000,000, and that its total assets in Canada at the end of 1944 were $1,742,329, while its liabilities in this country amounted to $1,076,582, showing a surplus of assets in Canada over liabilities in Canada of $665,747. Its total income in Canada in 1944 was $2,111,133, while its total losses and expenses incurred in this country were $1,729,424. The market value of the bonds on deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the protection of its Canadian policyholders was $1,113,580.

• •

News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page* 43)

commence to the new zone. It has been decided to put down an additional deep drill hole. The former deep drill holes were north of the Negus Fault, but the new hole will be south of the Fault to cut the new zone at between 2,000 and 2,500 feet. This hole will also explore several other interesting possible vein zones.

•

An increase of $106,296 in bullion production over the prevous year was shown by Paymaster Consolidated Mines in the 12 months ending June 30, 1946. Output was valued at $1,156,147 and other income brought total receipts to $1,199,317. Profit after provision for taxes and depreciation was $117,134. Net profit per share was 1.71 cents as against 1.72 cents in the previous year. Net working capital of $1,469,752 compares with $1,584,053. Ore reserves at the close of the fiscal year were 583,674 tons of an average grade of 0.223 ounces. Operating costs were 44 cents higher per ton milled at $6.93. Considerable development work has been done on various levels from the No. 5 shaft. During the year the company acquired interests in several companies in the Porcupine area and other Ontario mining districts.

•

A continuation of the present satisfactory progress on the construction of the road into the Red Lake area should see the road ready for trucks by Christmas, according to J. D. Miller, Deputy Minister of Highways for Ontario. He reports eight contractors making good time on the 82 miles under contract. The first 18 miles of the 100-mile route is a paper company road which section is being improved. It is planned to take crushing equipment in next year and a surface suitable for car travel will be made and it is proposed to keep the road open through the winter. Construction is also underway on the road into the Lightning River area from Matheson and unless difficulties arise this should be completed by freeze-up this year.

•

Shareholders of Naybob (1945) Gold Mines, Limited, were informed at the recent annual meeting by M. Mac Schwebel, president, of New York, that good progress was being made toward resumption of full operations. The mine had been dewatered to 590 feet on August 31, and all underground mining equipment has been rehabilitated. Some 6,468 feet of surface diamond drilling has been completed in the southeastern section of the property. Values were cut in some of the holes and important geological information has been secured. Hole W-4 cut a 14 foot section of typical Porcupine ore with an average of $10.97 per ton. Managing director Douglas G. H. Wright, told share-

(*Continued on Page* 48)

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NOTICE OF REGISTRY

Notice is hereby given that Certificate of Registry No. C.1067 has been issued to the Standard Insurance Company of New York authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of Fire Insurance, Automobile Insurance, excluding insurance against liability for loss or damage to persons caused by an automobile or the use or operation thereof, Earthquake Insurance, Explosion Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, Personal Property Insurance, Real Property Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Water Damage Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, to the extent authorized by the Insurance Laws of the State of New York.

Mr. T. W. Gooding, Toronto, Ontario, has been appointed Canadian Chief Agent.

VINCENT CORPORATION APPOINTMENT NEWS

ROBERT SYRETT C. C. ROLLINS

Norman Vincent, president of Vincent Mining Corp., announces the recent appointments of Robert Syrett as Director of Public Relations and Publications and C. C. Rollins as director and manager of Rollins Gears Ltd., which is associated with the industrial section of the Vincent Corp. Mr. Syrett has been a newspaper reporter and editor in Toronto and London and also a free-lance advertising writer. He comes to the Vincent organization from the Canadian Army, where he held the rank of captain. He is a graduate of the University of Western Ontario. He will hold a similar position with each of the associated mining and industrial companies. including Mica Co. of Canada, Canadian Anodized Products, Universal Insulations, Maxson Food Systems, Continental Coal Corp., Bickle-Seagrave Ltd., Fleet Manufacturing and Aircraft, and Rollins Gears, and will have supervision of staff in Toronto, New York and Fort Erie. Mr. Rollins studied engineering at Queen's University and comes to the Vincent organization with a wealth of experience as sales engineer in the gear field. Rollins Gears Ltd., which is now in production, makes gears and screw machine products, specializing in fine pitch gears. Plant is at Woodstock, Ont.

The PRESS is right ... on the test tube

In the Eddy research and control laboratories are many instruments specially designed to torture paper unmercifully. Some of them purposely do more damage in a few minutes than any sheet of paper would suffer during years of ordinary rough handling or during the lifetime of most printed pieces.

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EDDY
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THE E. B. EDDY COMPANY Specialty Papers Division
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News of the Mines

(Continued from Page 47)

holders that the new zone being explored might develop into something important. Indications point to the possibility of connecting the new ore up with the westerly pitch of the Aunor and Delnite ore bodies. The company has $167,243 in cash and Canadian government bonds available for development purposes. Charles McNellen, of Toronto, was elected a director replacing J. H. Greenberg, who resigned.

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A dividend of eight cents a share will be paid on September 30 by Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines instead of the recent quarterly payment of 10 cents and the cut is attributed to the adjustment to parity of the Canadian dollar with that of the United States along with the continued scarcity of labor. J. R. Timmins, president, pointed out the dividend should be considered a provisional rather than a regular one. Sufficient time had not elapsed, he stated, since the rate of exchange was adjusted to determine with any degree of accuracy the effect it would have on the earnings of the company but, it is planned to forward a statement showing the present position, with the forthcoming dividend cheques.

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A total of 40,225 feet of diamond drilling has been completed on the Goldora Mines property. Numerous gold values were obtained although no commercial ore-shoots were revealed. Georges Dumont, consulting engineer, told shareholders at the annual meeting that the property is very large and has several interesting structures of considerable length remaining to be explored. In addition, as a result of Louvicourt Goldfields development, new possibilities are opened in sections already partially drilled which will have to be re-tested.

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International Mining Corporation reports net profit of $223,991, as of June 30, 1946, in the semi-annual report. This consists of income from dividends, interest and royalties totalling $22,343 and profit of $358,687 on sales of securities, less a loss of $92,468 on the investment in the Groom Mine and expenses of $64,571. The net asset value of the 489,973 shares of common stock outstanding at June 30 was $5,012,224, or approximately $10.23 per share. For the six months the Canadian subsidiary shows income of $3,558 from dividends, etc., a profit of $30,592 on the sale of investments and expenses of $22,591, or a net gain of $11,559. During the period the Canadian company paid the corporation $33,808 Canadian currency principal and interest on account of its indebtedness. The work of reopening the El Paso Mine in the Cripple Creek district of Colorado is stated to be progressing satisfactorily.

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A net profit of 7.2 cents per share was earned by Sheep Creek Gold Mines in the year ended May 31, 1946, as compared with 14.9 cents per share in the preceding period, while its wholly-owned subsidiary Zincton Mines, showed a net loss, after provision for depreciation and depletion of $11,970. The man-power shortage remained acute throughout the year, the annual report points out, and as both the operating mines were in a rundown condition, it was necessary to concentrate on repair work to put the mines in shape for future operations. Net profit of Sheep Creek was $146,688, after provision for depreciation and depletion of $49,048, and for taxation of $30,447. Current assets of Sheep Creek include cash, $621,570; government and municipal securities, $268,399 and 7,500 shares of Bralorne Mines (at cost) $74,267. Current liabilities aggregate $72,903. A. E. Jukes, president, states that it is the intention of the directors to follow a forward-looking policy of seeking new prospects of merit in order to ensure a long and prosperous life for the company.

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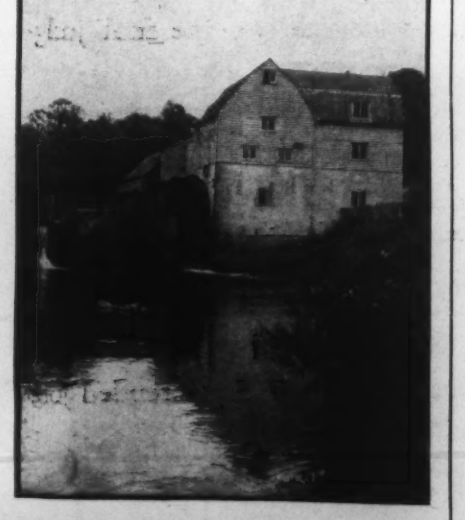
Net income of $282,952, from 29,110 tons of ore milled, was reported by Coniaurum Mines for the quarter ending June 30, 1946. This compared with $241,470 from 24,255 tons milled in the like three months of last year. Due however, to an increase in development and operating costs from $183,013 to $215,964, and a drop in non-operating revenue and profit on sale of securities to $15,010 from $66,054, profit, before write-offs, was lower at $65,907, as against $108,116 a year ago. Profit, before write-offs, in the first quarter of the current year was $51,737.



Almost within London's extending grasp is this old mill which is one of the few left in England. It was working when the Tudors occupied the throne and today the River Mole still swings the water-wheel and tumbles through Dorking in Surrey.

THE WESTERN SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

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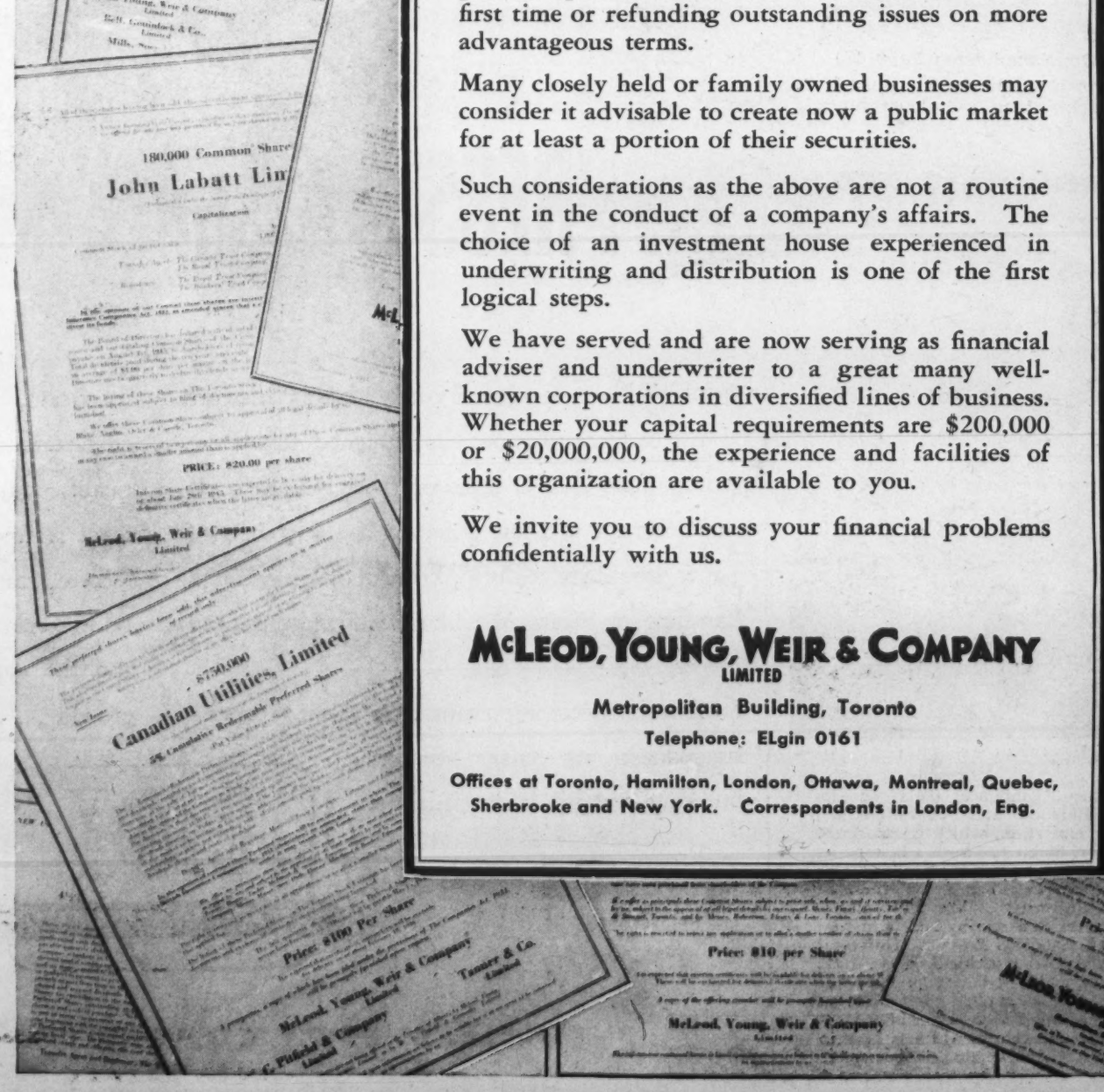

$200,000 TO $20,000,000

Most businesses are to-day confronted with the problems of plant rehabilitation, taxation, introduction of new products, expansion of plants and markets, the solution to all of which must rest on a foundation of a sound and adequate capital structure.

Numerous corporations will consider entering the public capital markets in the near future for the first time or refunding outstanding issues on more advantageous terms.

Many closely held or family owned businesses may consider it advisable to create now a public market for at least a portion of their securities.

Such considerations as the above are not a routine event in the conduct of a company's affairs. The choice of an investment house experienced in underwriting and distribution is one of the first logical steps.

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We invite you to discuss your financial problems confidentially with us.

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